

SOUTH SLAV PERSPECTIVES

**LIBER AMICORUM
IN HONOUR OF**

E. D. GOY



BAGDADA



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(SOUTH SLAV PERSPECTIVES)

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BAGDALA

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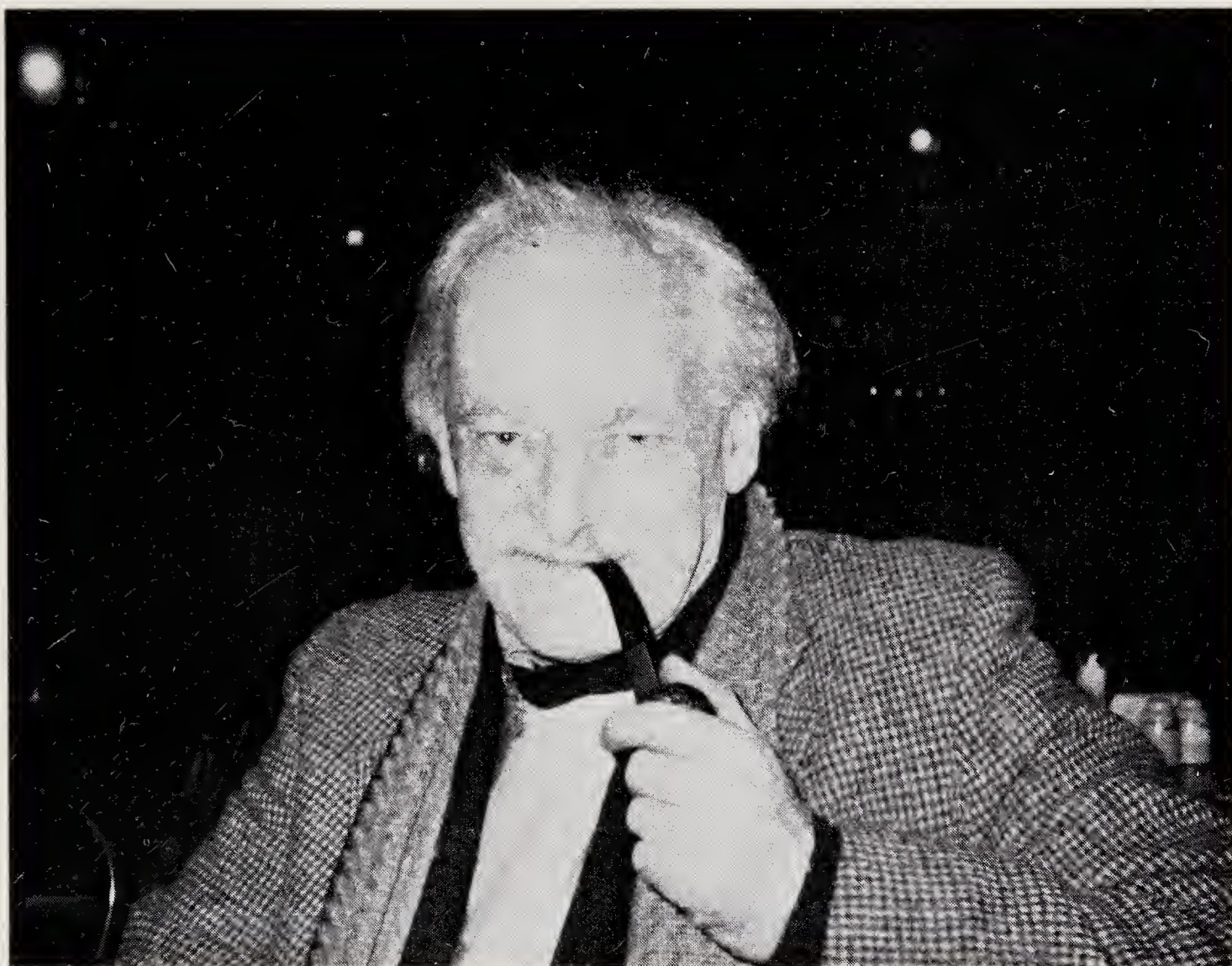
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Ned Goy, Cambridge, February 1989

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FOREWORD

Ned Goy's contribution to Slavonic, and especially South Slav studies has been outstanding and when he eventually retires from active teaching at Cambridge, it is hard to see when it will be matched.

Throughout his long career he has contributed equally to the closely interlinked fields of teaching, translation and scholarship and in all of them he has set the highest standards and left an enduring mark. The least tangible, but surely the most taxing, of these activities, his teaching, lives on in his students, opening up new areas of knowledge and enriching their lives even when, in the nature of Slavonic studies in this country, there has been little opportunity for its expression. It is perhaps a sad comment that due to a variety of circumstances over the years, only small numbers have been privileged to profit from Ned's knowledge: in any other field students would have flocked to take advantage of a teacher of such expertise and perception.

In his endeavours to spread greater understanding of South Slav cultures, his work in translating has been significant. In putting such names as Bulatović, Konstantinović, and Desnica before an English-speaking public, his skill as a translator stood out amidst a plethora of inferior translations of Yugoslav prose by less gifted individuals in the late '50's and '60's. And for those few of us 'in the trade' his scholarly versions of the complex works of earlier, mainly Dubrovnik, literature have been an invaluable asset in helping and encouraging students to read them with more thorough understanding. The forthcoming

publication of his translation of *Osman* will be of further incalculable value in this area.

His writings on many different aspects of the Slav world have always been as he himself is, stimulating, often provocatively original, authoritative and full of insight. As must be evident from the Bibliography included here, the corpus of Ned's work has not achieved the recognition it fully merits: it is in part for this reason that the editors decided to embark on the compilation of a book that aimed to embody in concrete form the wealth of respect that Ned enjoys amongst the colleagues and friends who have contributed to it. There are many more throughout the world who for reasons of space it has not been possible to include. Nevertheless, they would all wish to join with us here in dedicating this volume to Ned and his work.

Celia Hawkesworth,
Bernard Johnson,

London, 1989

BYZANTINE TRADITION AND TWO SERBIAN FOLK POEMS

Miodrag Pavlović, Belgrade

Byzantine culture belongs to the phenomenon of so-called 'high civilizations'. Although its beginnings and the first two or three centuries were eclectic, in its long span of a thousand years it achieved a cultural profile uniquely its own. It was a civilization which knew ways and methods of maintaining continuity throughout changing historical circumstances. The Byzantines were able to reformulate their cultural premises when it was necessary, and repeatedly to continue to be creative in several different directions without compromising their identity.

Literature played a prominent part in the pattern of Byzantine 'high culture', and consequently, because of its high style, it was far above the national cultures which existed within the frontiers of the Empire or in its neighbouring territories. Paradoxically enough, Christianity, which was a popular religion in its inspiration and origin gave birth to cultures of the 'high' type in the East, just as in the West of Europe.

Obviously Byzantine Christian culture suppressed the pagan character of the underlying national and folk cultures, which were also influenced, stimulated and patronised by its cultural agents: church, schools, administration. Byzantine literature had a courtly, aristocratic, erudite and partly classicist character, although it professed an egalitarian ideology. Its dogmatic and doxological obligations were very contrary to the spirit of folklore cultural patterns, existing as improvised creations, or traditions that had mostly lost their overt meanings.

Of necessity, there was socially a clear line of demarcation between Byzantine literature, for the most part written in Greek,

and the popular creation of ethnic groups or nations christianized and maintained in permanent contact with the Byzantines. This delineation itself left space for a parallel existence of vernacular, folklore literary production. The missionary activities of Cyril and Methodius indirectly encouraged it. Nevertheless, it is still possible to pose the question: how did Byzantine culture affect the popular, folklore creations of the peoples within its orbit? From the evidence offered by the folklore of the South Slavs the main influence came from a general source: the teaching and practice of the Christian faith. The predominant literary source was inevitably the Bible itself, both the Old and New Testaments, either in Greek, or in Slavonic translation. Liturgical texts were also of some importance, as were Lives of the Saints and some apocryphal writings which left traces of their influence but through channels which are not always immediately apparent.

Many legends, stories, proverbs and some parts of oral poetic tradition consist of Biblical motifs. There is a whole range of such combinations to be found: Biblical motifs accepted by oral tradition and retold in a naive way with the addition of picturesque details, or the incorporation of Biblical material in the poetic fabric of pre-Christian or para-Christian content.

The example of the Lives of the Saints is a particularly intricate one. Here the line of demarcation between folklore and written literature seems to have become obscured in the intimate combination of the two. Reading the Lives of the Saints from the *Prologos* and the *Synaxar* in the Serbian translation, I found instances of reciprocal influences between different folklore traditions and written, canonised Byzantine literature. It is a vast field open to investigation. Some of the lives of the Saints which belong to Serbian Medieval Literature contain descriptions of very old Indo-European usages which were conserved amongst the Slavs in Christian times and documented in their sacred writings. Such instances are passed over unnoticed by the professionals: one example is a moving section in the Biography of Saint Simeon written by his son, the **greatest Serbian saint and the founder of the**

Serbian literary tradition, Saint Sava. On his death-bed, Saint Simeon asks his son Sava, or Sabbas, to carry him off and lay him on a bed of cut grass, ('rogom'). This is a practice known in Vedic ritual and mentioned many times in the Rig-Veda.

Amongst several versions of the folk-poem on the theme of Christ's baptism, I have chosen one from Montenegro, published by Vuk Karadžić ('Opet Krstenje Hristovo', *Vukova dela*, Vol.1, 1891, pp.128-29). In this translation by the English Slavonic scholar Bernard Johnson it is rendered in octosyllabic instead of the original decasyllabic verse; otherwise it follows very closely the meaning of the Serbian original:

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST

Our Holy Lady walked abroad,
 Walked through the earth and the wide world,
 And in her arms she bore her son,
 Jesus Christ, her infant son;
 There she met the baptist - John,
 Thus Our Lady spoke unto him:
 "Come here to me John-godfather,
 Let us go to Jordan's water,
 There give baptism to my Christ-son!"
 From that place they set off walking,
 And arrived at Jordan's water.
 John began his godson's baptism,
 The sacred book fell down in awe;
 Then Our Holy Lady asked him:
 "What is with you, John-godfather?"
 - "Don't you see, my dearest Lady!
 Jordan's water cold and angry
 Wants to drown us all together;
 To the grass the forest's fallen;
 Cast your eyes above you, Sister,
 See the heavens split in quarters!"

To him spoke Our Holy Lady:
 "Have no fear my John-godfather!
 Jordan's water is not angry,

But the water has grown bolder,
 Wants from Christ to be made holy;
 And the forest bows before him;
 And the sky has not split open,
 But the angels move the heavens
 To watch us at the Christ's baptising:
 Look at the eastern gate, the Lord!"

Saintly John took up the Scriptures,
 And baptised the Christ, his godson,
 John - to Christ, and Christ - to John,
 From thence come our cross-processions,
 All to ask our great God's mercy,
 For him to be our help forever!

In accordance with *topoi* which we find in other Serbian religious or mythological oral poems, the mother plays a very prominent part in the initial lines of the poem, she seems to be the person inviting to the ritual, in a way its essential basis. Here the mother is Theokotos, Mary, looking for the right person to baptise her son Christ. She goes to distant countries before meeting John the Baptist who she addresses as 'kum' - godfather. She summons him to the river Jordan where the baptism of Christ should take place.

When the baptism is about to start, John the godfather is seized with fear. The reason: the waters of the river are dangerously agitated, the surrounding trees seem to be falling down, the heavens splitting into four. The book with the text of the baptismal rite falls out of Saint John's hands. But the "Holy Lady" urges him to carry on with the rite, explaining to him what in fact is happening to the elements: Jordan's waters feel a new power in them as a result of their sanctification by the presence of Christ; the trees are not falling down in distress but bowing down to the epiphany of all three members of the Christian divinity; the heavens are not destroyed but have simply opened up to give the angels and God at the eastern gate a better view of the proceedings. As expected, after these reassuring explanations, John again takes up

the sacred book and goes on with the baptism of Christ. A fine point is made, more clearly expressed in the original: just as John has baptised Christ, so has Christ baptised John. Almost a theological finesse. Finally, the poem justifies the ritual of the procession of the cross through the fields on this Christian basis. The analogy should be stressed: the Earth is being repeatedly brought into contact with the cross, symbolically baptised like a living being, having in mind its protection, but also its bringing forth fruit.

The poetic retelling of the event of the Baptism differs in several respects from the description of the same event in the synoptic Gospels. (John, I, 29-34; Luke, III, 21-22; Mark, I, 6-11; Matthew, III, 11-17). Popular fantasy stresses, as mentioned above, the role of the mother and it also tends to augment the majesty of the occasion by activating the elements and the scenery around. In this picture we find not only solemnity but a joyous agitation. This joy is a proof of the cosmic consciousness to be found in popular poetry; it is not simply a figura, a remaining feature of earlier poetica, but also a sign of the psychological wholeness of the peasants participating both in the religious cult and the art of poetry. This poem provides an example of the successful fusion of the oral poetic tradition and the sincere expression of popular worship. Although not canonic in detail, it renders a deeply felt emotion before the mysteries of the Faith, and so it becomes an acceptable paraliturgical text.

II

The second folklore poem is from the works of Vuk Karadžić (Vol. I, 1891, p.155). It is a poem I have included in my *Anthology of Lyric Folk Poetry* (Belgrade, 1982, p.21) and commented on extensively. It is a poem on a marriage, not of Heaven and Hell, as in the famous cycle of poems by William Blake, but about the marriage between the Moon and Lightning and the course of their

wedding ceremony. The poem is here translated by the American poet, Jerome Rothenberg:

A POEM FOR THE WEDDING OF THE MOON

These are the words the Morning Star has spoken
"I will marry off the Glowing Moon (she said)
will win the Lightning-of-the-Clouds
for him in marriage
will call upon the single God as witness
Saint Peter and Saint Paul will be
the bridegroom's brothers
Saint John will be his best man
the master-warrior will be Saint Nicholas
the master-driver will be Saint Elijah."
Those were the words the Morning Star
had spoken
words that the single God spoke through her
goddess who married off the Glowing Moon
who called upon the single God as witness
Saint Peter and Saint Paul to be
the bridegroom's brothers
Saint John to be his best man
Saint Nicholas as master-warrior
Saint Elijah as their master-driver, then
The Lightning started offering her gifts:
to God she offered his celestial mountain
to Peter the summer heat that is Saint Peter's
to John the gift of snow and ice
to Nicholas command over the water
to Elijah his lightnings and his arrows.

The motif of the marriage of the celestial bodies seems to be very old and it is not easy to find in folk poetry of nations other than the Serbs. It is present in one poem among the Rig-Vedic hymns (X, 85), in some fragments of Babylonian and Ugaritic religious hymns and in Lithuanian oral tradition. On the other hand I was able to put together a whole group of such poems at the beginning of the earlier mentioned *Anthology* with this theme of

cosmic marriage. It is not always the Moon who is the bridegroom. Sometimes it is the Sun, or sometimes the Sun and Moon are competing with each other. Nor is the bride always the Lightning. Sometimes she is the (Morning) Star or a girl of the human race. It is a motif which is well known from mythology and ancient religions. Hieros Gamos is an almost universal mythologem, but as far as we know, rarely found in poetry.

Through the sacred marriage the whole of nature was reborn and renewed. It was also the moment of intense contact between heaven and earth, between the elements and between the opposite sexes. Without an exemplary wedding ceremony the new year and its cycle could not start afresh. This entirely pagan mythological structure, however, needs the approval of the single and unique God and his Saints as the main actors in the wedding ceremony. The union of the two traditions, of the 'high' and the 'low', sounds quite natural. Its natural and almost self-evident character is guaranteed by the division of competences among the saints. It becomes visible that the periods of the year and the behaviour of the elements are given into the hands of the saints so that the natural and the spiritual worlds become deeply involved and thoroughly bound up in the cosmic wedding.

The saints referred to in the poem seem to be a random group. In other poems of this kind and of similar mythological structure, other saints are listed. The choice of names probably depended on the local cults and the veneration directed towards individual saints. But other hidden reasons may be guessed at. In our example two of the saints represent seasons of the year: St. Peter stands for summer and St. John for winter. This corresponds to their respective places in the Christian calendar. St. Nicholas is often given power over water, he seems to have assumed some of the traits of Poseidon, the Greek sea god. But it is not immediately evident why St. 'Elias' should dispose of lightnings and arrows. He represents the Slav, or any pagan god of thunder. This is plausible, but why the prophet Elias? We would put forward the hypothesis that the link comes from the similarity between the two names:

Elias here overlaps with Helios, the sun god. In the living Greek pronunciation Helios becomes Ilios, which is almost the same as the pronunciation of 'profitis Ilias'. So Elias, through so-called popular or erroneous etymology, has become identified with the sun god, Apollo, whose attribute was arrows, an association even more strongly supported by the identification of the 'chariot of fire' in which Elias is taken up to Heaven with the Greek sun god's fiery chariot pursuing its daily course across the sky. Further, the presence of St. Nicholas in the poem may indicate that it comes from a part of the country oriented towards the sea and in fear of its dangerous storms.

This poem was recorded in the XIXth century and variants of it have been found in different areas inhabited by Orthodox Serbs. Censorship of popular songs on the part of the Orthodox Church in the Balkans was very probably neither very severe nor dogmatic. It may have been that pagan elements in folklore were less worrying for the Church than a number of heretical teachings that spread on repeated occasions across Balkan territory. This fact, if accepted, must have made possible the creation of many non-canonically but religious folk-songs. Some of them achieved a high degree of poetic beauty and a special flavour which derived from the mixture of pagan and cosmic elements on the one hand and a solemn Christian vision on the other.

And the final question to be asked about the poem: should we really assume that its roots are so deep in the traditions of the past and that it transmits earlier compromises in the policy of the Byzantine Orthodox Church? Could it not possibly be a spontaneous production on the part of the minds of Serbian peasants who had had few worries as to whether they were making use of poetic fantasy and the sense of symbolist improvisation? I am not inclined to this opinion. It seems to me that the structure of the poem is too intricate to justify such an explanation. The complicated relationship of the two sets of symbols must be constructed on the basis of important earlier elements.

Originals of the poems quoted:

1. Opet krštenje Hristovo

Pošetala prečista Gospođa
 Ona zemljom i svijetom šeta,
 A na ruke nosi sina svoga,
 Ona srete Krstitelj-Jovana.
 Ovako mu govori Gospođa:
 "Hajd' ovamo, moj Jovane kume,
 Da idemo na vodu Jordana,
 Da krstimo Hrista sina moga!"
 Ondolen se bjehu podignuli,
 I dođoše na vodu Jordana.
 Stade Jovan krstit kuma svoga,
 Od straha mu knjiga ispanula;
 No ga pita prečista Gospođa:
 "Što bi tebe, moj Jovane kume?"
 - "Kako što je, moja mila kumo!
 Pomami se Jordan voda hladna.
 E ne hoće voda potopiti;
 A sva gora popada na travu;
 A pogledaj više sebe, kumo,
 Ka' se slomi nebo na četvoru!"

Govori mu prečista Gospođa:
 "A ne boj se, moj Jovane kume!
 E se nije voda pomamila,
 No se voda, kume, posilila:
 E se hoće od Hrista posvetit';
 A gora se Hristu poklonila;
 A nije se nebo salomilo,

No anđeli nebo rasklopiše
 Da gledaju ka' Hrista krstimo:
 Eno Gospod na istočna vrata!"

Sveti Jovan knjige uzimaše,
 Te krstio Hrista kuma svoga,
 Jovan Hrista, a Hristos Jovana.
 Od tade su krsta nastanula,
 Sve na milost Boga velikoga,
 Da ni bude vazda na pomoći!

2. Ženidba sjajnoga mjeseca

Falila se zvijezda danica:
 "Oženiću sjajnoga mjeseca,
 Isprosiću munju od oblaka,
 Okumiću Boga jedinoga,
 Djeveriću i Petra i Pavla
 Starog svata svetoga Jovana,
 Vojevodu svetoga Nikolu,
 Kočijaša svetoga Iliju."
 Što se fali zvijezda danica,
 Što se fali, to joj i Bog dao:
 Oženila sjajnoga mjeseca,
 Okumila Boga jedinoga,
 Odjeveri i Petra, i Pavla,
 Starog svata svetoga Jovana,
 Vojevodu svetoga Nikolu,
 Kočijaša svetoga Iliju.
 Stade munja dare dijeliti:
 Dade Bogu nebesne visinu,
 Svetom Petru Petrovske vrućine,
 A Jovanu leda i snijega,
 A Nikoli na vodi slobodu,
 A Iliji munje i strijele.

MAŽURANIĆ, NJEGOŠ AND THE FOLK TRADITION

Svetozar Koljević, Sarajevo

Much European folklore is indeed 'fakelore' by American standards: the interplay of the oral and written traditions, often marked by the merging of pagan, Christian and feudal concepts, has been a two-way traffic in Europe at least since the Middle Ages. Behind the literary culture of the monks or scribes to whom we owe *Beowulf*, *La Chanson de Roland*, or the *Nibelungenlied* there were centuries of oral tradition. The Romantics resurrected these 'fakelore' products as lofty and abstruse symbols of national identity, which soon became a form of *wissenschaftlich* rather than of popular or courtly entertainment. At the same time some 'small' European nations - denied by foreign rule and cultural domination the full, and nationally central, literary flourish of the Renaissance and the grand delusions of the Age of Enlightenment - were discovering their own folklore as a living and popular spiritual expression of their national identity and artistic creativity. Such discoveries as *Kalevala* or the Irish and Serbo-Croat folk traditions had enormous scholarly and popular appeal - not only owing to their intrinsic interest, but also to the historical and cultural context of national revivals and the struggle for political independence.

Of course, most of the 'small' European nations' collectors of folklore in the nineteenth century shared Herder's innocent belief in the untainted sources of 'natural' poetry, even if the material itself was far more complex, paradoxical and sophisticated than the convictions behind the collectors' impulses would suggest. This misunderstanding had some interesting consequences: the folk material was granted a high cultural status, the status which classical mythology has had in mainstream European literatures since Renaissance times. So it inspired much unashamedly patriotic

and mediocre writing, but it was also sufficiently rich in its unsuspected inner tensions, polarities and antitheses, to provide imaginative blueprints for the great creative adventures which marked the spiritual watersheds of these nations' cultural history. It is in this sense that the ways in which folk traditions are used by Mažuranić and Njegoš are of considerable interest.

To begin with, they are both literary giants who dominate the nineteenth century in their respective national literatures – largely by creating the grand literary delusion that they were carrying on the tradition of the great blind epic singers. This is important as the central literary image of the time – even if very few of the folk singers were great and most of them were certainly not blind. There was also some difference between the social position of the blind peasant singer and Njegoš as Prince-Bishop of Montenegro and Mažuranić as the Governor of Croatia. However, both Njegoš and Mažuranić were born in backward areas rich in living folk traditions which they absorbed with their mothers' milk. This is perhaps why their seemingly 'folk' language survived their education and, perhaps, why their vision of human history survived their political experience. However, even the most quotable and quoted lines of their great reflective poetry – based as they are on the semantic and syntactic patterns of aphoristic folk culture – sound like proverbs which, on closer reading, reveal themselves as riddles with utterly enigmatic and paradoxical solutions.

Many of these lines have a wide and popular appeal: Mažuranić's *The Death of Smail-aga Čengić* (*Smrt Smail-age Čengića*, 1846) still appears 'full of quotations' to people of the older generation, while Njegoš's *The Mountain Wreath* (*Gorski vijenac*, 1847) is still widely known by heart, in considerable fragments, among older people in Montenegro. This popularity is certainly due to a literary delusion: both these works sound almost like genuine folk epic. To begin with, they both take distinctly folk epic subjects, set within the broad historical framework of the conflict between the Cross and the Crescent. Mažuranić describes a contemporary event which was both reported in the newspapers and immediately treated in oral poetry: the death of a cruel Turkish tax-collector killed by a

small, but valiant company of Montengrins. The subject was of immediate if not burning political significance: the corrupt Turkish tax-system was a major political issue in Europe at the time. On the other hand, Njegoš seems to deal with an older historical subject: he dramatises the long drawn-out issue of Montenegrin resistance to Islamisation by describing it as a momentary decision of Montenegrin Christian leaders to eradicate the Islamised part of the population of Montenegro, at the end of the seventeenth century, appropriately enough on Christmas Eve. This is seen as a moral sacrifice for national survival - and it must also have had an immediate bearing on the burning historical issue of Islamisation and tribal rivalries which were so much of a headache to Njegoš himself engaged as he was in a desperate struggle against the Turkish penetration of Montenegro and, at the same time, making great efforts to organise his country into a centralised modern state.

It is, however, above all, their formal features that make both Mažuranić's and Njegoš's works widely acceptable. Mažuranić combines the octosyllabic and the decasyllabic line - each characteristic of epic folk poetry even if not used together as here. Njegoš uses various popular forms, but mostly the decasyllabic line, even if sometimes with enjambement which cannot be found in folk poetry. He introduces the ring dance in the function of a chorus, quotes and uses in a highly original dramatic and moral context the formulas of dirges, curses, blessings, charms, incantations and proverbs, sometimes with slight modifications. The most exhaustive list of such examples can be found in an article which claims that *The Mountain Wreath* was not, in fact, written by Njegoš but by the Montenegrin people.¹

¹ See M. Pavičić, 'Gorski vijenac kao narodno djelo', *Etnolog*, Ljubljana, 1937, pp.13-16.

The illusion that Mažuranić and Njegoš are 'writing' oral poetry is also sustained by their occasional use of fixed epithets,¹ by the use and imitation of the semantic and syntactic patterns which we find in some of the generally recognizable lines of epic folk poetry,² and by a number of references to epic heroes and

¹ In Mažuranić we find, for instance, the following examples: 'cold water' ('voda hladna', *Smrt Smail-age Čengijića*, ed. A. Barac, Zagreb, 1952, pp. 7, 19), 'the hero's head' ('junačka glava', pp.12, 14), 'golden freedom' ('sloboda zlatna', p.10), 'great God' ('Bog veliki', p.13), 'an unknown warrior' ('neznana delija', p.13), 'honourable cross' ('krst časni', p.14), 'falcon's eye' ('oko sokolovo', p.19), 'white arms' ('bijele ruke', p.23), 'fierce pains' ('nevolje ljute', p.24), 'bright arms' ('oružje svijetlo', pp.24, 34), 'battle horses' ('bojni konji', p.24), 'white tents' ('bijeli čadorovi', p.24), 'living flame' ('plamen živi', p.37), 'a good horse' ('konj dobri', p.25), 'a good hero' ('dobar junak', p.25), 'a flat field' ('polje ravno', pp.26, 27).

In Njegoš we find, for instance, the following examples: 'the blue sea' ('more sinje', *Gorski vijenac*, ed. A. Barac, Zagreb, 1947, ll. 55, 1110), 'a razor-sharp sword' ('britka sablja', l. 368), 'clear sky' ('vedro nebo', l. 584), 'living eyes' ('oči žive', l. 202), 'living heart' ('živo srce', ll. 1267, 2781), 'honourable cross' ('časni krst', l. 1329), 'bright arms' ('svijetlo oružje', l. 669), 'a slender voice' ('tanki glas', l.1292), 'a green coat' ('zelena dolama', l. 1349), 'a grey falcon' ('sivi soko', l.1834), 'sore wounds' ('ljute rane', l.1959), 'white towers' ('bijele kule', ll. 2269, 2790).

² In Mažuranić we find the following examples of the use of standard folk epic lines: 'The sun went down and the moon came up' ('Sunce zađe, a mjesec izade', p.1), 'Not even the sprites could carry the hero through/Let alone his own legs' ('I ne bi ga pronijele vile/ A kamoli noge na junaku', pp.11-12), 'And Novica came to Cetinje' ('A Novica pade na Cetinje', p.12), 'For the honourable cross and golden freedom' ('Za krst časni i slobodu zlatnu', p.14), 'The aga flared up like living fire' ('Planu aga kao plamen živi', p.37). There are also examples of the Slavonic antithesis, e.g.: 'Is it an outlaw or a Turkish spy?/... It is neither an outlaw, nor a Turkish spy/But Novica, Čengić's servitor' ('Je li hajduk il uhoda turska?/... Nit je hajduk, nit uhoda turska,/Već Novica Čengića kavazu', p.1). There are also some lines in which we find general ideas broadly parallel to some procedures in folk epic poetry; such as the description of the means of torturing in terms of gifts: 'He presented them with Turkish gifts:/To each youth - a sharp stake,/To some - a stake, to some - a piece of rope' ('Pa ih turskim darivao darom:/Svakom momku oštar kolac daje/Kome kolac, kome li konopac', pp.7-8). Finally, Mažuranić's lines sometimes follow only the syntactical patterns of epic folk poetry: 'The servants started shouting on their horses,/The horses started running under the servants' ('Stoji klika sluga na konjijeh,/Stoji trka konja pod slugama', p.26). This is very close to: 'The sheep started bleating after the lambs, /The lambs started bleating after the sheep' ('Stoji bleka ovac za janjcima,/Stoji meka janjac za ovcama') - lines which are to be found in 'The battle of Salaš' ('Boj na Salašu', V. S. Karadžić, *Srpske narodne pjesme*, IV, ed. V. Nedić, Belgrade, 1976, ll. 258-259). In Njegoš we find about a dozen examples of the use of standard epic formulas: 'Do you see this wonder, o Montenegrins' ('Vidite li čudo, Crnogorci', l. 143); 'No Serb would betray a Serb' ('Ne kće Srbin izdati Srbina', l. 105); 'But they all fell side by side' ('No svi pali jedan do drugoga', l. 1055); 'O hateful day, may God destroy you' ('Grdni dane da te Bog ubije',

events which seem to present convincing internal evidence that we are 'really' moving in a genuine folk oral medium¹. However, if one starts counting, one is generally surprised by how few such examples there are - on average three or four clearly recognizable epic formulas in a hundred lines in any well-known passage, even if in some of Njegoš's reflective monologues the number of fragments of aphoristic folk utterances is far higher and the famous dirge of Batrić's sister is completely in the folk style. But everything is so much an organic part of the prevailing illusion of folk tone and spirit that it is the very few classical references and coinages which sound unnatural². In short, the folk effect is achieved not so much by the epic formulas (which are comparatively rare), as by the creative use of the expressive patterns and rhythms of folk literature.

On the other hand, the characterization in Mažuranić and Njegoš is unlike anything in the folk epic tradition. Instead of an epic hero facing an enemy worthy of his own physical and moral stature, Mažuranić's Montenegrin warriors are shown as men of great spirit rather than bodily strength: they move stealthily in order to take

1. 84); 'Who live as long as the sun shines' ('Koji žive doklen sunce grije', l.78); 'I dreamed a terrible dream last night' ('Ja sam noćas grdan san vidio', l.1367). There are also several examples of folk epic syntactic patterns: 'Who had escaped the Turkish sword/... He took refuge in the mountains' ('Što uteče ispod turske sablje/... To se zbježa u ove planine', ll. 262, 265); for further examples of this kind see P. Popović, 'Dikcija u "Gorskom vijencu"', *Iz književnosti*, ed. Dj. Gavella, Novi Sad-Belgrade, 1972, p. 186. Finally the whole of the dirge of Batrić's sister follows folk patterns strictly (ll. 1913-1963).

¹ Such are perhaps Mažuranić's references to *gusle* (pp. 38, 39) and, in Njegoš, dozens of references to the Battle of Kosovo, to its folk epic heroes: Lazar, Miloš Obilić and Vuk Branković (see ll. 135f., 186ff., 864, 987, 1821), as well as to the medieval feudal lords (Strahinić Ban, Relja the Winged, Duke Momčilo) and later outlaw captains (Starina Novak, Bajo Pivljanin, etc.).

² With one major exception (the comparison of Miloš to Leonidas and Scaevola, ii. 233-234), Njegoš's classical references to Orestes, Aegisthus, Piso and Bellona are contained in his 'Dedication to the Ashes of the father of Serbia' ('Posveta prahu oca Srbije') and it has sometimes been questioned whether this is an integral part of *The Mountain Wreath*. In Mažuranić there are references to Hector and Troy in Canto IV, and even such Homeric coinages as 'silk-fleeced flocks' ('sviloruna krda', p.11, 'thin-horned herds' ('vitoroga stada', p.11) and 'wing-legged horses' ('konji krilonogi', p.26).

their revenge on Smail-aga, whose orgy of violence offers insight into a monstrous, criminal mentality entrusted with almost unlimited worldly power. And the artistic effect often depends not so much on epic movement and description as on sustained dramatic irony and sarcastic touches in a study of colourful perversion. For instance, when Smail-aga, the cruel tax-collector and tyrant, expresses his contempt for the Montenegrin warriors:

As if a mighty wolf could fear
A mere hungry mountain mouse,¹

we are moved by this utterance because the sarcastic touch of the poetry seems to approach here even the cynical possibilities of life itself: for the poem is largely about the triumph of 'a mere hungry mountain mouse' over 'a mighty wolf'. Besides, Smail-aga's cruelty and the suffering he inflicts are not only often represented with dramatic irony, but are also fully controlled as the central justification of vengeance, and the whole composition - divided into five cantos each of which brings out very fully a separate part of the story - is devised so that all the main psychological and moral issues should come together at the climax of the story when the tyrant meets the fate he has deserved. The fact that within such a sustained and ironically articulate dramatic structure Mažuranić has succeeded in preserving the illusion of folk poetry testifies not so much to his naiveté as to the sophistication of his poetic skill.

It is, of course, impossible to imagine a folk epic in which the psychological perversities of a cruel enemy should provide a major focus of interest within the framework of dramatic irony. But it is equally inconceivable that a folk epic singer should reduce the basic conflict to a short message and concentrate on decision-making and the justification of what cannot be justified - as Njegoš does in *The Mountain Wreath*. Moreover, Njegoš's hero Bishop Danilo is a hesitating, reflective man, sure only of his utter intellectual and

¹ 'Ko da strepi mrki vuče/ S planinskoga gladna miša', p. 7.

moral loneliness among his simple-minded, heroic compatriots. He sees himself as 'a straw among the whirlwinds'¹, curses the day he was born and while he meditates on the terrible prospect of the approaching bloodshed, his heroic countrymen tell him that they 'mistrust much thinking'² and that the council is, from their point of view, only 'the cackling of geese'³. Finally, when the 'terrible beauty' is about to be born, he voices a very strange battle-cry:

If there were only a brother in the world,
His pity would be almost like help.⁴

And the final call to action:

Let the struggle go on for ever,
Let come what cannot be.⁵

embodies one of the most quotable and quoted literary paradoxes in the language, partly because it sums up so much national history by expressing the faith that survival is possible only if the impossible is achieved. And, of course, in its basic assumptions this paradox is parallel to the moment when the old priest blesses the Montenegrin fighters in *The Death of Smail-aga* :

A weak old man cheering the weak
To give them strength approaching that of God.⁶

¹ 'Jedna slamka među vihorove', l. 35.

² 'A ka guske sve nešto ćukamo', l. 300.

³ 'A ja zebem od mnogo mišljenja', l. 519.

⁴ 'Da je igdje brata u svijetu/ Da požali ka da bi pomoga', ll. 647-648.

⁵ 'Neka bude borba neprestana,/ Neka bude što biti ne može', ll. 658-659.

⁶ 'Gdje slab starac slabe krijepi ljude/ Da im snaga Bogu slična bude', p.23.

An analogous sense of paradox pervades the words of Abbot Stefan, another major figure in *The Mountain Wreath*, a blind old man who, on the threshold of bloodshed, sees struggle and violence as the inevitable tragic mode of all life:

A blow finds a spark in stone,
Or else the spark dies of despair.¹

And when Abbot Stefan comes to justify the bloodshed in terms of the cosmic struggle of day and night, waves and rock, the justification seems more frightening than the bloodshed itself. However, as no poetic imagination can fully accept cosmic chaos as a universal principle of life, at this moment Bishop Danilo comes to ask Abbot Stefan if his *Weltanschauung* has been inspired by 'the good fire' and even 'better wine'?². The question is not unlike the appearance of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*: the comic relief is a triumph of poetic wit based on universal, if ironic, tolerance, which assumes that there is more than one view of the human predicament, so that even the dignified, tragic mode cannot be absolute.

In short, there is no doubt that folk traditions were of paramount importance for the literary creativity of both Mažuranić and Njegoš. They enabled them to assume that they were breathing the air of a long linguistic and literary tradition and that the tradition they were born into could provide them with subjects and paradigms for significant and complex imaginative adventures. But ultimately their art, in its basic philosophical and moral assumptions, in its focus of interest, in its concept of 'weak' heroes, is very different from traditional folk art. And, of course, Mažuranić's art is very different from that of Njegoš: it cultivates a classical poise, almost a pose of calm and indifference so that historical horrors are reflected in highly stylized rites of language,

¹ 'Udar nađe iskru u kamenu/ bez njega bi u kam očajala', ll. 2322-2323.

² 'Dobra vatra, a još bolje vino', l. 2521.

whereas Njegoš's line owes its expressive power to a morally maddened imagination trying to come to grips with Balkan history by interpreting it on a cosmic, neo-Platonic scale. But what Njegoš and Mažuranić have in common is a highly developed sense of paradox which finds expression in an apparently epic medium. And in this imaginative adventure folk traditions provided for both what the medieval ideas of cosmic order, or 'degree', gave to Shakespeare: a deeply reverberating background of faith on which the turmoil of a questioning literary imagination could feed.

SIMEON PIŠČEVIĆ AS AN HISTORIAN

Milorad Pavić, Belgrade

When in 1961 Svetozar Matić began to publish a modern Serbian version of the *Memoirs* of Simeon Piščević in *Zbornik Matice srpske za književnost i jezik*, hardly anyone knew of this XVIIIth century writer. There was no mention of him in any history of Serbian literature, nor in any historical work concerning the Serbian past. And in those rare instances when there was some reference to him, foreign specialists knew more about him than our own Serbian scholars. The Russian, Nil Popov, devoted short articles to him in the nineteenth century, (1870, 1877 and 1884), and the German Slavist, Hans Ibersberger gave a study of him in 1913. An article by V.I. Grigorovich, translated in *Letopis Matice srpske* in 1879 with the title of *The Serbs in Russia* makes mention of him in two places, but that is almost all. It can rightly be said that Piščević is one of those incredible cases where a writer has been completely forgotten amongst his own people.

But for Piščević, there is one exception: one modern Serbian writer who was also a historian knew about the eighteenth century writer when he was unknown to everyone else. This was Miloš Crnjanski. Crnjanski discovered Simeon Piščević's *Memoirs* in a translation into Hungarian by Imre Husar, which was published in Pest in 1904 and in one place in *Seobe* he says that everything that was written there was on the basis of Piščević's *Memoirs*. In this way a forgotten general from the XVIIIth century set off on a new and posthumous campaign during which he reconquered the place in Serbian literature which he had once lost. In a short space of time after 1961 the *Memoirs* were published and sold out three times, he began to be written about and searched for in archives, he began to be used by literary historians as a source of research into the cultural background of the Serbs in the XVIIIth century, even though there were half-hearted attempts to proclaim him as a Russian writer because of the language in which he wrote. Such attempts failed to

take into account two important points. Firstly, the other Serbian writers of the time, such as Orfelin or Rajić, wrote in the Russian Slavonic language, as did Pišćević; and secondly, Pišćević knew the language less well than his two compatriots since right up to 1756, and later in Russia, as he himself says, he conversed with his Russian superiors in German. Hence, Nil Popov was obliged to russify the language of Pišćević's *Memoirs* when he published them in order to make them accessible to the Russian reader. In any case, Pišćević the historian was less fortunate than Pišćević the writer. His *History of the Serbs* has remained in manuscript up to the present day. It was presented to the *Srpsko učeno društvo* and for many years lost sight of until it was established that it was in the archives of the Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts in Belgrade.

So the unusual nomadic fate of Pišćević's works loses little in comparison with the extraordinary nomadic destiny of the writer himself. Originally from Pastrovići, the Pišćević family took their name from their own native village of Pišci. During the Great Migration of 1690 the Pišćević family were soldiers in Austrian service. Simeon's grandfather, Gavril Pišćević, was a light cavalry commander in the battles against the Turks and the Hungarians; a Pišćević was adjutant to Prince Alexander Wirtenberg during his stay in Belgrade; Aleksa Pišćević was a captain in Čačak in 1714 and it was through him that the future Patriarch, Arsenije IV Jovanović Šakabent maintained contacts with the Metropolitanate at Karlovci. Simeon's father Stefan was a captain in the Danube land militia and commandant of Šid when his son Simeon was born in 1731.

His mother was from the famous Vitković family and Simeon went to school away from his parents' home in the Petrovaradin šanac, lodging with his uncle, Sekula Vitković, who in 1735 was appointed regimental commander of the Danube land militia. Between 1740 and 1743 Pišćević continued his education in Vienna where his uncle had taken him, and here the future regular soldier saw a scene which remained imprinted on his memory for the rest of his life: his uncle took him to watch a parade of the gendarmes, reviewed by the youthful sovereign, Maria Theresa. On returning to his homeland, Pišćević went to school in Osijek, where he was taught legal and military administration in German. From the spring of 1744, when a regiment of the Danube land militia under the command of Charles,

Duke of Lorraine, took part in the war of the Austrian Succession, the Pišćević's, father and thirteen year-old son, set out to fight against France. That campaign was one of the most important in the life of the future soldier and writer. At the review in Peczsz he was promoted to adjutant. In Styria, at Graz he began to keep a diary which eventually was to grow into his *Memoirs*, at Mainz he crossed the Rhine and experienced his baptism of fire, in winter quarters in Pfaltz for the first time he had a taste of the bitter bread of a soldier in a foreign army: his father, although wounded, was accused of inciting his fellow countrymen to revolt and imprisoned. The young Pišćević, little more than a boy, managed to save his father from captivity, but from that time on quite certainly dates the dissatisfaction which was later to be at the root of his decision to leave the Austrian army. When on their return to Petrovaradin from the war, they heard that the regiments to which they belonged were to be disbanded, that decision had all but been made. The Serbian soldiers of the Maros and Tisza land militias were badly hit by the demilitarisation of the frontier: they had just got back from the battlefields of Alsace, Bavaria, Prussia and Italy to be placed in a position where they were obliged to choose either to exchange their military calling for that of peasants subjected to the power of their Hungarian landowners, or to leave their homes and possessions and migrate across the Maros and Tisza into the Banat and other regions where the Serbian frontier regiments had not been disbanded, but where reorganisations had also taken place so that the Danube and Sava land militias were transformed into regular units of the Austrian army. All these reforms gave rise to deep bitterness amongst the Serbs in Hungary, and as an ensign in General Engelshofen's service at Petrovaradin, Pišćević was forced to take part in the demilitarisation of the frontier. At that time some of the senior officers of the Maros frontier troops decided to continue the migration which their grandfathers had begun in 1690 and their fathers had continued in 1737. So the movement for the migration of Serbs to Russia was born. A wound received while hunting forced Pišćević to spend the winter of 1747 in Petrovaradin and Karlovci instead of accompanying General Engelshofen to Vienna. Here he entered into the highest circles of Serbian society of the time, was received at the Patriarchate of Arsenije IV Jovanović Šakabent and

became acquainted with the family of General Šević who was preparing to leave for Russia. Soon after, Piščević married the daughter of Colonel Rašković. Having come into contact with the leaders of the movement for migration to Russia, and encouraged by his father who himself was on the point of deciding to transfer to Russian service, and after the death of his mother, Piščević made up his mind to change armies. That was in 1751 when the first emigrants under General Horvat set out to make the journey. General Šević helped Piščević to be promoted to the rank of captain in the Russian army and to obtain his release from the Austrian ranks and General Engelshofen. But a complaint was made against him: Piščević was accused of attempted desertion and for this reason his dossier is not to be found in the Viennese State Archives amongst the Acts of the Province of Illyria where the dossiers of all the Serbian officers who transferred to Russian service in the middle of the XVIIIth century were kept. It was probably removed and kept with the documents of some other, perhaps intelligence, service of the Austrian army. Although Piščević was quickly pardoned, and in 1752 he was promoted to captain in the Austrian army, he could not be turned away from his chosen path. He reached Russia with his wife, children and servants in 1753.

Once there, Piščević was placed in Šević's regiment, presented to the Empress Elizabeth, and for four months enjoyed life to the full in Moscow, attending receptions, masquerades and firework displays. Here he met Tekelija and the Montenegrin bishop Vasilije, here he was given new duties and in 1756 he returned to Vienna, ostensibly to buy wine and horses for the Russian Court, but in fact to carry out intelligence work. In 1757 Piščević was given a position at Court in Petersburg but at the end of that year he was once again entrusted with a confidential mission to the Austrian capital in Vienna. On his return, at General Horvat's suggestion, he made a very unwise decision. He withdrew from court and went to the Ukraine as a regimental commander. He was still there when Catherine the Great came to the throne and he transferred to the regiment of his countryman Petar Tekelija. In 1767, he was given the task of participating in the proclamation of the Polish Confederation, he became associated with Count Potocki and took part in the bitter fighting in Poland which he referred to as 'nesrečno krvoprolie'. In

the great Russo-Turkish war of 1768-1774 he commanded the Akhtirski Hussar regiment under General Rumantsev during their operations in Roumania, and after the Treaty of Kuchuk-Kainardji in 1774, in Russia he took part in the dissolution of the Zaporozhian Sech in 1775. After the death of his father who was himself in Russian service, in 1777 Piščević travelled to Petersburg where he met Potemkin and was received at an audience with the Empress Catherine II. Promoted to the rank of major-general he was given a thousand souls in the Mogilev province. He had had enough of the life of a mercenary and in 1778 he resigned his commission and to the dismay of his highly placed protectors in Moscow and Petersburg, retired on a pension, sending his sons to a military school and his daughters to be educated at the Smolny convent in Petersburg. He himself remained in his village of Skalyevat to finish his *Memoirs* and his *History of the Serbs*; his son Alexander, who also left his memoirs, recalls with horror his father howling like a wolf to the twanging of the gusle. Simeon Piščević died in November 1797 and left orders to be buried in an open place so that his son Alexander could build a church over his grave. 'Tell him to build it,' he commanded his son on his death bed, 'in the name of Archdeacon Stefan, the patron of our family.'

II

In setting out new perspectives for a whole scientific, comparative discipline, T. S. Eliot once stated that it is not only older works which have an effect on those that come later: later works also influence our visions of the earlier ones, so changing the older works themselves. The *Memoirs* of Simeon Piščević, written between 1744 and 1784, and Miloš Crnjanski's *Seobe* can serve as a case in point. Reading the two works side by side it often seems that it is Crnjanski who took part in the terrible fighting which he describes, and Piščević who through the mists of the centuries offers us only an evocation of the long-past battles.

From the historical data at our disposal concerning General Simeon Piščević and his comrades-in-arms, we know what fear and

terror those indomitable regiments of Serbian frontier guards spread about them. When the Piščevići, father and son, had a grudge against them, German officers in those units would very quickly ask for a transfer to other detachments of their own Austrian army, for they knew that there would be no survival for them alongside those two warriors, even though they were fighting under the same flag; we know that Piščević deported Poles and expropriated the Cossack population, laying waste whole areas of the Ukraine. But in his *Memoirs*, nothing of this is left, it is as if someone else were their writer. According to his *Memoirs*, Piščević felt himself like a fish in water wherever women, music and dancing were to be found. He wore resplendent hussar uniforms, yellow cavalry boots, a white feather in his cap, was mad about fine horses, and slept in the mud to give up a comfortable bed to his favourite bitch. He delighted in silver tableware and flute playing, balls, receptions, masquerades - where he sometimes dressed up as a woman - and was always a great success in salons and drawing rooms where there were ladies and music. In his long military campaigns in Alsace, Pfaltz, Bavaria, Styria or Transylvania, on the estates of Polish aristocrats and Russian landowners, at the palaces in Karlovci, at firework displays, balls and operas in Vienna and Petersburg, women besieged him, marvelled at his appearance, riding, combed his long, raven-black hair, parted in the middle, and remembered his white face, lively dancing and easy conversation. He could never forget his mother who had died young and in one place admits that at the moment when he was describing her death he could not see the pen he was using because of his tears. The sentimental tone of bourgeois sensibility makes Piščević's *Memoirs* into a confession of his heart and a family novel more than a military diary of the fierce battlefields which he passed through, bearing death and fear, from Alsace to the Ukraine, from Poland to Roumania. This unexpected result of his literary work can be explained by Simeon Piščević's stylistic position. He belonged to the new tendency which had taken hold of Europe during his times and which at the same period left a strong imprint on Dositej's memoirs. It was a pre-romantic sensibility which consciously and programmatically abandoned all the elaborate complexity and intensity of the preceding baroque era and directed literary composition into new areas. The new morality, the new public,

bourgeois society, which immediately before the French Revolution showed a previously unknown solidarity the whole breadth of the continent, demanded a new hero and a new relationship between writer and reader. The bourgeois family as a collective reader required only to be told about itself and the works of pre-romantic literature satisfy that demand. This did not only leave its trace on Piščević's memoir writing. It is present also in his *History of the Serbs*, in its conception, content and composition.

III

Piščević's *History* for a long time remained with his other papers in Russia. In 1867 the writer's grandson gave the manuscript to the Russian scholar Nil Popov, who published short extracts from it in 1870 and 1877. In an article in 1884, Popov states that the work had been handed over to the *Srpsko učeno društvo* and thus returned to Piščević's homeland. It took almost a hundred years more for it to be spoken of in Serbia. Piščević wrote his *History* at two different periods. It is supposed that he worked on it for the first time between 1775 and 1785, and the second time just before his death, around 1795. When he was giving final form to his *Memoirs* in 1784, he had already finished the first draft of the *History*, but he returned to it again in 1793, considering it ready for publication although he still hoped to be able to work on it further. So at the moment when Rajić's *History* began to appear, yet another historical work concerned with the Serbian people was completed quite independently of Rajić.

Piščević's *History* is written on more than a hundred sheets of large format bound together in a single volume. Although the first pages have been cut out (ten of them in all), the title is preserved and states: 'Izvestije sobranoe iz raznih avtorov i vvedenoe v istoriju prevodom na slavenski jazik, o narode slavenskom, Iliriji, Srbiji i vseh toj serbskoj naciji bivših knjazej, koroljej, tsarej i despotov, takže nekotorije pojasnjenja o Greciji, Turciji i o bivšem davnem vengerskom bunte, a naposledok o vihode serbskago naroda v Rosiju, sočinjeno generalom majorom i ordena vojenoga kavaljerom Simeonom Piščevićem, jego sopstvenim trudom i rukoju, začalom pred neskoljkimi godami, okončeno 1795-go goda.' From the part of

the manuscript that has been preserved it is evident that at the beginning of the *History* there was a 'Preduverdomljenje' and then a text concerning the Illyrians, which ends on the first extant page of the manuscript. On this page Pišćević left a note from which it can be seen that he worked on the *History* 'trudeći se mnogo godina' and that he wrote it for his 'jednonacionalnog čitatelja,' to whom he addresses himself at the beginning of the work. There follows a text, still written as a direct exposition, about the Serbian people, then the Poles and the Czechs, then the Bulgars; next comes a relation, according to the author's fashion, of genealogy 'o gosudarjeh, knjazje, korolje, tsarej i despotah serbskago naroda,' then a section in which is set out the history of Bosnia, a section about the Turks, about Paštrovići, a separate section about Montenegro, and in a lengthy footnote, an outline in the form of chronicle notes of the Hungarian revolts between 1629 and 1712. Above this footnote stands a description of the first and second Serbian migrations with digressions concerning the Tsintsars, the Climenti, the Rašković family, and a short history of Novi Sad up to the migration of the Serbs to Russia; this is followed by a description of the events in which Pišćević himself took part: the demilitarisation of the Tisza and Maros frontiers, the reforms of Maria Theresa and the migration of the Serbs to Russia. In this part of the *History*, which in fact ends with the migration, there is a short digression about the Trenke gendarmes, about Pišćević's service in Russia and finally an appended list of the Serbs in Russian service from Peter the Great up to the time when the *History* was written. Hence Pišćević's *History* embraces the period from the arrival of the Slavs in the Balkans right up to the middle of the XVIIIth century.

In the *History* there is a certain amount of anecdotal material, as for example: the tales of Sam's answer to Dagobert, of the five brothers and two sisters: Horvat, Kulga, Lovelja, Kosenice, Muhlo and Tuga and Vuga, of Libuša and Primislav, of the death of Sejslav, of Despot Jovan's Spring, of General Rabatin, etc. But those sections devoted to contemporary events which Pišćević treated more amply than the early periods of Serbian history merit special attention. In this respect it is worthy of note that Pišćević was extremely interested in the destiny of the bourgeois class at the time of the

first migration, and at the period of the demilitarisation of the frontier. He describes how merchants behaved during the migration and what happened to the officers who fled to Austria: 'trgovci koji su ranije bili u Beogradu, tako su činili pri prelasku; kao ljudi koji se trgovinom izdržavaju, stupiše u cehove po gradovima i upisaše se među meštane; oni pak, što su u Beogradu bili vojnici, naseliše se od Zemuna duž Save do Mitrovice u susedstvu nekadašnje i od ranije formirane posavske landmilicije...'

Interesting also is Piščević's attitude towards the different names which were used in literature to denote his people. He distinguishes two meanings of the term Illyrians (Iliri): the first, which in his opinion is the older meaning, is identical with his term Serbs as denoting all the South Slavs apart from the Bulgarians; and the second, the meaning which the Catholic clergy wishes to assign to it and which identified Illyrianism with the Catholic population in Kranjska, upper and lower Slavonia, Croatia, Dalmatia and Bosnia. Piščević was against this second denominational meaning of the term, for he related the question of the unity of his people to the problem of their religious disharmony. In the final sections of his *History* he wrote on this theme:

Katolički sveštenici (franciskanci) u davna vremena uneli [su] u narod srpski razlike u veri i deo toga naroda u nekim krajevima, osobito u gornjoj Slavoniji, u Hrvatskoj, u Dalmaciji i u Bosni, premamili rimokatoličkoj crkvi... usađuju im u glavu da se Ilirima nazivaju i tobože pod tim nazivom mogu se od ostalih Srba, svoje prirodne sabraće, razlikovati, i time se učiniti drugim nekakvim narodom, koji je međutim jedan i drugog jezika i običaja nema... Mnogo se staraju da odvoje te šokce od ostalih Srba, njihove istinske jednoplemene braće, i ne samo što ih od naroda, nego i od jezika maternjeg odvraćaju, što na sreću nikako nije moguće postići, jer snažna su zaštita i podrška jezik i rod, što već niko ne izmeniti ni uništiti nije u stanju... Takođe postoji još i druga partija i takvi od zakona preobraćeni koji čislom žive u raznim distriktima u gornjoj Ugarskoj, što se unijatima nazivaju, a ipak ne proishode od kakvog drugog roda, već su pravi starinom prirodni Srbi, o kojima dovoljno govori istorija, a i jezik njihov slovenski svedoči... Treba napomenuti da se Turci preko Save u Turskoj u Bosni i Srbiji razlikuju od onih u Anadoliji i Egiptu. Oni su nekad bili hrišćani, kao i ostali Srbi, ali su se zbog turskog besa i nasilja isturčili. Žive najviše po gradovima, a po selima retko. Jezik i običaji su im srpski.

As a historical document, Simeon Piščević's legacy, therefore, is remarkable in several ways; as a work of hitherto unknown Serbian historiography and history of literature from the XVIIIth century, as a work containing personal memoirs of the migrations and settlement of the Serbs in Russia, and as material about its author, who was certainly an important figure in the literature and politics of his time. Finally, it is also of interest where it deals with Poland, as an account by a participant of the stormy events surrounding the Polish Confederation.

Since we are clearly concerned with a historical document, one of the first questions that arises in relation to it is that of Piščević's sources. The author himself gave some account of these, both in the *History*, and directly through the legacy of his *Memoirs*. He used manuscripts which came to hand and which he sought out in connection with his work as a historian: letters, in the Karlovci archives, from Hungarian rebels to Serbs from the time of the siege of Vienna, the Piščević family archives, writings and documents which he obtained from Paštrovići, Russian charters, such as the one given to Mihail Miloradović in 1718, Bohemian chronicles in the Slav language 'kakove se i sada tamo u prestonom gradu Pragu u arhivu nalaze.' In addition, Piščević made use of material which he obtained from the Rašković family by word of mouth, and also from his own family traditions and from oral testimony about the second Serbian migration to Austria.

Of Byzantine historians, in the main Piščević referred to those writers used at the same period by Jovan Rajić. These were: Constantine Porfirogenitus, *De administrando imperio*; Georgije Pahimer, Nicephorus Grigoras, *Historia Byzantina*; Jovan Kinam and another history of Byzantium whose author Piščević does not name. It was certainly not du Cange (Charles Dufresne sieur du Cange), whose *Historia Byzantina* of 1680 Piščević cites separately. The Nicites referred to by Piščević could be the historian Nikita Honijat. It is easier to identify Piščević's sources for newer history. These are mainly German works in Latin and German: Essich is the same Essich referred to by Orfelin in his monograph of Peter the Great; Johann Georg Essich, the author of *Kurtze Einleitung zuder allgemeinen und besonderen Welthistorie* (the eighth edition was published in

Stuttgart in 1764). Of other works used by Orfelin two more are to be found in Piščević: in the section on the Turks he refers to the geographer Johann Hubner, author of *Kurtze Fragen aus der neuen und alten Geographie* ... (Regensburg und Wien, 1755); Busching who is frequently mentioned, is Anton Friedrich Busching, editor of the famous *Journal for New History and Geography* (twenty-five volumes between 1767 and 1793), and author of *Neue Erdbeschreibung*, which came out in eleven volumes between 1754 and 1792. Piščević's favourite writer Taube also often used this work in his *Historische und geographische des Konigreichs Slavonien und des Herzogthums Syrmien* in three books between 1777 and 1778. In one place Piščević also refers to Busching's autobiography. In his *History* Piščević used one of the most significant historians of the XVIIIth century, the French Byzantologist du Cange, and from him he gives the genealogy of the Serbian and Croatian ruling families. Piščević read Kinam in du Cange's edition and used du Cange's capital work in its adapted and expanded form under the title *Illyricum vetus et novum*, 1764, in the expanded edition of Jan Tomka Szaszky. Piščević in his work also used two other Czech/Slovak historians: Vindiš, the author whom he consulted about questions of Hungarian history is probably Karol Vindiš, the editor of the *Bratislavske novine*, 1764, (and one of the founders of the Bratislav scholarly society); the other is the well-known historian František Martin Pelcel, 1734-1801, one of the founders of Czech bourgeois historiography and the first professor of Czech language and literature at Prague University. In his capital work *Nova česka hronika*, 1791-96, Pelcel adopted the ideas of the Enlightenment, but Piščević could not have used the whole edition since his *History* was completed before the last of Pelcel's volumes appeared. As well as the studies and authors referred to, Piščević used other sources: the decree of the Hungarian king, Mathias, of 1222, one of the editions of the Serbian *Privileges*, and a printed charter from the Piščević archives about Monasterlija as vice-ductor. It is striking that he only used one Russian source: this was Novikov's *Skitskaya Istoriya*. A founder of journals, the organiser of several societies and literary and publishing activities, a populariser of culture, the editor of works of the philosophy of the Enlightenment, Novikov's activities also included the field of historical science. Piščević referred to him at the time when the

Russian author was out of favour at court and imprisoned in the Schlüsselberg fortress. For his information concerning contemporary history Piščević drew upon a history of Germany which he mentions in his *Memoirs* without giving the author: it was written, or added to, after the wars of the Austrian Succession since it includes them. For the same period in history Piščević made use of the work of a Swede, a councillor of the Swedish Academy of Science, Kerelie, who described the first Polish Confederation and the Russo-Turkish war. There is also the interesting question of the Turkish chronicle which Piščević mentions in the *History* and from which he took the motif of Miloš Obilić's hand in silver holding a sword which hung on the monument to Sultan Murat at Kosovo. Sima Ćirković, dealing with the sources of Orbini's *Il regno degli Slavi*, points out that it is not Levenclavius who has this, but Alojzije Crijević Tuberon, and it is clear, therefore, that following Orbini, Piščević repeated the false statement that it came from Turkish chronicles. Piščević certainly used Orbini and so there also arises the question of his native sources for Serbian history.

In Mavro Orbini's well-known work which he refers to, Piščević found fragments of the Pop Dukljanin chronicle. Piščević used Dukljanin separately and had more confidence in his text than in Orbini himself. He mentions an edition of Orbini dating from 1700 and states that here Orbini gave the kings of Serbia, Croatia and Dalmatia, but that he preferred to use Dukljanin, with whose text, as he says, other sources which he made use of agreed, while Orbini's work was: 'pri prevode skazano neverojatnim'. This indicates that he used Orbini in Sava Vladislavić's Russian translation of 1722, and did not consider it particularly reliable. Sava Vladislavić, however, on whose judgement of Orbini he relied, is mentioned separately by Piščević at the end of his *History*, citing details from Sava's life and service. In his *History* Piščević gives a biography of yet another writer who concerned himself with Serbian history even earlier. This is Count Đorđe Branković. He gives details of the transfer of Branković's remains according to the account of his relative, Atanasije Rašković, who had supervised the transfer at the wish of Patriarch Šakabent. Here too there is mention of Branković's portrait which was painted in Vienna, kept in the Karlovci Metropolitanate and carried to Silesia with Rašković's regiment so that the count's

body could be identified when his grave was opened. However, Pišćević nowhere speaks of Branković's manuscript chronicle, although it seems that he had a copy of that section of it which deals with Branković's youth, for this part of the count's biography he gives in detail and with authority; the rest of Branković's life in prison is given only scantily and from orally transmitted sources. A third historian of the time Pišćević knew personally and he probably also made use of his work. This was Pavle Nenadović the younger, a poet and the secretary to the Karlovci Metropolitan of the same name, who, together with Žefarović, in 1749 published the Serbian *Privileges* in Austria. We do not, and probably never will, know whether the later and more famous historian of the Serbs, Jovan Rajić and Simeon Pišćević, who at the time was not interested in Serbian history, met in Kiev. But it is clear that in Russia Pišćević was aware not only of the political activities of the Montenegrin bishop, Vasilije Petrović Njegoš, but also of his historiographical work. There can be no doubt that he knew and used Bishop Vasilije's *History of Montenegro*. Pišćević knew both the author of the book and the Russian vice-chancellor to whom it was dedicated, Vorontsev. The composition of Pišćević's historical writing shows a certain similarity to that of the Montenegrin bishop. In Pišćević, the section concerned with the Orthodox Church in Austria is at the end, and here too, as with Vasilije Petrović and Taube, the episcopal sees are listed, but in the same order and almost in the same words as in the *History of Montenegro*. The sections about trade in Montenegro show the same similarity with the corresponding sections from Bishop Vasilije.

IV

After everything that has been said about Pišćević's *History of the Serbs*, of its content, sources and major interests, the question could be asked as to how its author stands in relation to Serbian historiography prior to that date. If we compare him with Rajić, we can at once conclude two things: firstly, Pišćević had at his disposal more up-to-date literature than Rajić and dealt with it better. He used Orbini and du Cange with incomparably better knowledge than

Rajić, who sometimes could not entirely make out which of these writers was which. The second factor is Piščević's feeling that history must be above religion, just as the destiny of his people must be understood and followed with no account taken of religious boundaries and disunity. Thirdly, nowhere has he any of those elements which intrude into Rajić's work from the hagiographic writings of old Serbian historiography which saw miracles, the supernatural and the hand of God in historical events and their outcome. The anathema which the Patriarch of Constantinople pronounced against Dušan and his clergy has no word of subjective commentary - defence or approval, the account of it is objectivised. Further, it can be seen that Piščević was interested in ethnography, that in history he opens the door to life: he shows great curiosity towards, and evaluates the historical events in which he himself participated and his work is clearly intended for a new reader, for whom, for example, evidence linking the origins of Nemanja with the Emperor of Constantinople meant next to nothing. Piščević is addressing a new public, and this influenced the style of his composition and the direction of his historical writing, so conditioning its stylistic treatment and orientation.

If we compare the dedication of Piščević's *History* with the dedicatory pages of the works of Serbian baroque historiography, the differences are immediately apparent. Whereas all the writers of the baroque era paid tribute to baroque Slavism and from Zmajović to Orfelin dedicated their works to the Courts of the whole of Europe, to foreign rulers and the highest church dignitaries, in the belief that interest and pity for the enslaved Serbian people, eager to rebel against the Turkish yoke in the Balkans, would be aroused in the conscience of Christian Europe, Simeon Piščević on the other hand dedicated his *History* to the Serbian people: 'Uvek sam želeo da svom narodu učinim neko dobro i da mu budem od neke koristi' - he writes, 'napisao sam jednu knjigu u kojoj se govori o srpskom narodu, o srpskim vladarima i nadam se da će moji sunarodnici taj moj rad primiti kao znak ljubavi.' He hopes that from his book the Serbs will see how things were for 'our forefathers', he feels at one with his readers and more than once mentions 'naš srpski rod' or 'hrabri ljudi naša braća Srbi', and after a digression he writes: 'Sad se povratimo natrag u našu dragu Srbiju i pogledajmo šta se još u tim prošlim

stolećima posle propasti carstva srpskog s narodom našim Srbima događalo i kakve im je sudbina bila...' Hence Piščević felt himself to be a Serbian writer, he wrote for the Serbian reader and addressed that reader as someone just the same as himself. And that meant the bourgeois section of Serbian society, for his tone is not that of a man who is addressing rulers or courts. That he did this in a language which the Serbs did not speak, but which at that time they very often read and wrote for publication, was a matter of literary convention and not a rejection of his own language and people. In his language Piščević is just as much a Serbian writer as was Orfelin or Jovan Rajić. In considering whether his works should be published in translation or in the original, the question is the same as for a whole series of writers of other works of Serbian literature in the XVIIIth century.

Piščević, therefore, expresses himself as a Serbian writer and historian by his theme and in respect of the public for whom he wrote, and also by his personal commitment. Paradoxically, in his vast autobiographical and historical opus, extremely little is said of Piščević's second homeland, Russia. Far away from his own milieu his gaze remained firmly fixed on his distant and unforgotten Serbia.

It is this focusing of attention away from the foreign great powers and its concentration on the Serbian people's own strengths that is extremely important for the currents of Serbian XVIIIth century historiography. At the moment when Serbian XVIIIth century historians had lost all hope of arousing interest for the Serbian cause in Christian Europe, when their baroque Slavism had met with failure and when Serbian historiography turned towards the new bourgeois reader and its own setting, this signified the end for baroque historiography. And this very process came about in Piščević's *History* before all the other works. It should not be surprising. In his *Memoirs* Piščević bequeathed the first landmark of a new pre-romantic orientation and sensibility in Serbian literature. Chronologically, sentimentalism can be seen in his work before the similar tendency in Dositej; his ideas of the Enlightenment (deterministic concepts, deism, from which proceeded his attitudes towards religion and the history of the Serbs), his new secularised morality, derived not from the protection of the Church, but from his own well-harmonised personal and general well-being, all this

reveals him as a precursor of Dositej, but who unfortunately had no chance to influence Serbian society.

Finally, in Piščević's *History* there are echoes and ideas of his time and these are not solely linked to historiography but also to the literary developments of pre-romantic Europe. He quite clearly formulates certain attitudes of Herder-like significance. When he asserts that the fundamental nature of a people is to be found in its language and customs, when he writes that the Serbian people of different faiths are 'jedan i da drugog jezika i običaja nema' and that 'snažna (su) zaštita i podrška jezik i rod' to sustain a people, when he emphasises that the Islamised Turkish subjects in Bosnia are Serbs like all the rest, for they have 'jezik i običaji srpski', Piščević is using for his time modern terminology, and together with Dositej, but earlier than Stratimirović, Mušicki and Vuk, showing knowledge of the ideas of German pre-romanticism and Herder.

Dedicated to the Serbian people and the Serbian reader, Simeon Piščević's *Istorija* begins with the past of the Slav peoples, but its most important and best part is devoted to the history of Piščević's own time: diplomatic history, the migration of the Serbs to Russia, the religious problems of the peoples of the Balkan peninsula, the history of Novi Sad, Maria Theresa's reforms, the demilitarisation of the Tisza and Maros frontiers, a summary of the Serbs in Russian service, the settlement of Nova Srbija, etc. With its modern ethnographic interests (the Climenti, Tsintsars and others), Piščević's *History* abandons the philological mannerism and genealogical obsession of baroque, erudite historiography and opens the door to life with the author's knowledge and direct insight into the problem. Serbian historiography at the time of pre-romanticism has no better representative than Simeon Piščević, right up to Dimitrije Davidović, and as against the forces to which his baroque predecessors turned the forces to which he addressed himself were successful in realising the task which history set before them: they achieved the overthrow of Turkish rule and restored Serbian statehood.

Piščević's work remained tragic in one other respect. It never reached the readers for whom it was intended. And today in manuscript it is a testimony only to what effect it could have exercised if it had been printed. Nevertheless, just as his *Memoirs* have an honourable place in the history of literature because they

laid the foundations of the new pre-romantic style, so his *History of the Serbs* opens a new page in the annals of Serbian XVIIIth century historiography.

THE LANGUAGE IN THE WORKS OF JOVAN STERIJA POPOVIĆ

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Jovan Sterija Popović (1806-1856) was one of the most significant of the Vojvodinian writers of the nineteenth century. He lived and wrote before Vuk Karadžić's linguistic reforms had been accepted in the Vojvodina and was still writing when these same reforms of the literary language finally won acceptance there.

In the chain of linguistic development that leads from the language of the Vojvodinian writers of the second half of the eighteenth century to the literary language of the second half of the nineteenth century, Sterija is an important link. The middle of the eighteenth century had seen Russian Church Slavonic come to dominate the literary scene in the Vojvodina following the abandonment of Serbian Church Slavonic by the Serbian Orthodox Church. In this language were written not only spiritual and religious works, but also texts with literary, scientific and historical themes. Having made its appearance in the second half of the eighteenth century when literature and education had reached a certain standard, and a need had arisen for secular works to be written, this language appeared for the most part unintelligible to the wider public for whom writers intended their works. Therefore certain individual writers began to write their works in a special type of literary language, in which vernacular features of the writer's local dialect appeared alongside Russian Church Slavonic features. This language, known as 'slavenoserbski', existed without grammatical rules and norms and appeared as a linguistic hybrid where the ratio of vernacular features to Russian Church Slavonic features was not always the same, not only in the works of different authors but even in the works of one and the same writer. In the

language of such writers we may even encounter features that are characteristic of neither language, but are merely the fruit of the author's individual 'grammaticisation'.¹ When Vuk Karadžić began his linguistic reforms in the second decade of the nineteenth century he came out forcefully against this hybrid 'slavenoserbski' in favour of the vernacular. It should, however, be noted that even in the Vojvodina alongside those authors using 'slavenoserbski' there were also some authors who wrote and published a number of works written to a large extent in the vernacular. Authors such as Dositej Obradović and Emanuil Janković, for example, strove to use the vernacular because they both considered that a writer had to write for the wider public in a language that it could comprehend. As Janković affirmed in the prologue to his comedy *Tergovci* (*The Merchants*) 'A što nisam pisao u slavenskim neg u materinim jeziku, to će mi svaki oprostiti, kad pomisli, da ja nisam Slavjanin neg Srbljin, i da ne pišem za Slavjane, neg za Srblje.' ('Everyone will forgive the fact that I have not written in Slavonic but in my mother tongue, when they remember that I am not a Slav but a Serb, and that I do not write for Slavs, but for Serbs.').² Sterija, however, had strong ties with the traditional literature, because he had been educated in this tradition. Therefore an examination of his language and his attitude towards the literary language must take into consideration the characteristics of the period and milieu in which he lived.

The literary language used by the Serbs in the first half of the nineteenth century was characterised by significant fermentation. In the second decade Vuk boldly and with reason rejected the traditional Vojvodinian literature and its language, even though it was partially written in the vernacular. The speech of his native Tršić, which was at the same time the language of folk literature

¹ A. Mladenović, 'Tipovi književnog jezika kod Srba u drugoj polovini XVIII i početkom XIX veka', *Referati za VII međunarodni kongres slavista u Varšavi*, Novi Sad, 1973, p. 45.

² E. Janković, *Tergovci*, Leipzig, 1787, pp. 3-4.

became the literary language norm. There is no doubt that Vuk adopted a negative attitude not only towards Vojvodinian writers who preceded him but also towards their use of Vojvodinian dialect features.¹ However, Vuk's own exclusively vernacular based language was not able immediately to become a well-developed and refined vehicle of belles lettres and science and function as a standard. Opponents of Vuk such as J. Hadžić and M. Vidaković maintained that complex thought and feelings could not be expressed by the vernacular and they wished to preserve the tradition of the literary language that they had been used to up to then, i.e. 'slavenoserbski'. They protested that as the vernacular was the simple unrefined language of peasants it did not possess an adequate enough word stock for educated people and they wanted Russian Church Slavonic to serve as a lexical reserve for the vernacular in all those areas in which it was deficient in Vuk's language.² Hence we have two views of the literary language of that period.

It is usually affirmed that Sterija was in practice on the side of Vuk's opponents,³ but this was not in fact true. If we take into consideration the totality of his works we find various styles and various genres, but his language is basically vernacular, with an admixture of Russian Church Slavonic lexicon, greater in some works, lesser in others (e.g. in poetry).⁴ In line with the views of the conservative faction (i.e. Vuk's opponents) he believed that the vernacular as a literary language needed an admixture of Russian Church Slavonic in order to enrich it and make it more usable, but he

¹ A. Belić, *Borba oko našeg književnog jezika i pravopisa*, Belgrade, 1935, pp. 30-34.

² M. Selimović, *Za i protiv Vuka*, Novi Sad, 1967, p. 80; T. Butler, 'The War for a Serbian Language and Orthography', *Harvard Slavic Studies* vol.5, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1970, p. 49.

³ S. Novaković, 'Sterijin odnos prema jeziku', *Jovan Sterija Popović* (ed. V. Milinčević), Belgrade, 1965, p. 71.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 74.

also believed that this admixture should be adopted with a certain moderation.

In his first works, tragedies and novels, written in Pest, Sterija wrote under the influence of Vuk's opponent Milovan Vidaković who was at that time the most popular Serbian novelist.¹ Nevertheless, the language in these works undoubtedly has a vernacular basis. If we take for example the tragedy *Miloš Obilić*, we see that the characters speak in the vernacular with an admixture of (Russian) Church Slavonic lexicon. In the language of certain characters, the nobles for example, the number of Russian Church Slavonic words and phrases is greater than that used by the common people. In the language of the nobles we encounter the stilted bookish phraseology reminiscent of Vidaković's style and language, but if we examine the style and language used by the common man 'Negoda' or the spirits, then we see the simple vernacular.² Whereas Obilić, Zeir, Miloš and others use words like 'dokazateljstvo, blagostojanije, veličestvo, vaspitan, suščestvujete, sodejstvovati', etc., Negoda never does. He speaks in the vernacular: 'Ja neću dalje, makar me koljem terali, gospodine. To nije šala: sustadoh. Mi smo pošli u lov, al' tako loviti nisam u mom veku video: srne i košute zaigravaju se oko nas, a mi ih ne vidimo! Doista, da nas kakav ljudi od mene vidi, rekao bi da što drugo tražimo.'

When speaking of Sterija's first works one must bear in mind that they appeared at a time when Vuk's language itself was only relatively stabilised following the vacillations of the initial stage of his reforms. Sterija too at this time used features that he himself was to criticise later in his *Retorika* (undated manuscript of 264 pages written between 1841 and 1844). For example, in the tragedy *Miloš Obilić* the third spirit says: 'Dajte nam žaoku vašu, za

¹ M. Popović, 'Sterijin danak Vuku Karadžiću', *Vukov zbornik*, SANU, Posebna izdanja, knj. CD, Belgrade, 1966, p. 477.

² M. Đoković, 'Narodni jezik u dramskom radu Sterije', *Književnost*, Belgrade, 1947, pp.9-10, 256.

umnožit' jarost našu.' In his *Retorika*, Sterija criticises Germanisms of the type 'za dokazati' which, he states, spoil the purity of the Serbian language.¹

We know that Sterija's early enthusiasm for Vuk stems from his gymnasium days in Temišvar, when he composed an ode to him, but that he subsequently fell under the influence of Milovan Vidaković in Pest. A significant change in Sterija's attitude towards language came about when he published his first comedy *Laža i paralaža* (*The Liar and the Arch Liar*, 1830) which so pleased Vuk. Sterija himself in a letter to Vuk at the beginning of 1832 wrote that 'posle dugog tumačenja i krivudanja, jedva na pravac izađoh, a nadam se da neću sa ovoga puta svrnuti, počem sam i *Pokendirenu tikvu* istim manirom napisao.'² In these two comedies Sterija in his own way follows Vuk. From Sterija's *Retorika* we know that he was concerned about purity, correctness and clarity of the literary language. Understanding was an important factor. Sterija understood that the senseless use of foreign words and the exaggerated, bombastic phraseology of 'Slavonic' were not only an obstacle to understanding the language but also to the development of the literary language. Therefore in his first comedies he used the linguistic tower of Babel that was then in use in the Vojvodina in order to ridicule people who neglected their own Serbian language and saw language only as an instrument for pretension and self-advancement. Sterija was not a great master of comic action and plot. He wished to highlight social and personal defects in morals and character, as well as to show the lack of feeling for moderation and taste in the appreciation of beauty and culture among his fellow citizens.

One such defect was the misuse of language either from pretension or from ignorance in questions of language. Thus in the

¹ I. Veselinov, 'Retorika Jovana Sterije Popovića', *Zbornik istorije književnosti*, Odeljenje jezika i književnosti, knj. 9, Belgrade, 1974., p. 569.

² Popović, p. 479.

comedies *Laža i paralaža* and *Pokondirena tikva* (*The Stuck-up Woman*) Sterija does not mock 'Slavonic' as such, because to the end of his life he remained a temperate admirer of that language.¹ As he himself states in his *Retorika*: 'Slavenski jezik ostaje uvek kao koren srpskoga, i tako ćemo moći i morati one reči pozajmljivati, koje sami nemamo no opet ćemo ih zato po duhu jezika krojiti.' ('The Slavonic language will always remain the root of Serbian, and so we can, and must, borrow those words which we ourselves do not have, but we shall fashion them according to the spirit of the language.').² What Sterija mocks is the misuse of 'Slavonic' for the purpose of fashion or improving one's social position. He makes fun of characters who show off by using a high style of language full of (Russian) Church Slavonic archaisms and vocabulary inappropriately mixed together. Later in his *Retorika* Sterija was to give examples of how the purity of the Serbian language was spoilt when it contained 'reči slavenske neumestno upotrebljujeme.' ('Slavonic words used inappropriately.').³

In *Laža i paralaža* Sterija puts language of this type into the mouth of Jelica's suitor 'Aleksa', who poses as a member of the upper class and speaks 'slavenoserbski'. At the same time, in the words of the impostor Aleksa Sterija acknowledges the deficiencies of the language of Vuk's opponents. Aleksa boasts that he will become 'učitelj slavenske gramatike' ('A teacher of Slavonic grammar') and believes that it is only necessary to string together a few unintelligible 'Slavonic' words in a sentence in order to speak 'slavenoserbski'. As an example he quotes the following virtually meaningless sentence: 'Niščeten vrazumljaj .tisjaščeguboju horugvonosjašceju veščestvenostiju.' Mita, a good-for-nothing like Aleksa, does not understand what Aleksa is saying but concludes

¹ M. Kičović, 'Sterija i Vuk Karadžić', *Jovan Sterija Popović* (ed. V. Milinčević), Belgrade, 1965, p. 284.

² Veselinov, p. 570.

³ Ibid.

'More, more ti ćeš još i spisatelj postati.' ('My goodness, you'll make a writer yet.') When Mita wishes to be taught 'Slavonic', Aleksa says: 'To je lako: samo upotrebljavaj često "poneže, dondeže"... pa te neće ni najbolji Slavjanin razumeti.' ('It's easy: just use "poneže, dondeže" often... and even the best "Slav" won't understand you.'). When Aleksa advises Mita 'Pazi na "abije"' ('Watch your "abije"'), Mita again does not understand and thinks that Aleksa is speaking about 'gurabije' [a kind of pastry] and asks where they are. Aleksa has again to assert "'Abije", kažem, "poneže" i druge slavenske reči, kojima ćemo osvedočiti moj karakter.' ('I say, use "abije", "poneže" and other Slavonic words which will bear witness to my character.'). When Aleksa in conversation with Jelica uses Slavonic words such as 'sljedovatelno, hudago, najpače, zane, negli', Jelica's father Marko doubts that Aleksa is a genuine Serb and wishes to know what language he is speaking. Aleksa's answer is: 'Ovo je jezik slavenoserbski, to jest serbski, no po pravilima ugladen, kojim su se najveći duhovi, kao Stojković, Vidaković, Vujić i proči u knjigama služili.' ('This is the Slavenoserbian language, that is to say Serbian, but Serbian refined according to rules, and used by the greatest minds, like Stojković, Vidaković, Vujić and others in their books.'). Marko's next remark is simple and sarcastic: 'A, i vi ste od knjiga.' ('Ah, so you got it out of books too.'). It is interesting that in this comedy almost pure vernacular is used by the sober Marko, and it is here that Sterija's sympathies with Vuk's ideas are evident.

Two years after *Laža i paralaža* Sterija wrote a brief sketch entitled 'Scena za one koje su za slavenskim jezikom zaneseni'. ('A scene for those who are carried away by the "Slavonic" language.'). In this sketch the misuse of 'slavenoserbski' is openly mocked in a conversation between father and son in a Serbian household. 'Slavenoserbski' is difficult and completely unintelligible to the son. In his first sentences the father, transported, speaks to the son about the 'slavenoserbski' language in a 'Slavenoserbski' that is quite incomprehensible to the boy: 'Istočnice mudrosti, sladosti hranilo, o kolj blažen čas, jegda tja poznah, jegda cjelbonosnija tvoja struji vkusih! Se mudrost, se blagost, slišite, zemnorodni, pačeže vi

Slavjanoserblji, kolj kratok, kolj silen, kolj točnoviražitelen jest sej jazik ... ' At the end of this first speech the father commands his son in 'slavenoserbski' to come over to him: 'Čedomilje, vozljublenoje čado moje, pridi otcu tvojemu.' The son does not understand the command, so the father repeats it, but once again the son does not stir. He understands only when the father is forced to use the low style Serbian vernacular phrase 'Ovamo se vuci' ('Drag yourself over here'). The father then asks the son, again in unintelligible 'slavenoserbski' if he understands how important 'Slavonic' is: 'Vijesi li, vozljublenoje čado moje, jelika ti sut potrebna k stjazaniju slavjanskago jazika?' The son again fails to understand and asks 'Šta tatice?' ('What, Dad?') The father is again obliged to use the vernacular and says: 'Zar si bio gluv, nisi čuo što sam te pitao ?' ('Are you deaf, didn't you hear what I asked?') The son's reply is that he does not understand Hungarian, because he thinks that is what his father has been speaking. The father then gets angry and calls the son's language 'govedarski' ('that of a cattle drover') and again recommends to the son in unintelligible 'slavenoserbski' that he learn Slavonic: 'No tebje, sine, preporučaju tščanije, vo ježe bi neocjenimi dar sej, slavjanski sirječ jazik sjtažal.' When the son again does not understand and asks his mother what his father is saying, the father reprimands the mother in the vernacular for ruining the boy with her language, which he again likens to that of a cattle drover: 'Ti si ga i pokvarila s tim tvojim govedarskim jezikom.' The wife, however, considers the 'Slavonic' expressions used by her husband to be like blocks of wood in his mouth: 'panjevi kroz usta.' In this short sketch we clearly see Sterija's sympathies for an intelligible vernacular and his antipathy towards the meaningless misuse of 'Slavonic' words and expressions.

Later, in the comedy *Pokondirena tikva* Sterija again illustrates the unintelligibility of misused 'Slavonic' in the character of Ružičić whose language is also full of terms found in pseudo-classical literature. Ružičić's 'slavenoserbski' is more exaggerated than that of Aleksa. Ružičić in fact virtually never uses the vernacular in conversation or even when alone and musing to himself. Aleksa on

the other hand does speak pure vernacular Serbian and uses it when he is with Mita. Aleksa only uses 'slavenoserbski' when he wishes to impress people with his knowledge and bearing. Ružičić's 'Slavonic' is completely incomprehensible. The apprentice Jovan thinks that Ružičić is not a Serb but a Slovak and attempts to talk to him in Slovak, but admits that even among Slovaks he has never heard such speech. When Ružičić asks him if he knows what the 'Slavonic' language is ('Vjesi li ti što jest jazik slavjanski?') Jovan's answer is: 'Hej ja sam buo do Levoci.' ('Oh, yes, I've been to Levoca.'). When Ružičić explains to Jovan 'O gramatičeskom jazicje glagolju ti.' ('I am telling you about the grammatical language'), Jovan again does not understand and responds only when Ružičić calls him a donkey and asks why he is talking nonsense ('Magarac, šta bulazniš?'). Jovan's response is to say if you know Serbian why are you torturing me with that foreign language ('A gle vi znate srpski, pa šta me mučite tuđim jezikom?'). Yet again in this brief scene we see that 'Slavonic' is an incomprehensible 'grammatical' language and once again one senses the absurdity of the immoderate use of an accumulation of 'Slavonic' forms.

Sterija essentially supported Vuk's principles in his comedies, i.e. he believed that it was necessary to base the literary language on the vernacular. Vuk's victory had led to a more concise and more vivid mode of expression, but at the expense of the capacity of the language to express certain concepts, above all those abstract concepts familiar to the educated Serb of that period. Because of this even Vuk himself was forced to introduce, in his translation of the New Testament and elsewhere, some (Russian) Church Slavonic expressions that had previously been excluded from his literary language.¹

If we examine Sterija's other comedies, for the most part we find the vernacular used, although in the language of certain characters a stratum of Slavonic words does appear. For example,

¹ P. Ivić, *Srpski narod i njegov jezik*, Belgrade, 1971, p. 177.

Mišić, the notary public in *Tvrđica* (*The Miser*, 1837) sometimes uses Russian Church Slavonic abstract nouns, e.g. 'očajanje, blagodejanje, rasuždenje, prepjatstvije', etc. Sterija in his early comedies successfully derived comic effects from the speech of his characters, e.g. from the Romanian-Serbian jargon of Kir' Janja in *Tvrđica*, from the 'Slavonic' words of Aleksa and Ružičić and from Fema's incorrect German and French words in *Pokondirena tikva*.¹ In these comedies, where the Vojvodinian urban milieu of that period is described, Sterija gives his picture of the Serbian world and certain representative types - their ideas, illusions, aspirations and their language. In other comedies, as for example the bookish *Zla žena* (*The wicked Wife*) or the dramatised anecdotes *Volšebni magarac* (*The magic donkey*), *Ženidba i udadba* (*The marriage of men and women*), *Prevara za prevaru* (*Deceit for deceit*), in which the milieu is not specified and not important for the action, Sterija's language is almost completely vernacular and heavily under the influence of Vuk's reforms. What is most important is the fact that the vernacular in these small comedies is the language that Vuk recommended. In places it is so pure that even today one could not find fault with it. Deviations in respect of Vojvodinian dialectal forms are infrequent. Thus in these comedies only occasionally do we find Vojvodinian forms such as the vocative 'dijete' (in an otherwise regular ekavic text), the infinitives 'izviditi, doživiti', the locative plural 'u najlepši moji godina', the instrumental plural 'sanovi', the dative singular of the third person feminine personal pronoun 'njojzi', the present stem 'nakaziva' and forms such as 'grijota, komendija, mal (= umalo)', etc. (Russian) Church Slavonic form are very rare, e.g. 'vnimanije, ljubov, samopočitanije' as too are foreign loan words. For example German words appear only in *Ženidba i udadba* in the speech of the provincial girl who knows how to read German and uses German words to impress her bridegroom.

¹ P. Herrity, 'Jezik u Sterijinim komedijama', *Naučni sastanak slavista u Vukove dane*, 11, Belgrade, 1982, p. 9.

Unusual vernacular forms are very rare e.g. the verb 'naviksovati (= nabiksati <the German word 'Wichse'), haljinar, ukročati se' etc.

In 1840 Sterija moved to Serbia to become first a professor of jurisprudence and then from 1842 to 1848 the head of the Ministry of Education. Here Sterija abandoned his work on comedy and reverted to dramas on historical themes. It was in fact only the revolutionary events and disturbances of 1848-49 that later inspired him to write another comedy *Rodoljupci* (*The Patriots*). In Serbia Sterija was to play a principal role in the founding in 1842 of the first Serbian learned society 'Društvo srpske slovesnosti' which was later to become 'Srpsko učeno društvo' and finally in 1886 the Serbian Academy of Sciences. The aim of the society was to nurture and safeguard the development of the Serbian literary language. At its meeting on 14th June 1842 it specifically undertook to concern itself with the 'improvement' and development of the grammar and lexicon of the language.¹ With regard to this undertaking Sterija's *Retorika*, in which he expounded his thoughts on the literary language, is particularly significant. In it he devotes special sections to the purity, correctness and clarity of the literary language and the theory of styles. It is here that he criticises the Russian Church Slavonic forms of Vidaković (e.g. 'pri čestnych myslej'), Aleksa's muddled 'slavenoserbski' language in *Laža i paralaža* and Ružičić's bombastic 'Slavonic' twaddle in *Pokondirena tikva*. He also strongly criticises those features that in his view spoil a Serbian literary language based on a pure, natural vernacular. These are (Russian) Church Slavonic archaisms, barbarisms (i.e. unnecessary foreign words and expressions), solecisms, provincialisms and neologisms contrary to the spirit of the Serbian language (here he particularly criticises the linguistic practice of the Illyrians).²

¹ Kićović, p. 265.

² Veselinov, pp. 569-73.

Thus from the very outset of his writing career Sterija to a large extent adopted the vernacular as the literary language and left a large number of comedies written in very good vernacular language. Later he conscientiously studied the literary language and helped found the first Serbian learned society to promote, improve and safeguard the literary language. Apart from his *Retorika* he also wrote several linguistic articles for the *Glasnik* of the society, which did not, however, always meet with general approval. His work on a Serbian terminological dictionary, for example, led to disagreements with Vuk.¹

A detailed linguistic study of Sterija's works has yet to be made. Until then judgement must be suspended as to his language at a specific period in time in relation to Vuk's language, the Vojvodinian dialects and the modern literary language. There is no doubt, however, that an overall pattern of development can be observed. Sterija's muse with its humour and direct manner promoted Vuk's principles in a significant way and advanced the development of a vernacular based literary language.

¹ Kićović, pp. 263-81: M. Budimir, 'Sterija terminolog', *Zbornik istorije književnosti* (Odeljenje jezika i književnosti, knj.9), Belgrade, 1974, p. 3.

KOZAČINSKIJ'S *TRAEDOKOMEDIJA*

Jovan Hristić, Belgrade

The first work written for the theatre in the history of Serbian literature was not written by a Serb. It was the work of the Ukrainian, Manuil, or as he was also known: Emanuel, Emanuil, Emanuilo and even Manojlo Kozačinskij. Born in the last years of the XVIIth or the first years of the XVIIIth century, a former pupil of the Kievan Dukhovnaya Akademiya, in 1733 with four of his fellows he set off for the Serbian lands in answer to the invitation of the Sremski Karlovci Metropolitan, Vikentije Jovanović, to organise a 'high' School for 'learning in the same fashion as in Kiev'. Why 'as in Kiev'? Because at that time Kiev was the centre of education for the whole of the Slav Orthodox world, but also because Kiev was the Orthodox bastion of defence against Catholicism, and the Serbs, in constant danger in Austria of being Catholicised or Uniatised, quite naturally addressed themselves to Kiev. As Vladimir Erčić says in his study of Kozačinskij,¹ the Kievan teachers were 'specialised' in 'the battle against the Union and in polemics against Catholicism'.

Thanks to Erčić we know more about Kozačinskij today than ever before, we know so much that there is almost a temptation to ask: do we perhaps know too much? Kozačinskij spent only five years in the Serbian lands, and in 1738 returned to Kiev where he continued his academic, and to some extent, literary career. Like his predecessor, Maxim Suvorov (who founded the first 'high' schools in Karlovci and Belgrade), he and his colleagues found the fate of a pedagogue amongst the Serbs who even then had little understanding of purely intellectual matters, far from a happy one. It is not difficult to imagine what the poorly educated and semi-literate priests and monks gathered around the Karlovci Metropolitanate could have

¹ Vladimir Erčić: *Manuil Kozačinskij i njegova 'Traedokomedija'*. Institut za književnost i umetnost, Matica srpska, Srpsko narodno pozorište, Novi Sad - Belgrade 1980

thought of the study of Latin, Grammar, Rhetoric and Poetics, and when Vikentije Jovanović died in 1737 and the Ukrainian teachers demanded their pay, which was several months in arrears, the Metropolitan's archdeacon replied succinctly and in almost Biblical terms: 'Go to him who summoned and employed you, and ask your wages of him, we have no need of you'.

The fate of these Russian teachers amongst the Serbs was bemoaned by Jovan Rajić in his pathetic description of how they 'lamenting, went back to their homes, and the well-founded Serbian Parnassus fell asunder and the beautifully flowering garden was destroyed', as with not a little satisfaction is cited by Jovan Skerlić.¹ Skerlić's infinite rationalism saw everything connected with the church as dark and reactionary; but although there should be no illusions about the Serbs' inclinations towards education and culture, it should not be forgotten that these Russian (that is, Ukrainian), teachers were themselves certainly not personifications of all the virtues. They must have been rather arrogant, even overbearing, towards the far less educated milieu to which they had come. Similarly, it should not be forgotten that they brought with them a foreign language, Russian Slavonic, which Vikentije Jovanović proclaimed as the official language of the Serbian Church. So the Serbs suddenly found themselves between Catholicism on the one side and the Russian Slavonic language on the other, and the latter was not much more familiar to them than the former, particularly since in the schools which were founded by the Russians and the Ukrainians, Latin was taught, something which until then had for them been a feature of the Catholic faith, and only later the language of a great culture, if at that time it was at all possible for them to consider it in that light.

After Kozačinskij's Slavono-Latin School in Karlovci was closed, he spent some time in the Vojvodina and Slavonija and then returned to Kiev. There he taught at the Kievan Academy and wrote, amongst others, two broadly speaking theatrical works: a morality play *Obraz strastej mira sego* and the text (nowadays we would say scenario) for the great spectacle *Blagoutrobije Marka Avrelija Antonina, kesara rimskago*, to celebrate the visit to Kiev of the Tsarina

¹ Jovan Skerlić: *Srpska književnost u XVIII veku*. Belgrade, 1966, p.139.

Yelisaveta Petrovna. His writings, theatrical and poetical, and his lectures in Philosophy have left no lasting trace in Russian literature; in Serbian letters there is no further interest in him after 1738.

His *Traedokomedija*, however, which, as Erčić asserts, was written in 1734, that is, less than a year after his arrival in the Serbian lands, has a surviving place in Serbian literature. With it begins the history of the Serbian theatre and as a result of this single work the Ukrainian Kozačinskij himself belongs to Serbian literature in somewhat the same way as the Pole Joseph Conrad, or the Roumanian Eugene Ionesco, belong respectively to English and French literatures, with the one difference that Kozačinskij was not writing in a language that was foreign to him, but in the language which at that time it was believed could become the common literary medium of the whole of the Slav Orthodox world which hoped to find protection under the wing of the Imperial policies of the Russian Tsardom.

His *Traedokomedija* (since the original manuscript does not exist we shall never know its full title), could not have been written at a better moment: the end of the XVIIth century and the beginning of the XVIIIth was a time when the Serbs after long and barren years had gradually begun to renew their culture, when their social consciousness was re-awakening, and with it an interest in national history. It is by no means by chance that the *Traedokomedija* inspired our first modern historian, Jovan Rajić, to copy it several times and finally to rework it into his own play. The *Traedokomedija* together with the various historical chronicles written at that time, appears to us as part of one and the same endeavour to express in different ways the same burning problem of a people and their time. For that reason Kozačinskij's drama was one of the popular texts which was not only copied many times, but also staged, although we are not certain where, when or how.

It seems that this is where the misunderstanding surrounding Kozačinskij and his work begins. In the history of our literature the judgements on the *Traedokomedija* are in the main negative. Skerlić¹ says that the play 'has no action, the characters come and go, speak

¹ Jovan Skerlić: op. cit., p.267.

the words the author has placed in their mouths, and having accomplished this task, leave the stage'. Miraš Kićović¹ is even harsher: 'The *Traedokomedija* passes drily and superficially through Serbian history and makes several mistakes in it, its acts are weakly linked tableaux, the action is almost non-existent for the personages talk rather than act and appear without sufficiently causal links, the individual characters are colourless and the whole dramatic technique is clumsy, the verse is the non-native and cold thirteen syllable line, the language Russian Slavonic, alien, dry, stiff; it is a work without warmth, imagination or vividness, and in general without artistic value'. And the other verdicts of our literary historians are scarcely more flattering, although Milorad Pavić² wisely refrains from speaking of literary value, despite the fact that he describes the *Traedokomedija* and its dramatic technique with far greater understanding.

Nowadays, it is clear that both Skerlić and Kićović's verdicts were based on fundamental misconceptions; both of them considered Kozačinskij's *Traedokomedija* in the light of XIXth century dramatic technique. Skerlić, writing at the beginning of our century, can perhaps be forgiven; it is far more difficult to pass over the same anachronistic criteria in Kićović, who published his study some forty years later at a time when the dramatic technique of the medieval morality plays, of which the school drama is the direct descendant, was viewed through very different eyes. Yet this misunderstanding is easy to point out, there is another one which is still far from being noticed. 'The school drama' is a very wide genre in which several sub-categories can be discerned. 'Like the Polish, the Russian school theatre crossed the line between mystery play dialogues and hagiographical tragedies (which for it are less characteristic than for the Polish tradition) and from there moved towards the panegyric with strongly expressed socio-political content, bringing together elements of different genre structures' - notes L. Sofronova in a

¹ Miraš Kićović: *Školsko pozorište kod Srba u toku XVIII i na početku XIX veka*. Srpska akademija nauka, Zbornik radova, Knj.XVII, Institut za proučavanje književnosti, knj.2, Belgrade, 1952, p.119.

² Milorad Pavić: *Istorija srpske književnosti baroknog doba*. Belgrade, 1970, pp.265-270.

recently published book.¹ On which side of this wide genre spectrum is Kozačinskij's drama to be found?

From the XVIIIth century right up to the present day, the Serbs have seen in the *Traedokomedija* their first historical drama. At the time when it originated, this was perfectly natural, since the historical drama was one of the pressing needs of the moment, and the first spectators of Kozačinskij's drama saw in it their own history presented on stage for the first time. When we speak of the *Traedokomedija* today, we have always to bear in mind that great moment of historical recognition, and in the same way we must ask ourselves is it really a school morality play? That is what it was turned into by Jovan Rajić, and in his adaptation it became a tragedy - 'sirječ pečalnaja povest' - of the death of Uroš V; the short reign and death of Dušan's son was turned into one of the great themes of our historical drama of the XIXth century, from Stefan Stefanović to Dragutin Ilić. Nevertheless, if we look a little closer at Kozačinskij's drama, we cannot fail to notice that the *Traedokomedija* is not a play about the death of Uroš V, with which only the first seven of its thirteen 'actions' - as we would today say - scenes, are concerned. As an historical drama about the fall of Dušan's Empire, the *Traedokomedija* is quite certainly clumsy and haphazardly put together, and the remaining six 'actions' must seem to us like a moralist appendix, which, although quite in accordance with the dramatic customs of the time, has very little real connection with the first part of the play. But what if Kozačinskij's play was not at all a historical drama but something completely different?

In my opinion the *Traedokomedija* is a panegyric to Vikentije Jovanović which was erroneously read as a play about the history of the Serbian Empire. Vikentije Jovanović was an enlightened Metropolitan who had invited Kozačinskij and his colleagues to the Serbian lands with the intention of taking a decisive step towards establishing higher education amongst the Serbs; and what could be more natural than that Kozačinskij should address a panegyric directly to him and that it should be staged at the end of one of the first school years of the newly founded Karlovački Slavono-Latin

¹ L.A.Sofronova: *Poetika slavjanskogo teatra XVII i XVIII veka*. Moscow, 1981, p.51.

School? Kozačinskij, as a foreigner certainly did not wish (nor could he have wished), to teach the Serbs their own history, which he himself must have had to learn in order to write the play. But he could have taught them something else; the values and significance of education by writing a panegyric to a cultural hero who at the same time was his patron, a hero who would finally lead the Serbs out of the darkness of illiteracy and ignorance. Serbian history, therefore, was not his object; it was only a means to say something else, and if we read the *Traedokomedija* in that way, it appears to us as a single whole, far more coherently organised than would seem at first sight. For that reason it is necessary to examine it more closely.

The drama begins with two Ante-prologues which present considerable difficulty to those wishing to interpret their content. The first of these is spoken by Anger (Gnev):

Glad, žažda, kišu, prosti, znoj, var, preterpjevajut,
i tako v nevjestvje život skončavajut.

The second is spoken by Mercy (Milost);

Mudrost est vcego blaga načalo i glava,
v tesnicje eja - dolgota dni, v suicje - bogatstva i slava.

Although the exact meaning of these lines can be not a little puzzling, their dramatic function is more than apparent; they bring to our attention the plane on which the drama is to take place, and on which all the events we are about to see attain their true sense. In other words they introduce us to the moral lesson to which not only the whole of the second half of the drama, the last six 'actions', is dedicated, but also towards which everything that is depicted in the play is directed. Then Gerold enters and speaks his Prologue, from which we find out something of the events which are about to unfold on stage. Immediately after the Prologue, in the first scene, we see the Emperor Stefan in council with his boyars discussing the organization of the Empire and the Church. The council over, the Empire organised, the Emperor goes off to set things in motion. Which 'Tsar' are we dealing with? Kozačinskij calls him 'Stefan pervovjenčanij', and general opinion has accepted that as Stevan Prvovenčani. It would appear that Kozačinskij was not very familiar

with Serbian History. And if his Stefan is not Stevan Prvovenčani, but as Erčić considers, Stefan Dušan, then things become very different. Could Kozačinskij, in his rapid acquaintance with Serbian history, have confused his Stefans? If he had been writing an historical drama about the reasons for the collapse of the Serbian Empire, we could certainly reproach him with such an error, in the same way as others have previously reproached him. But he needed something different, a powerful sovereign as the personification of the might of the Empire, which would fall apart after his death. More accurately, his Stefan is a figure typifying the power of the Empire and not an entirely historical character. And that, at the beginning of the play, was quite sufficient for him.

This becomes clear to us in the second scene, in which Serbia comes out onto the stage and announces how fortunate she is to have a 'krjepki car' as her ruler. In an historical drama, this scene would be superfluous. But in a play which speaks not only of individual events in history but of the sense of those events, in a play in which history is only a means of saying something different, it has its place. In the third scene, Dušan on his death bed appoints Vukašin as his regent. Of course, the story of Vukašin's regency is apocryphal, but there is no doubt that the first spectators of the *Traedokomedija* believed in it as historical fact, in the same way that we suppose that the spectators of the *Oresteia* believed in Agamemnon's death as an historical fact. In the fourth scene, what we have been expecting happens; Vukašin rejoices that the Empire is in his hands, and has no intention of relinquishing it to the lawful heir. In this he is given support by two allegorical figures, Ambition (Slavoljublje) and Lust (Slastoljublje). In the fifth scene Vukašin, in the presence of a series of other allegorical figures, kills Uroš. In the sixth, Mother, accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting, grieves over the fate of her son and her lament, *threnos*, although written in a language which nowadays sounds incongruous, produces its effect on us through its rhythm. Kozačinskij was certainly not a great poet, but his lament breaks through the artificial language and rather awkward metre to attain authentic lyricism. Finally, in the seventh scene, Vukašin shows remorse for his crime, and after being visited by yet another allegorical figure, Despair (Očajanje), is struck dead by a thunderbolt. This is the end of the first part of the *Traedokomedija*.

The second half begins with Serbia bemoaning her wretched fate. Prophetesses enter and speak to her of the future, more accurately, of what will happen to the Serbs before the migration under Arsenije Čarnojević. In the ninth scene, we see a dramatization of the Biblical parable of the Pharisee and the tax-gatherer. This is the first interlude, a common feature of school dramas of the time. In the tenth scene, Serbia complains that she lives without instruction, 'bez učenija', that is, without schools. The Astronomer enters and comforts her by telling her that God will send her Mojsej Petrović and Vikentije Jovanović, educated Metropolitans who will found schools. And now everything becomes clear to us: the whole of Serbian history which Kozačinskij relates in his drama is leading us, in fact, to the main character of the *Traedokomedija*, Vikentije Jovanović, and his role in Serbian history becomes one which symbolises its sense. At this, the nearest point, of this history, Vikentije Jovanović plays the same role as did the Emperor Stefan at its beginning: with the latter, history begins, with the former, it reaches its summit. Jovanović is the symbol of the intellectual might of Serbia as Stefan at the beginning of the play was the personification of her worldly power. At the beginning and at the end of the drama we have two strong characters: the Emperor, after whose death the ruin of Serbia sets in, and the enlightened Metropolitan, with whom her resurrection is begun.

In the eleventh scene, an argument develops over the need for schools and education: Mars and Belonna, the deities of war and the personifications of the profession and practice of arms, consider schools unnecessary; Pallada gives them the lie, but Mars succeeds in driving her from the stage. The twelfth scene is another interlude: the Biblical parable of the rich man and Lazarus. And finally, the thirteenth scene is a great eulogy to enlightenment, and with it, to Vikentije Jovanović, spoken by personifications of the six classes of the Slavono-Latin School: Analogy, Infima, Grammar, Syntax, Poetics and Rhetoric. The drama ends with an Epilogue which brings us back to the kind of moral which at the beginning of the *Traedokomedija* was delivered to us by Anger and Mercy.

If we read the *Traedokomedija* in this way, as a panegyric to Vikentije Jovanović, its internal unity and entirely cohesive dramatic construction is revealed. Everything in it serves to

accentuate the greatness of the enlightened Metropolitan, who introduced education to the Serbs, more distinguished until then by their warlike and less by their intellectual prowess. It is not a hurriedly put together series of historical scenes which are carried on by artificially added allegorical tableaux: quite the contrary. Despite all its inadequacies, of the sort to be found in any kind of school play, Kozačinskij certainly shows us what he wants to depict: the role of Vikentije Jovanović in Serbian history. In order to understand him, we have to understand not the casual but the functional link which exists between the individual 'actions' of his play; that link is far more cohesive than it seems to us at first sight, accustomed as we are to a completely different kind of theatrical writing.

Finally, one other thing should not be forgotten. The *Traedokomedija* is certainly not a dramatic text in the sense in which Aristotle tells us that the drama must produce its effect on us 'even without public performance', simply in the reading. In fact, Kozačinskij's drama is the scenario for a great spectacle and if we read it without attempting at the same time to visualize that spectacle, quite certainly we shall read it erroneously and it will seem to us far more impoverished than in fact it is. What that spectacle looked like in 1734 we shall never know. We can see from the engravings of the time what the models which Kozačinskij made use of for the background scenery of his *Traedokomedija* looked like, but we can only guess at what finances the generosity of Vikentije Jovanović made available, or at the possible techniques for scenery which the Ukrainian teacher and his pupils had at their disposal or could improvise. But still we have no reason to doubt what Kozačinskij wanted to achieve, and in reading the *Traedokomedija*, we have to imagine the maximum in order to understand it completely. For the *dramatis personae* which appear in this first play of ours are not, strictly speaking, real dramatic characters; they are, whether historical or allegorical, figures in a rich, baroque spectacle intended to be as much literary as visual, moralist as much as spectacular, with thunderbolts which strike the villains dead, angels and devils who carry off the just and the sinners, prophetesses with signs denoting their visionary powers, emperors as symbols of their worldly magnificence, astronomers

demonstrating their intellectual abilities ... in short, the *Traedokomedija* is complete theatre in which what we see is as important, if not more so, than what we hear, in which the scenery, costumes and props say as much as the text itself.

If we read the *Traedokomedija* in this way, it ceases to be a clumsy attempt to be found at the very beginnings of our theatrical writing, and becomes a finished and carefully-worked whole which could be the real initial stimulus for our drama.

AN OLD BELGRADER

Ivan V. Lalić, Belgrade

There are many old Belgraders, some dead and some still living. Those who are dead, arranged in order of generations, and, in the majority, in anonymity, or rather, oblivion, go on existing today to the extent that the past goes on existing, beneficially incorporated in the present, the future moment. Yet in just one instance the term 'old Belgrader' could be written, contrary to normal practice, as: 'The Old Belgrader'. For in the minds of so many readers the one and only old Belgrader is Kosta N. Hristić, the author of *Notes of an Old Belgrader* (*Zapisi starog Beograđanina*). It is a book which in its own special way preserves so much from oblivion.

Terence first drew our attention to the fact that books have a destiny of their own. This particular book's destiny begins with an old man's moment of inspiration: Kosta N. Hristić decided to write down some of his invaluable recollections and began to publish them in *Politika*, the first text appearing in March, 1921. It can hardly be supposed that at that time he had any plans for a future book; all the more so since the author in his introduction to the first edition of the collected *Notes* seems to be offering his apologies to the reader for taking the decision to bring the texts together in one place... (Humility which is often strikingly present elsewhere; an unpretentiousness which reduces all the author's hard work and ambitions to 'jottings and observations' with the proviso that the 'jottings be...true and authentic'; formulations like 'a chance memory ... prompted me to ...' etc.) But Hristić went on writing: jottings and memories became intermingled, their interrelated echoes built up the structure of a single homogenous whole, the diversity of its parts was forged into a single, unique statement. The fifty-seven texts which make up the final version of the *Notes* appeared over a period of five years, 1921-26. The Old Belgrader began to write them down

in his late sixties and went on with them consistently, and at first, more or less regularly. In 1921 he published sixteen texts in all, and the same number the following year. Thereafter it was as if his strength began to falter: ten texts in 1923, seven in 1924, five in 1925 and no more than three in 1926. The following year marks the date of the Old Belgrader's death. But if his energy gradually deserted the author of the *Notes* in the last years of his life, quite the opposite can be said of the freshness and agility of his mind and the particular preciseness of his pen which to the end never betrayed him. The last pages of the book have the same quality and spirit as the rest of the whole work. I insist on the word whole, even though it refers to a collection of texts of unequal length, different contents and written for different occasions (very often anniversaries, reminiscences or different dates which have slowly faded from memory ...) The whole is filled with and spiritually linked together by the same inspiration which is summed up in the motto of Fustel de Coulanges: 'Le vrai patriotisme, cela n'est pas seulement l'amour pour le pays, c'est l'amour du passé.' The short foreword to the first edition of the *Notes* is no more than an elaboration of that motto; hence the book's intention is to 'establish the truth' contained in the idea of the French XIXth century historian. Kosta N. Hristić's book from beginning to end has its own parti pris: a patriotically hued resistance to historical oblivion, or forgetfulness, and that from a very specific point of view. It is a point of view which is defined by Hristić's entire personality, origin, the whole course of his life; his political, social and cultural biography.

Kosta N. Hristić (1842-1927) has an entry in all our encyclopedias; this would have been the case even if he had not written *Notes of an Old Belgrader*, although it is this book that is his most lasting work. He was born the son of Nikola Hristić, one of the most influential figures of Serbian XIXth century political history. After his education in Belgrade, Germany and France, he dedicated himself to a legal and diplomatic career. At the summit of that career, he twice occupied a high position in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs (he was a departmental head), he was Minister of Justice, (in Vladan Đorđević's Government) and he was the Kingdom of Serbia's Ambassador to Bucarest, Rome and Vienna. Less well known is the fact that long before the *Notes*, when still quite young, he tried his

hand at writing. He translated plays for the National Theatre's repertoire: Scribe, Dumas-père, Labiche, Sardou and Jean Ecare. It appears that he translated systematically between 1870 and 1907. His love of the theatre is expressed several times in the *Notes*; but modesty restrained him from mentioning that he was not just a spectator in the life of the National Theatre but an active collaborator, a modesty that we should respect even more with the knowledge that the National Theatre, in its very first season, 1869-70, staged Hristić's translation of Scribe's play *Le Fils de Cromwell*. But this is just one more proof that Hristić did not write his notes with any, even covert, autobiographical ambitions. Of course his book would be inconceivable without any autobiographical elements at all; but we find the author's personality obtruding only in situations when its presence is necessary to give greater or lesser importance to some other person, or simply to testify to the authenticity, or the trustworthiness of some description or statement. The *Notes* are not intended as a monument to their author. But they are intended as a monument to an age, to its values and to its people, whom Hristić saw as the most outstanding representatives of those values. And first and foremost, to the two men who evidently left the deepest impression on Hristić's boyhood and youth and who are to be found at the very beginning of the *Notes*, in the dedication and in the quotation which immediately follows it.

The dedication reads: 'To the fond memory of my father, Nikola Hristić, 1818-1911'. The quotation is from a letter to Vuk Karadžić from Prince Mihailo Obrenović, dated 20th January, 1862: '... as for Nikola Hristić, today I still consider and hold him to be the kind of man he was when I spoke with you of him on several occasions: honourable, strict, most industrious, impartial, and above all, loyal to me'.

This shrewd assessment by Prince Mihailo of his Minister of Internal Affairs is broadly confirmed by the political history of XIXth century Serbia during the period when it was the concern of Nikola Hristić and determined his sphere of influence, his motives, his actions. His political rises and falls, those oscillations between President of the Council of Ministers, of the Government (a position he held four times during his career), and retirement, in their own way reflect the graphs of the political crises of the Obrenović

dynasty in Serbia. Nor is it inappropriate to quote the succinct judgement of Slobodan Jovanović from the conclusion of his article on Nikola Hristić in the *Narodna Enciklopedija*: 'Hristić was one of Serbia's best administrators in the second half of the XIXth century. He was personally extremely honest and very conscientious in his service with a sense of military obedience towards the monarch, who usually called upon him at moments of crisis when a man with an "iron fist" was needed'.

It is not difficult to imagine that Kosta Hristić lived the whole of his life in the shadow of such a father. But that shadow was not so weighty as to have aroused his antagonism: on the contrary, from the Notes we receive the impression that it was something he bore with pride as a kind of protective shield. For that reason the book is something of a memorial to his father. And finally, by means of such a memorial the author is repaying a complex debt, for many of its entries are based on material which was placed at his disposal in various ways by his father.

Nevertheless, the texts in which the person of Nikola Hristić appears are always an example of the special way in which his son, by making use of live and vivid details, gives a factual evocation of the period ... Take, for example: *Old Belgrade and the Old Police*. It is the fifties of the last century; in Belgrade the dual power is at the root of growing tension which will be partly resolved only when the Turks leave the town of Belgrade and limit their presence to the Kalemegdan Fortress (1862). In 1856 Nikola Hristić becomes Mayor of Belgrade; one of his first acts is to reorganise the police force, gradually to turn the old fashioned irregular constables into uniformed gendarmes. 'With these gendarmes the new administration undertook a decisive step in the bitter struggle with the Turks' - writes the Old Belgrader. How is that struggle carried on? In what kind of atmosphere, by what means? It is all very banal - and dramatic in its banality: it is waged over insignificant but concrete details. For example: 'the police issued an order that all cafés must place lighted lanterns above their entrance doors until ten o'clock in the evening.' Quite a routine matter, it might seem. 'But down on the Sava by the old market-place, there were two Turkish cafés and the Turks who kept them did not wish to hang up the lanterns.' What is more, they were prepared to offer **armed resistance against the**

order. What does the town mayor do in this situation? The authority of the already somewhat dubious Serbian power in Belgrade is called into question... Aware that it is a situation which could provoke incalculable (or rather: calculable and fatefully calculable) consequences, he first of all consults 'with his Minister' who backs him up - but considers it to be a decision which has to be taken by the government. 'For that purpose there was a session at the Palace. There the mayor's proposal that the Turks should be forced to put up the lanterns or otherwise be closed down was accepted.' However the mayor will not delegate anyone else to implement the order; he intends to carry it out personally. 'Determined to enforce his order even if it costs him his life, he first makes his will and leaves it amongst his papers.'

The lanterns over those two cafés were indeed lit only after the mayor of Belgrade had risked his life. And by their long since extinguished light (for the cafés themselves disappeared long ago), we can today read the nervous and stirring handwriting of a whole era, of a time and place where there really do exist special reasons for sessions of the government and the making of wills. We can read it in Kosta Hristić's neat, orderly, but no less thrilling record. We go on meeting Nikola Hristić in many other pages of the book. He was also appointed mayor of Belgrade by the elderly Prince Miloš, who stubbornly went on calling him his 'policeman': every day he took his morning bulletins to the prince (or sent them to him in Sokobanja in written form). One entry comprises examples of the varied content of these bulletins; at the same time it also gives a lively sketch of the character and behaviour of his old 'Majesty' in the last period of his life. It was by no means easy for the 'policeman' to speak to the old man of things he was unwilling to hear about, but he wanted right to the very end to know everything there was to be known. The old man would '... listen to the report of what was going on and being said in the town with extraordinary attention, following it all either with pleased approval or angry indignation and oaths.' And Nikola Hristić's bulletins covered the whole spectrum, from the day's political happenings (the minor and almost daily confrontations with the Turks, news of foreign consuls...) the movement of foreigners through Belgrade (there was talk of 'a Russian who gives himself out to be a writer', or, for example, of 'a little Italian girl who danced on a

tightrope in the main Market Place), to the details of individuals' personal and family life. This testimony to Miloš' interested reactions to the very end of his life remains valuable to us, as does the account that, 'although already close to the end, the powerful old man to his last breath struggled manfully with death and clung convulsively to life and power', obsessed with the desire to live long enough to see the departure of the Turks from Belgrade and Serbia: 'those vermin must be driven out of the land'. But the process of that departure would begin only two years after Miloš' death with the events around the Ćukur fountain and the bombardment of Belgrade. And the *Notes* speak to us extraordinarily vividly of those events in a wealth of picturesque detail, on the basis, as their author tells us, of the memoirs of Nikola Hristić, who played no small role in that affair. Indeed, the main part of the text is made up of Nikola Hristić's record which today represents one of the most important relevant historical sources. And in the section *Pictures from the Past*, Kosta Hristić takes the opportunity of emphasizing the part played by his father, referring to his influence on King Milan. He mentions him in other places also, whenever the context gives him the occasion to do so.

So it is not by chance that Hristić links the dedication of the book directly to a quotation from a letter from Prince Mihailo; it is his way of drawing attention openly to the testimony concerning his father's person which he considers the most valuable. In the *Notes* is to be found a long and unenigmatic thread of the wonderment, love and respect that the author nurtures towards Prince Mihailo, but it is a thread which on the one hand is unencumbered by obtrusive sentiment (which does not mean that it is always devoid of a certain noble, old-fashioned pathos), and on the other provides us with an abundance of fine, apparently minute observations of the Prince, his background, his time... It could be said that Prince Mihailo represents a particular leitmotiv in the *Notes* which begins with the text *Prince Mihailo's Ball*. As a child and in his early youth, Hristić had opportunities of meeting Prince Mihailo personally; the impressions he carried away with him left their imprint on his whole life, and hence give a specific dimension to the *Notes*. So in *An Easter Memory* Hristić evokes an occasion in 1865 when Princess Julia arranged a supper at the Palace for 'a considerable number of families of civil

servants and townsfolk with their children'. It was then that the faces of many of those present were etched on the memory of the thirteen year-old Hristić so that fifty years later he was able to depict them exceptionally vividly in this text. In these sketches we recognise a playwright, concentrating everything into his character's features: the description of Prince Mihailo, his 'knightly and imposing figure', here in the role of a kindly host, but whom three years later, in the same setting ('that vast salon') - Hristić would see lying in state, describing the scene in vivid contrast in the same *Note*. And in between those two scenes, in the book we are to meet Prince Mihailo in different situations and circumstances, in a company of many past shades recalled to life... At the celebration of fifty years of the Takovo uprising, amongst the excited and exuberant crowd gathered in Topčider; at the apotheosis of his short fame receiving the keys of the Belgrade fortress; standing erect at an audience before the feeble Sultan Abdul-Aziz who 'looks fixedly, with bulging, glassy eyes as if spellbound, at his shining vassal'. Or viewed from more simple angles; as the host at a court ball, as a conscientious and practical politician at his everyday tasks, as a man who can for real reasons, just like any other human being, become angry and enraged (as Prince Miloš himself, a witness to one such occurrence, 'truly frightened, remarks; "just shut the doors, Mihailo is really angry!"'). One entry evokes the happenings of that dramatic day when Prince Mihailo was killed in Košutnjak. Finally, Hristić is probably the only one to remember to write something about the centenary of the Prince's birth, synthetically, as a reminder of all the virtues and meritorious services of the great hero of his youth.

If Nikola Hristić and Prince Mihailo are the two principle heroes of the *Notes*, it is because they succeed in impressing themselves on the reader's attention, even amongst the unusually rich and picturesque multitude of people whom the book brings to life. In it, for example, we meet in one and the same text, fine portraits of the elderly writer Ljuba Nenadović and the youthful sergeant Živojin Mišić. We also get to know Laza Lazarević; unfortunately, it is exactly their 'indissoluble friendship which lasted for twenty-five years' which restrains the discreet Hristić from saying more about him than he does. (For example, they studied and lodged together in Berlin; Hristić was a witness to the love of which the story 'Švabica'

is the lasting record. And instead of the 'Švabica', Anna Gutyar, Lazarević later married Hristić's sister, Poleksija...) The same kind of discretion causes Hristić in the entry which tells of the last days and death of King Milan in Vienna - a realistic description which is filled with vivid and valuable details - to keep the reader in ignorance that it is a personal, eye-witness account (the Minister, spoken of in the third person is in fact Hristić himself). But this delicacy, fortunately, is in no way to the detriment of the faithfully reported impression. The authenticity is no less than when Hristić speaks in the first person, for example, of his teacher at the High School, Josip Pantić, in the form of a brief anecdote.

There can be no doubt that it is of value to the contemporary reader to see more or less famous figures from Hristić's particular (and authentic) viewpoint which enriches them with additional tones and details. But certainly, most precious of all to us are Hristić's eye-witness accounts, thanks to which certain personages emerge from anonymity to motivate for us the static panorama of an epoch. Gifted with an outstanding memory, which in a large part is the guarantee of the *Notes*' specific interest, Hristić, in all the entries which are based primarily on his own personal recollections, depicts a whole small gallery of characters, caught in their basic outline, in a gesture, in a movement ... And finally, something which is by no means the least important, in the atmosphere of the time. Equally vividly and with the same kind of realistic observation, he presents to us his contemporaries from the Elementary, Secondary and High Schools; and parallel with them, their teachers. Quite a lot would be known of Josif Pančić even without Hristić; but would anyone today know of, for example: 'the strict teacher Paja Vekecki' from the Terazije Elementary School (where Hristić and his fellow pupils 'for four long years learned reading and writing, the prayer book and the psalms, general knowledge and the four arithmetical operations') - had Hristić not portrayed him contrastingly in one of the *Notes* ? And in another which bears the title: *Reminiscences from the Courts*, for example, Hristić sketches in several miniature portraits of Belgrade lawyers from the eighties of the last century, describing each of them from some particular characteristic angle. One *Note* is a partial (and highly picturesque) reconstruction of the old Belgrade merchant quarter, with the names of 'firms' and a

description of their methods of operation. In this way the *Notes* inform us how trade used 'at that time' to be carried on... But in other places, they speak of how people used to celebrate, holiday, bargain, amuse themselves, conduct burials, in short, how they behaved in society.

No less skilfully than the way he depicts individuals, Hristić is capable of observing and putting across to his reader the masses in their agitation, in the movement of some of their characteristic occupations. He could, for example, be describing the celebration of St. Mark's Day (which traditionally was the occasion for a noisy and varied crowd to gather around the old St. Mark's church), or even the colourful masses, pouring through the 'narrow, crooked streets' of the town which Hristić still calls Constantinople, but which his present-day reader in his turn knows as Istanbul.

An eye-witness or a participant, or both, Hristić always (or almost always), directly and faithfully records in sharp pictures the otherwise faded details of a past time. In the entry *The National Theatre's Jubilee*, for example: the description of the public at the Prince's brewery (where plays were staged during the sixties of the last century). Sterija's *Kir Janja* is being played: the auditorium is 'filled with people in long-sleeved blouses of nankeen, short jackets trimmed with black lambskin, white woollen stockings and open peasant shoes...' And a little later on he continues: 'They had come along to see what kind of clown their fellow-countryman had made of a respected merchant ... to guess at which one was really the true Kir-Janja, for the main merchants' quarter was full of them from Zerek to the cathedral church.' An eye-witness account of cultural history: in the *Notes* there are many of them, just as there are those which political history could not afford to overlook. Indeed, in this book both these aspects almost always appear in a brightly-hued interwoven fabric.

Evocations of atmosphere always have the tone of authenticity. Belgrade winters full of snows: in one such winter a squadron of cavalry clearing and stamping down the road for guests invited to a ball at Prince Mihailo's. A picture which is etched into the reader's memory. One of many. The great Market Square (today Studentski trg), at the time when the wounded from the June skirmishes of 1862 are being brought into the still unfinished Captain Miša's

building. Belgrade streets, or those of Constantinople... And all this usually linked together with something different but related that builds a context in parallel. Hristić in the *Notes* only exceptionally concentrates on a single theme, never on a single motif: he gives himself over to associations of memories and thoughts and almost always brings them together into a happy union, into a balanced harmony. In the text quoted earlier, *The National Theatre's Jubilee*, in his own way he strikes a balance between reminiscences of theatre life before 1869, when, on 30th October the National Theatre building was opened (incidentally, it was built in fourteen months, from the laying of the foundations to the first gala performance; a schedule with which the Belgraders of today, witnesses of the contemporary fate of that same building cannot fail to be impressed...), and recollections of Prince Mihailo, a description of the gala première, his so-characteristic comments on the theme of today and then... One could almost speak of Hristić's model, or formula for the *Notes*. A model which we recognise despite all his divergences from it.

And when it is a question of Hristić's method of contrasting the past and the present, for today's reader there is a special charm and aroma. Belgrade of the early twenties of this century is today still further removed from us in time than was the Belgrade recalled in the *Notes* for Hristić. It is a Belgrade where on Tašmajdan there are still remains of the old burial ground; it is still fenced off although 'an abandoned cemetery'. In front of Captain Miša's Building was an open space which 'even today with its shanties and hubbub is clearly not pleasant, neither from what can be seen beneath when looking out of the window of the wide façade of the University, nor from what can be heard from there'. On Terazije the wooden paving ('like flat flooring') is lit by 'large light bulbs in milky globes' which are extinguished at midnight when the current is switched off at the electric power station and the town is plunged into darkness, to dawn again on the next day with such violent function as to astonish both the public and the police'. In front of 'one of the well-known large restaurants alongside the pavement stood a long line of hansom cabs and motor-cars' (he is speaking of 'some ball' in 1921). Today's reader of the *Notes* is aware in one and the same book of two old Belgrades... In that other one, along Terazije run tram lines;

the trams are indeed no longer drawn by horses, but Hristić remarks that even the horse-drawn tram had its good sides; for example, 'there was never any danger, as there is now, of the current being cut off... It could be said that you got to where you wanted to go more quickly'. Hristić is not impressed by the fact that Belgrade of the twenties had water pipes for they often did not function as they should and the townspeople washed in mineral water; there was no such problem in the Belgrade of his youth ... Hristić's somewhat patriarchal nostalgia can arouse in today's reader, especially if he comes from Belgrade, specific notes of sympathy of a more bitter kind; Belgrade is still a town which could, to cite a grotesque slogan, go - 'into the twenty-first century by tram' - (and holdups in tram circulation are almost daily occurrences), while there is still chronic trouble with the water pipes. Does there really exist some negative factor, which at a very low but vital level is immanent for Belgrade? Conditioned, of course, by its so specific history? Hristić did not reflect on this but amongst other things in his *Notes* he unconsciously stimulates us to think about them.

The *Notes* are written in a style which is easy to recognise and remember. At the beginning of each text Hristić gives an indication of his theme in a manner calculated to attract his reader's attention, and at the end he usually arrives at his lesson, 'the moral' in the spirit in which the whole of the book is fashioned. To quote an example of such an indication, here is the sentence with which the entry 29th May begins; 'We have two of them. The first in 1868 when one ruler dawned and was never overtaken by darkness, and the second, in 1903, when another ruler was caught by darkness and no longer dawned.' It is this pithy simplicity, the epigraphic compactness of comment and observation that lends a particular colour to the *Notes*. But Hristić above all loves to develop a story, to entertain his reader with descriptions and evocations of past times; yet even so, he never loses from view the consciously chosen direction and sense of his narration. In an old-fashioned sense, he wishes to amuse and instruct his reader. Without any greater literary pretensions. Nevertheless, the *Notes* actually succeed in overcoming time, perhaps just because of their unpretentious, spontaneous nature, and equally, by their true inspiration. Today they are precious material for historians whether they are

interested in the politics and culture of XIXth century Serbia or in the sociology or urbanism of Belgrade. But they also provide material which exists in its own right as literature, as something which cannot be overlooked when it is a question of an important segment of Serbian literature. In the style of the *Notes* is contained an amalgam of realistic observation, patriarchal and didactically-toned pathos, fine irony, an amalgam which we can consider as peculiarly Hristić.

We read and experience the *Notes*, as has already been said, as a particular whole. It would be possible (but in no way justifiable), for some editor to group the texts together by basic themes and motifs... It would indeed not be difficult to do so. The author himself, nevertheless, preferred to link them together as a whole, unobtrusively, a chronological succession of texts. It is as if he were conscious that the attentive reader will recognise the system, the design running through the mosaic. For it is a concept which is set out in advance, from the moment when Kosta N. Hristić decided to note down and publish his memoirs. To present, within the limits of his powers and possibilities, an antidote to oblivion; to do this in a way which affirms the definite values in which the author has no wish to doubt; to look for continuity and sense in the effort of several generations; consciously to bear witness from his viewpoint to a past time, with some gentle hope that history could, despite everything, serve as a *magister vitae*; such is the programme and plan of *Notes of an Old Belgrader*. It is fulfilled within the limits imposed by life itself as it dictated to the old Belgrader in his latter days this - for many reasons - unforgettable book.

'THE MODERN' AND MODERNISM IN SERBIAN LITERATURE

Predrag Palavestra, Belgrade

The question as to whether the period from 1901 to 1918 should be called the 'Serbian Modern' or the initial stage of 'Serbian Modernism' (spanning the end of the nineteenth century and the first three decades of the twentieth) has not yet been resolved. Some historians link the European term 'the Modern' ('Die Moderne') with all Yugoslav literatures indiscriminately, speaking not only of the Slovene, the Croatian and the Serbian Modern, but also about Catholic and Moslem ones.¹ In this way, through links with Croatian and Slovene literature of the period, Serbian Modernism is seen as part of the complex of Slavonic literature. Through this motley family it joins the circle of the 'Wiener Moderne' which succeeded in establishing an important focus of modern art in the cultural area of Central Europe and the Danubian Basin.² Other critics are somewhat more cautious in using the term 'the Modern' as a designation of the early stage of Serbian Modernism.³ They perceive a difference between what happened in South Eastern Europe in the general process of modernisation, on the one hand, and what the 'Wiener Moderne' meant in stylistic and aesthetic terms, on the other. Seeing literature as a system corresponding to the broader context of culture, they suggest that there is a discrepancy

¹ Prohaska, Dragutin, *Pregled suvremene hrvatsko-srpske književnosti*, Zagreb, 1921.

² Flaker, Aleksandar, *Stilske formacije*, Zagreb, 1976, pp.79-92.

³ Vitošević, Dragiša, *Srpsko pesništvo 1901-1914*, I, Beograd, 1975, p.134. Radovan Vučković, *Avangardna poezija*, Banja Luka, 1984, p.6.

between the accepted meaning of the term 'the Modern' and the aesthetic model of the culture of Serbian Modernism.¹ Initially the term 'the Modern', which came into the Yugoslav literatures from Europe at the turn of the century, by analogy with the Vienna, Prague and Munich 'Moderne', was applied to several aspects of literary life. Some of these features occurred in the Serbian literature of the period too, thereby proving that, in spite of different traditions, the world of literature is indivisible. In Croatian literature - which is closest to Serbian, as it is written in the same language - the term 'the Modern' means neither a mere time-span (1897-1903-1916) nor a purely stylistic procedure (the so-called secondary style of the epoch), but a literary movement in its own right. It was a collective stage appearance, a group action by a phalanx of young rebels who had their own programme and their own poetics, their manifestos and their own literary school.

The young Croat artists identified their yearning for secession from traditional art with a renewal of national self-consciousness, seeing themselves as a 'war party'² fighting for complete freedom of the creative spirit and for the new democratic ideas which were the moving force of 'the Modern': 'Advance, broaden, deepen!'³ The new Croatian writers recognized themselves and their time in the theses of Georg Brandes's catechism *Men of the Modern Breakthrough* (1883), which inspired the German, Austrian and Scandinavian 'Modern'. Introducing Brandes to Croat readers, one of the leading theoreticians of the Croatian 'Modern' Milan Marjanović stressed the same missionary struggle against literary dilettantism, cultural isolation and romantic historicism, exclaiming dramatically: 'Tout comme chez nous!'⁴ Eugen Wolff, who

¹ Palavestra, Predrag, 'Die erste Epoche des Modernismus in der serbischen Literatur (1901-1918)', *Komparistik . Theoretische Überlegungen und südosteuropäische Wechselseitigkeit, Festschrift für Zoran Konstantinović*, Heidelberg, 1981, pp.303-310.

² Pilar, Ivo, *Secesija, Hrvatska Moderna I*, Zagreb, 1951, p.98.

³ Jelovšek, Vladimir, *Moj credo*, *ibid.*, p.110.

⁴ Marjanović, Milan, *Književne studije*, Split, 1911, p.36.

in 1888 applied the term 'the Modern' to the newest currents in German literature, maintained that the connotations of the term included everything that would open new gates to the future, purify the horizons, raise the morale and strengthen the spiritual vigour of the new art and the new man. In his book *On the Criticism of the Modern* (*Zur Kritik der Moderne*), Hermann Bahr glorified 'the wild frenzy of galloping development',¹ which was radically altering past currents and criteria in art.

Up to 1909, there was no such coherent movement of young rebels in Serbian literature. For the Serbs, expectations of a new, modern life did not rest on the idea of secession and rupture but on the principle of unity and unification. This was the ideal of all intellectual forces both among the Serbs living in the state of Serbia and the diaspora. The principle of unity and integration was part of the mature historical consciousness of the Serbs, whose new intellegentsia was obsessed with the model of a Piedmont, to bring together and unite the divided forces of the South Slavs. In the context of such a dominant model it is practically impossible to equate all the essential characteristics of Serbian Modernism with the general poetics of the movement known in Europe as 'the Modern'. This term may be applied to Serbian fin-de-siècle literature only conditionally - as a designation for the typological kinship of different stylistic models which constitute so-called inter-literary communities.²

The rare and sporadic meeting points of Serbian literature with the exigences and expectations of the 'Wiener Moderne' - such as the aestheticism of the Mostar literary magazine *Zora* (*The Dawn* 1896-1901) or the anti-utilitarianism of the review *Srpski pregled* (*Serbian Survey*, 1895), edited by Ljubomir Nedić - were rather proof of the Serbian modernists' affinity with the general literary climate of the time than forms of stylistic and genetic unity. The

¹ *Modernism 1890-1930*, ed. Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane, Penguin Books, London, 1976, pp.36-44.

² Durišin, Dionyz, *Theory of Literary Comparatistics*, Bratislava, 1984, p.273.

first and most prominent Serbian modernists were the so-called 'Parizlije' ('Parisians'), young middle-class intellectuals educated abroad, mainly in France and Switzerland. At the same time, the most vocal and influential interpreters of the new literature among the Serbs were critics and university professors, or a few poets who were embarking upon a diplomatic career. By contrast, the representatives of the Croatian 'Moderna' were hungry artists and intellectuals without stable social status, unemployed poets and freelance journalists living from day to day.

The second generation of modernists appeared in both Serbian and Croatian literature after the first wave of 'the Modern' (around 1905) and may be identified as adopting some traits of the early avant-garde up until the First World War. This generation had closer mutual social and psychological links than the previous one (they were criticized by the younger people as being far too bourgeois and sophisticated.) The ideology of both the 'Young Bosnia' and 'Young Croatia' movements, generally considered to be the second wave of 'the Modern',¹ was almost unified, driven by common motives and opposed to the same enemy. While for the 'Wiener Moderne' the café was the place where literary manifestos were written,² the Serbian modernists used cafés to plot and prepare assassinations. The meeting place and décor were the same, but the reason for the conspiracies and the nature of the game were altogether different.

On the aesthetic level, in the style, form and structure of the literary text, the differences were also clear. 'The Modern', which developed among the Slavonic peoples and the cultures of Central Europe under the influence of the 'Wiener Moderne', was based on the intellectual and literary tradition of Western Christian civilization – the remnants of Protestantism and Josephinism on the one hand, and on the other militant Catholicism, Jesuitism and a strong church influence on the ruling Austrian bureaucracy. By contrast,

¹ Šicel, Miroslav, 'Specifična obilježja književnosti Moderne,' *Hrvatska književnost u evropskom kontekstu*, Zagreb, 1978, pp.395-396.

² Žmegač, Victor, 'Zur Sozialgeschichte der Wiener Moderne', *Komparatistik*, p.204.

the Serbian culture of the new era, out of which Serbian Modernism grew, was essentially a patriarchal, rural culture with a moral outlook based on epic tradition and a typically Balkan, secular and plebeian rather than mystical variant of Eastern Orthodoxy. In the general social emancipation after the achievement of independence, when the cultural and literary renaissance began, Serbian culture was connected with both Russian and German cultures only by its side-currents. The main door was wide open to French culture, to its inheritance of liberalism, its Cartesian confidence in common sense, and of course, its inheritance of Jacobin determination in applying the principle of free will. Serbian Modernism was 'a successful and happy coincidence of a polished and precise Parnassianism - as a poetic form of realism in prose - of Baudelairean black hopelessness, Symbolist striving for atmosphere and music, and of a deep-rooted national tradition'.¹

These were the main points of divergence between the 'Wiener Moderne' and Serbian Modernism. Aestheticism and artism, the chief characteristics of the secessionist ideology of the 'Wiener Moderne', did not really take root in Serbian literature, not even in the first, let alone in the second generation of Modernists. Ljubomir Nedić, Bogdan Popović, Jovan Skerlić, the leaders of Serbian Modernism, had no understanding for the visionary poetry of Laza Kostić, who rocked the cradle of Serbian Modernism. They understood poorly, if at all, the musical shades of the decadent Symbolist poets, accused of defeatism, morbidness and a predilection for darkness and death. The second generation of Serbian Modernists, affiliated to the revolutionary movement of Young Bosnia, were acutely aware of the dichotomy of the epoch. Torn between ethics and aesthetics, the young poets proudly proclaimed their individuality, their right to a personal stand and the full freedom of poetic articulation. At the same time, they were inspired by the revolutionary poetics of the early literary avantgarde, which had hardly been born and was already demanding

¹ Gavrilović, Zoran, *Srpska moderna*, Sarajevo, 1960, p.7.

the full radical transformation of all aesthetic values. With a unique facility, in just a few steps, these poets covered a path that in other milieux took decades to tread. This was the path from Parnassianism and late Romanticism to Symbolism; from Symbolism to the cosmic ecstasy of abstract Expressionism, to the spiteful, defiant cries of the Futurists.¹ The aesthetic disharmonies and conflicts between the old and the young, such as raged across Europe in the hey-day of 'the Modern', were not a simple antagonism between two generations but a clash of two philosophies and two poetics. Among the South Slavs, that clash had in addition to an aesthetic motivation distinct political connotations and a pronounced national colouring, a liberating energy which was on the borderline between the realm of art and literature and that of ideology. As Pero Slijepčević wrote in 1910, "the purpose of 'the Modern' was more to educate than to divert": it was a search for a way out of the nineteenth century and was 'deeply rooted in national action'. Unlike the 'Wiener Moderne', the Serbian Modernists expected the birth of a Slav 'Modern' which would bridge 'the ideological gap between East and West'² The heralds of avant-garde dissatisfaction and the so-called optimal projection in Serbian literature of the age of Modernism were, as a rule, national revolutionaries and dreamers, yearning for a new world which they could create with their own hands. Dimitrije Mitrović, the author of the first Serbian Futurist programme (1913), linked the process of 'intellectual modernization' with national liberation and the idea of Yugoslav unity. For him, Modernism would not lead to the loss of national identity - as the conservatives maintained - but meant a raising of the national consciousness, a contribution to the main intellectual endeavours of the age. He is 'Modern' who senses 'the chaos of boiling and eruption', who is open to all the contradictions

¹ Palavestra, 'Early Expressionism in Serbian Literature', *Expressionismus im europäischen Zwischenfeld*, Innsbruck, 1978, pp. 73-75, 119-120. Also, 'The continuity of Serbian Modernism', Nobel Symposium 62: *The Slavic Literatures and Modernism*, Stockholm, August, 1985.

² Slijepčević, Pero, 'Moderna i mi', *Zora*, 1910, I, 3, pp.110-116; 4, pp.172-180.

of life; 'in the era of democracy and liberalism, [...] he is modern who sees the absurdity of the anachronistic regime, who feels the hunger and deprivation of our poor masses, and demands bread and freedom'.¹

Serbian Modernism is characterized by such markedly ideological colouring which cuts it off clearly from the 'Wiener Moderne'. Stylistic transformation was considered to be part of a general transformation of national culture. The political radicalism of the revolutionary Yugoslav youth, which set the tone of literary trends in the high season of Serbian Modernism, was an ethical, national and social correlative of their artistic radicalism.² The accelerated development of Serbian literature at the beginning of the twentieth century may be explained as a kind of compensation for the earlier retarded development of the national culture. It was a break with mono-literary forms,³ a leap from patriarchal backwardness into modern sensibility, into the dynamic life of the new age.

As a relatively healthy and strong organism, Serbian national culture of that time had an immense power of assimilation of ideas and an astounding capacity for stylistic adaptation so that, over a span of several years, even in the works of a single writer, one may perceive deep meditative, psychological and stylistic transformations. This is what caused discontinuity in the field of culture and literature. But discontinuity was the very basis of the modernist myth.

¹ Mitrinović, Dimitrije, 'Nacionalno tlo i modernost', *Bosanska vila*, 1908, 19, pp. 289-290; 20, pp. 305-307.

² Palavestra, *Die erste Epoche...*, p.305.

³ Konstantinović, Zoran, *Uvod u uporedno proučavanje književnosti*, Beograd, 1984, p.59.

THE VOJNOVIĆI AS I KNEW THEM

*K. St. Pavlowitch, Cambridge

Ta ti li si, dijete Milošu!
 Ta ti li si, moj mili nećaće!
 Blago majci koja te rodila,
 I ujaku koji te imade!
 Zašto mi se otprije ne kažeš?
 Nego sam te putem namučio:
 I konakom, i gladi i žeđu.
'Ženidba Dušanova' 1

With these words the Serbian Emperor Stefan Dušan greets his nephew Miloš Vojnović.

'The founder of the family,' writes Vladimir Ćorović (1885-1941)², 'was the Duke Vojin, Lord of the lands around Gacko [....]. He was related to the Emperors Dušan and Uroš. He had three sons: Altaman, Vojislav and Mladen, of whom Knez Vojislav particularly distinguished himself, holding, around 1355, the whole region of eastern Hercegovina [....]. In the 18th century his descendants composed genealogical tables to confirm their kinship with this old 'Užice' Vojnović. In 1873 Austria recognized Đorđe and Kosta Vojnović's right to the title 'knez' (Conte).'

¹ Is it you, Miloš, my child!/ Is it you, my dear nephew!/
 Happy the mother who bore you,/ And the uncle who has you!/
 Why did you not tell me sooner?/ But left me to torment you:/
 With poor lodgings, thirst and hunger.

'Ženidba Dušanova' ['The Wedding of Dušan'] *Narodne junačke pesme*, Prosveta, Belgrade, 1977, pp. 63-64.

² *Narodna enciklopedija srpsko-hrvatsko-slovenačka*, vol.1, Zagreb, 1925, pp. 393-394.

Before they finally settled in Dubrovnik and with time became completely assimilated into the 'nobility of St. Blaise', the Vojnovići also achieved prominence in Imperial Russia. The Russian court recognised their title of 'Graf' even before the Austrians¹.

After taking part in naval battles against the French in the Bay of Kotor in 1806, Captain Graf Đorđe Vojnović returned to Russia, but he left in 1807 to settle in Hercegnovi, while his son Ivo remained in Russia. Đorđe died suddenly in 1821 in Florence.

On hearing of his father's death, Ivo too returned immediately to Hercegnovi, where he married and soon died, leaving two sons: Konstantin (1832-1903) and Đorđe [Đuro] (1833-1895). After Ivo's death, his widow married a Catholic and converted her sons to Catholicism as well. So Konstantin and Đuro were the first Vojnovići to be Roman Catholics.

Konstantin had two daughters and two sons: Katarina [Kate] (1856-1928), Ivo (1857-1929), Lujo (1864-1951) and Evgenija [Đene] (1866-1956).

I knew them all, some better than others. Let us take them in chronological order. I met the eldest daughter, Katarina, on several occasions in Dubrovnik, but barely exchanged a few words with her. She was an eccentric who never married and lived to be 72.²

Sometime in the twenties, I was in the National Theatre. Ivo Vojnović was reading one of his plays. I believe it was a part of *Dubrovačka trilogija*, entitled *Allons enfants...* That was the first time I saw Conte Ivo. After the theatre, a reception was held in his honour and I was introduced to him. He was quite an old man then, already half-blind and finding it difficult to stand. I had noticed that in the theatre. He had read, holding the manuscript right up to his eyes and moving his head to left and right like a child following the

¹ Ivan Loiseau, *Une famille entre deux poèmes - Xlle-XXe siècle: les Vojnović*, s.l., France, 1963, p.53.

² Taken from an article published in the Bulletin trimestriel de l'Association des amis de la Yougoslavie, Paris, janvier 1982.

lines with his finger so as not to skip any. He was not able to stand at the lectern, but half-sat on a kind of high stool. These were all the consequences of his four-year imprisonment in Austro-Hungarian prisons. He had been arrested as a hostage at the outbreak of the First World War, as 'a Serbian poet in Dubrovnik'.

His voice was still fresh and unusually young, however. And even now, as I write, I seem to hear the dialogue between the Knez and Orsat, when the gentry learn that the 'Frančezi' have appeared at Pile, and Orsat's account:

'Eno ... eno ... vrata se otvaraju, pada most, - ulaze ... ulaze ... Ih ... koliko ih! ... koliko! ... Najpre Frančezi! ... sve zlato, perjanice, barjaci! ... Ljepota ljudi! ... svi žedni slave, svi gladni žena! ... Pa eto drugi, drugi oh! ... sve gori, sve grđi! - Jadni, siromašni, divlji! I svi hoće da prođu kroz ta vrata! ... svi se smiju, svi pljuvaju u crne mire, svi grokću!' ¹

Conte Ivo was smallish, with short legs and quite heavy hips. He walked somehow stiffly, taking little steps. He was bald and, in later years, when I met him, the most striking features of his face were his pronounced nose, pelican-like mouth under his grey, trimmed moustache and, as a result of his partial sight, expressionless eyes. That evening he was wearing a tail-coat of rather old-fashioned cut which he had grown out of. His head seemed to be lying on a very high, double, hard white collar, under which a white necktie could be seen. He was a ready target for caricaturists. But it was enough for him to start to speak, to feel that here was a real Dubrovnik 'gospar', and one who belonged not to the twentieth century but to the nineteenth.

¹ 'There... there... the gates are opening, the bridge is falling, - they are coming in... they're coming in... Ah!... how many there are!... how many!... First the French!... All gold, plumes, banners!... What handsome men!.. all thirsty for glory, all hungry for women!... And then the others, the others, oh!... worse and worse, uglier and uglier!... Wretched, poor, savage! And they all want to get through the gates!... they are all laughing, all spitting at the black walls, they are all grunting!'

Knez Ivo Vojnović-Užički immediately made a profound impression on me, by virtue of the fact that he made an effort to rise out of his armchair when I, a very young man, was brought to him to be introduced. And the impression was still greater when someone began a discussion of his 'Smrt majke Jugovića' and he replied: 'Ajme mene, moj ljubezni gosparu, ne zaboravite da sam još djetetom u Spljetu, književni blagoslov primio proprio od Vuka [Karadžića]!' ¹

The whole evening he enchanted those present with his conversation. 'What was incomparable about him,' wrote the literary historian Professor Miodrag Ibrovac (1885-1973), 'what made him a great writer was his rich, vivid speech, his abundant, beguiling expression, the harmonious, intimate rhythm of his sentences - which reflected all the colours, all the passion, all the charms of his beloved Adriatic.' And the way he wrote was the way he spoke. Except that his speech also displayed all the musicality of the Dubrovnik dialect.

That spring I met him two or three more times in the street. Turning after him, I saw his developed hips, his stick, narrow shoulders, high collar and straw hat with its small, straight brim.

No sooner had I completed the translation into Serbian of *L'Europe et la Résurrection de la Serbie* by Professor Grgur Jakšić (1871-1955), than Conte Lujo asked me to go and see him. He received me in a room filled with books and, after reminding me of the friendship which had bound him to my father for years, he asked me whether I would be prepared to translate his book *La Dalmatie, l'Italie et l'Unité Yougoslave* into Serbian. I had just graduated from the Law Faculty of Belgrade University and applied to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for a post in the diplomatic service. I explained that I was expecting a decision about my posting from the Minister any day and that I would not be able to take on such a large job. He understood this. From then on until the death of Knez Lujo Vojnović

¹ 'Alas, kind sir, do not forget that I received my literary blessing from Vuk himself, while still a child in Split!'

we maintained friendly relations despite the great difference in our ages. That was some time in the summer of 1927.

Conte Lujo too was a 'gospar' of the old Dubrovnik school. His speech also contained 'all the colours, all the passions, all the charms of his beloved Adriatic', but he was quite different from his brother Ivo. They were both graduates in law with doctorates, Ivo from Zagreb and Lujo from Graz. They had both practised in the courts for a time. Then Ivo went into civil service, while Lujo worked as a barrister. But after that they each went completely separate ways. Ivo devoted himself entirely to literature and the theatre, while Lujo placed all his energies first in the service of the Serbian cause and later Yugoslavism. He went first to Montenegro, where he was secretary to King Nicholas (1896-1899). When Professor Valtazar Bogišić (1834-1902) left Montenegro, he became Minister of Justice (1899-1901), then Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Montenegro at the Holy See (1901-1903). Then he moved to Serbia, where he was tutor to Prince Alexander (1904-1906) until the Prince went to Russia, to the Corps des Pages. Then Conte Lujo returned to Montenegro again as Court Minister to King Nicholas (1912). He was the Montenegrin delegate at the London Conference (1913) and, as Montenegrin plenipotentiary, he signed the Peace Treaty with Turkey. He was in Cetinje when the First World War broke out, but he soon left Montenegro and placed himself at the service of the Serbian Government. First he worked in Rome (1914-1917), then in Paris, where he was the delegate of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in the Territorial Section at the Peace Conference (1919). When, under the auspices of the League of Nations, the International Institute for Intellectual Cooperation was founded in Paris, Conte Lujo represented his country in it (1925-1931), until he was appointed Senator.

Although he too concerned himself with literature, what he wrote could not be compared with his brother's achievements. Instead, the range of his activity was broader, and his knowledge of history profound. If Conte Ivo was the poet of Dubrovnik, Conte Lujo

was its historian. He published five literary and thirty-six historical works, while a further ten remained in manuscript after his death. To mention only the most important: *Dubrovnik and the Ottoman Empire* (Part 1, Belgrade, 1898), *The Fall of Dubrovnik* (Zagreb, 1908), *Dalmazia e Italia* (Rome, 1915), *La Dalmatie, l'Italie et l'Unité Yougoslave* (Paris, 1917), *La Monarchie Française dans l'Adriatique* (Paris, 1918), *Dalmatia and the Yugoslav Movement* (London, 1920), *Histoire de Dalmatie* (Paris, 1934), *A Short History of the Dubrovnik Republic* (New York, 1962), etc., etc.

The first part of *Dubrovnik and the Ottoman Empire* was published in 1898 by the Serbian Royal Academy. Preoccupied with other affairs, Lujo Vojnović hesitated over publication of the second part. He had all the necessary material in his hands and he completed the manuscript just before the Second World War. During the war and in the first years after it, conditions were not suitable for the publication of works by all writers. After his death, his widow Klementina [Tinka], née Kopač (1872-1955) considered it most natural to offer the manuscript to the Serbian Academy of Sciences, which she did through Academician Jovan Radonić (1873-1956). After a considerable length of time, Tinka Vojnović received the following letter: 'I have been waiting for a long time for a meeting of the Historical Section of the Academy. Finally it met. Unfortunately I was not successful in having the work of the late Dr. Lujo accepted for publication by the Academy [...] I very much regret that it has not been possible to implement the plan I discussed with you.'

So the second volume of this first important historical work of Vojnović's has remained unpublished until the present day.

It is worth stressing that Vojnović's works which were published in French, Italian and English, are not translated from Serbian. He knew all these languages fluently, as he did German.

Conte Lujo was also quite short, with a prominent brow, deep-set and very bright eyes, straight nose and a well cared-for, short, grey moustache. He was always well dressed. He was a sociable man in the true sense of the word. The long years he spent abroad, in the

West, affected his outlook. He was a Westerner, but at the same time he succeeded in retaining all the qualities inherited from his forebears. Highly educated, eloquent – in five languages – he felt quite at home in any company, whether in Belgrade or Paris, Dubrovnik or Rome, Zagreb or Vienna, Cetinje or London.

The years passed, the Second World War came. I heard nothing of Conte Lujo until August 1950. He had been given my address by 'Gospar' Niko Mirošević-Sorgo (1885-1966) and we came into contact once more.

'I had no idea that you were there [in London], I asked several people at various times, no one was able to tell me. And now I know that you are chez la grand-mère de la liberté and I can do nothing other than congratulate you most sincerely' (22 August 1950). 'I hope you received my first letter in which I asked you to place la couronne sur votre bonté, and let me have une demie-douzaine de crayons noirs doux, because I have long had the habit of writing everything I'm working on first of all with a soft pencil to make it go more quickly' (29 August 1950). 'Two days after my letter, what a pleasant surprise! A collection of wonderful pencils! Infinite thanks, you have done me a great favour, for, as I told you, I write half my work in pencil, before typing it – actually I've had to sell my typewriter in order to survive, but I hope that I shall get a new one, through a friend in the Pen Club! – Otherwise everything is status quo with us. I am completing my [Short] History [of the Dubrovnik Republic]. In a few days it will be druckfertig.' (24 September 1950) 'I have not written to you for a long time, as I have been ill for some time, and quite seriously at first. [...] I envy you your freedom of movement in the land of the mother of liberty. Would I be overstepping the bounds if I asked you for a little tea and two or three of those soft Swedish pencils.' (7 January 1951) 'I have not been out since November, after a serious crisis, involving mainly my heart. I am homesick for Dubrovnik, but I can't go yet. We are vegetating here, without air, without everything we used to enjoy.' (6 February 1951)

He wrote all these letters, except one, in Cyrillic. From a general point of view, perhaps the most interesting is his last letter, for in it he gives his opinion of Jovan Dučić (1871-1943) and Vojislav Marinković (1876-1935).

8th February 1951

'My dearest Kosta,

You will have noticed in my last letter that I have gone quite crazy, 'rebambiško' as they say in Dubrovnik! I forgot to say anything about Duka (Dučić) and Voja M., whom you're working on now. That's an excellent plan. They both deserve it.

I was a close friend of our Duka. As old neighbours [from Dubrovnik and Trebinje] we were very fond of each other. He had exceptional qualities. Comme prosateur, de première classe. His letters from Geneva are masterpieces of prose and observation. Those from Madrid are far weaker. As a poet too he had great charm although he never attained the originality of Rakić. Dučić fell in love with les Parnassiens dont le chef était l'excellent poète Sully Prudhomme, so that many of his poems are paraphrases or more of his [Prudhomme's] poems. His Dubrovnik sonnets are fine, but they are not a faithful reflection of the Dubrovnik atmosphere. Nevertheless, he had great ability and I would almost say he was a better stylist than poet.

I was fond of Voja as well. The country lost a great deal with his death. It was a real misfortune that his health was so bad. That whole family was très intelligente et cultivée. Paja [Voja's brother] too was very talented. Voja had an exceptional command of our language. It was he who edited that Manifesto of 6th January, which would have opened the gates to a brilliant future, had the King not put together a government of nullités. For my Ivo and myself (we were both lying in the sanatorium in Krunska street) this was a great disappointment.

There, my dear Kosta, that's what I think about nos contemporains. I'm not well and I must conclude.

A heartfelt embrace from your old
Lujo ¹

And Conte Lujo himself soon 'concluded', closing his eyes forever, longing for freedom, tea, pencils and air. With him, on 18th April 1951 the last male descendant of the Vojnović line disappeared. He left two daughters: Ksenija-Elizabeta (1898-) and Marija-Helena Schidlof-Vojnović (1896-). Ksenija settled in Zagreb, while Marija, known as Marica, married the Prague lawyer Richard Schidlof (died in New York, 1961) and settled in New York. They had a son, Ivan Schidlof-Vojnović (1926-1977).

To complete the picture, we must say something about Ivo and Lujo's younger sister, Evgenija [Đene], the youngest child of Konstantin Vojnović. She married the 'Frančez' Charles Loiseau (1861-1945) who contributed to a rapprochement between France and the Vatican. He was an eminent writer who published numerous articles in the *Revue de Paris* as well as several books. I had occasion to pay my respects to Đene at their property in the Jura known as La Sauge. In 1919 she had struck me as quite an old lady. But she was no more than sixty-three. I may say that I was only twenty-four at the time. She received me most graciously and spoke at length about the Croatian Bishop Josip-Juraj Strossmayer (1815-1905), one of the precursors of the Yugoslav Idea who, at the Vatican Council of 1870, dared to make a stand against papal infallibility. Strossmayer had blessed their marriage at his cathedral of Đakovo. They had four children: Frederic, Ivan (1893-1981), Marie-Hélène, wife of François Jager, and Kostia (1899- 1918). She spoke at length about her youngest child, Kostia, who had joined up as a volunteer and been killed in action in the last days of the First World War. I can

¹ Taken from an article published in *Glas kanadskih Srba*, Windsor, Ontario, Canada, 3 September 1970.

see her still, with tears in her eyes, showing me the last photographs of her 'little one' and the two mentions of him in dispatches.¹

The Vojnovići were not born in vain. 'As good Catholics, who loved the mass,' wrote Ivo and Lujo's nephew Ivan Loiseau, 'they read the *Dimitte Domine servum tuum* and continued to work until the Day of Judgement.'²

¹ See note 4.

² See note 3, p. 64.

TWO STORIES BY JANKO POLIĆ KAMOV: 'ŽALOST' AND 'SLOBODA'

Celia Hawkesworth, London

'Žalost' ('Grief') and 'Sloboda' ('Freedom') are among the best-known works of this remarkable writer, who left four substantial volumes on his death at the tragically early age of 24.

Born in 1886, he had lived through the deaths of two sisters, one brother, and his parents by the time he was 22. Of the fourteen children born to the family, seven had died before Janko's birth. Such statistics were not uncommon at the time, of course, but they can have done nothing to counter Janko's natural scepticism about the value of long-term planning in his life. The fact that his father's business was in decline throughout his childhood may have contributed to this general sense of instability. Nevertheless, this environment cannot be seen as responsible for the boy's rebellious nature – his five surviving brothers led quite steady lives, and Janko himself seems to have had great respect for his family. But he was a sensitive boy with an exceptionally active mind, who found it difficult to settle into conventional social forms. Expelled from various educational establishments for unruliness and political activity, he left home without a word on several occasions, spending an extensive period travelling with a theatrical group.

His works show a remarkable range of genre, style and content. He tried his hand at everything: verse, prose – including the 230 page novel *Isušena kaljuža* (*Dried-out Mud*), drama, essay, et al. – and all his works bear witness to a literary talent of exceptional vigour and force. While the earliest works are predictably adolescent in tone (the title of his first volume of poems, *Psovka* [*The Curse*], 1907, is symptomatic), the later ones are characterised by growing balance

and maturity. Kamov was a writer of great promise and his early death was undoubtedly a severe blow to Croatian literature.

The range of Kamov's talent is shown also in the variety of his style, with a tone of voice and appropriate syntax adopted for each piece of writing. The stories under discussion are useful for a detailed demonstration of this flexibility because they share common ground while treating it differently. 'Žalost' was written in April 1909, and 'Sloboda' in September of the same year, at the height of Kamov's creative powers. Focused on a moment of acute crisis - a death in the family - each is a virtuoso feat, conveying the essential nature of the world as experienced respectively by a boy of twelve and a youth of eighteen. This sustained perspective is achieved by structural and semantic selectivity and control.

The basic procedure of each story is similar: the experience is related entirely from the point of view of the narrator, with very few instances of direct speech - 4 brief utterances in 'Žalost' and 5 in 'Sloboda'. With these few exceptions, the stories are entirely inner monologues, expressing an immediate, raw response to the world. One of the stylistic devices used to convey this immediacy and cumulative psychological pressure is the frequent use of lists of three items - mostly nouns, but also verbs and other parts of speech. This same device is used in each story to different effect. The clearest difference between the two, crystallized in these cumulative, triple statements, lies in the fact that in 'Žalost', where verbs, concrete nouns and adjectives expressing emotional values predominate, they suggest the child's essentially physical and emotional experience. In 'Sloboda', on the other hand, the great majority are abstract nouns, conveying an emotionally turbulent, certainly, but above all an intellectual response.

Let us look at each of them in detail.

'Žalost'.

The story is mainly characterised by brief narrative statements, conveying either the bare facts of external appearance and behaviour, or a series of emotional states, expressed through sense impressions and vocabulary denoting emotional value. Sentence

structure is simple, rarely containing one relative or other dependent clause, and typically consisting of subject + verb +/- object, or two such components linked by and. Through such elementary structures the child's response to the world is limited to his direct observations of events around him and his immediate emotional reactions to them, with no analysis or comment. The cumulative impression built up through the story is that the child is reduced to observing eyes and hyperactive emotions, with no protective layers of rationalization which would enable him to deal with his experience in a more balanced way.

The opening words of the story: 'Ona umire!' ('She is dying!') provide one of the few instances of direct speech in the story. This highlights the fact that his sister's dying is an event occurring outside the child, registered equally by those around him. The whole story then relates the child's internalization of that bald statement. His immediate reaction is to the physical quality of his mother's announcement and his sensitive state is revealed through the placing of the adverbs: 'Jako je prošaptala i suviše glasno naša majka' ('Strong, and too loud came our mother's whisper' p.411) [*all emphases mine, C.H. References are to the 1984 edition of the Collected Works, Otokar Keršovani, Rijeka*]. He does not react initially to the content of these words, but simply observes his mother's appearance and the position in which his sister is lying. These physical observations are related to the child: his sister has turned her back on them and his mother does not look him in the eye. When the child does react emotionally, his feeling is typically egotistical: 'Smrt me sestrina ozlovoljuje, ja ne mogu plakati.' ('My sister's death annoys me, I can't cry.' p.411). This theme of 'weeping' provides a leitmotiv for the story: the physical manifestation of tears is the child's only criterion for judging emotional response, whether his own or that of others. It is, on the one hand, the only possible bridge between his troubled emotions and the outside world, while on the other hand and more interestingly, it becomes entangled in a complex of emotional values - guilt, worthiness, self-respect, manliness/ childishness, deceit, sincerity, etc. The child tensely monitors his inability to cry, observing that when he does it

is more often out of spite, anger or his childish need for consolation - rather than genuinely felt grief. At one moment he resolves not to cry in order to prove he is grown-up. He is confused when he finds his big brother (who smokes and has a girlfriend) weeping secretly, and he is utterly bewildered when his distant and demanding father breaks down and sobs. When he does himself give in, the psychological relief of tears is expressed as a triumph: at last he has proved himself capable of loving, and worthy of his mother's love.

Several characteristics of children's perception are touched on in the course of the story: their strictly limited range of experience - here the child's frame of reference is confined to school, family and a few events in the neighbourhood; the active life of their imagination, particularly the confidence with which they see themselves behaving on some hypothetical future occasion. The child in this story is reminded of his only other experience of death, that of a neighbour, and his 'jealousy' of the bereaved son, whom he deems 'unworthy' of such an important experience (partly because he is too ugly!). The narrator is confident that he would himself prove 'worthier' in similar circumstances. This abstract eventuality is of course controllable, unlike the reality confronting the child, in which it is impossible for him to know just what is expected of him by others, and equally impossible to live up to his own expectations of himself. The child perceives people's ability to react 'correctly' to death in terms of what he knows of school: it is a kind of test, comparable to his most disturbing experience to date when he was compelled to recite in front of his class.

Another astutely observed characteristic of children is the gulf between what they observe and grasp of adult behaviour and what they are capable of expressing, so that their insight generally far outstrips adult awareness of it. This is particularly well-perceived in this story in relation to the child's understanding of the servant 'Paprika' whom he hates. Because of this emotional distance and because she is (in his eyes, and presumably within the family as a whole) a legitimate object of disdain, there is no obstacle to his accurate, if barely articulated, interpretation of her motives:

'Paprika' je sjela sučelice i gleda me sućutno, tj. ona se uopće krasno pretvara, kad to hoće.

- Je li te strah?

Ja se dosada nisam ničega bojao; na strah nisam ni pomislio. Ona me je na to sjetila. Kako je zlobna!

'Paprika' sat down opposite me and looked at me consolingly, i.e. she's really good at pretending when she wants to.

"Are you frightened?"

I haven't been frightened of anything up to now; I haven't even thought of fear. She put the idea in my head. She's really wicked. (p.417)

While the child is generally more perceptive than the adults give him credit for, he is particularly so when he is himself directly involved as in this instance. Like all children, he is fundamentally egotistical and above all preoccupied with his status. Much of his stumbling thinking in the face of this family crisis relates to the crippling frustration of being, or being seen as - a child.

The story is composed in twelve carefully modulated sections, through which emotional intensity alternates with passages of greater calm. The unifying theme is the child's observation of others, and notably his father and brothers as they arrive in the house where his sister lies dead, and his preoccupation with their reaction: will they cry? The effect is of a kaleidoscope of uneasily shifting emotions from the first bald statement of the crisis, until the gradual acceptance in the days after the funeral, when it begins to be possible for the child's mother to take some notice of her bewildered young son again.

The 'progress' of the story is external: the events are all outside the child and he simply reacts to them. There is no real inner progress in the child's ability to process his experience, beyond the fact that he is eventually able to formulate the core question: 'Zašto se stidim svoje iskrene žalosti?' ('Why am I ashamed of my genuine grief?' p.425). The intermittent posing of the child's unease in the form of questions demonstrates that he remains as bewildered by his responses at the end of the story as he was at the beginning.

Periodically, as the child struggles to understand, more complex thoughts require more complex sentence structures. As, for example, when he registers dislike of one of his brothers whom he had idolized until a moment before, and then immediately feels the need to protect him from public disapproval because he understands that his brother's behaviour does not reflect his true nature. Such complex thoughts cannot be sustained, however. The major part of the child's monologue is a series of immediate reactions in the form of sense impressions, and emotional responses. As mentioned above, these are often recorded in the form of triple statements: 'Ja sam nevrijednik, nedostojan i nadasve glup.' ('I am useless, worthless, and above all a fool.' p.413); 'Kako sam toplo, kako čuvstevno, kako bratski žalio svoju sestru jučer, dok je uz mene bila moja čista, mirisna i prekrasna kuma, a ne ove prljave, iskrivljene i žute babe, što zaudaraju ko znojne čarape.' ('How deep, how ardent, how brotherly was my sorrow for my sister yesterday, while my clean, fragrant and beautiful godmother was beside me, and not these dirty, bent, yellow old women, who smell like sweaty socks.' p.421) This use of triple statements, and frequently also pairs, conveys cumulative pressure, unprocessed and unassimilable emotion. There are some 38 examples of pairs, and some 52 triple utterances. In addition, as the pressure increases, there are 3 instances of lists of 4 and one of 5 successive verbs. The most frequent single category in these lists are verbs denoting either first or third-person behaviour, but these are outnumbered by a combination of nouns and adjectives expressing predominantly abstract, emotional values.

This same device is used somewhat differently in the second story.

'Sloboda'

The device dominates this piece of writing. There are some 153 instances of triple statements, 4 pairs, 5 lists of 4, two of 5 and - again as the psychological pressure builds up - one each of 6 and 8 items. The great majority of the triple lists consists of abstract nouns (at least 90 instances); there are some 30 lists of adjectives and 25 of verbs. The effect is to suggest a reactive, rather than an

active nature, the highly-charged, energetic, essentially intellectual response to experience of a young mind in a state of constant alertness. The child in the first story was at the mercy of physical appearance and events in the external world which assaulted his senses and emotions. His mind was barely involved. Here, on the contrary, there is very little comment on the external appearance of things. Where the mind of the younger narrator could only register its reaction to the outside world in bare, simple statements, here, the eighteen-year old's response is recorded in more complex sentence structures. And where the structures themselves are simple, they tend to be organized in balanced, parallel patterns: 'Prije sam pred njom zamirao, blijedio i klecao od straha. Danas blijedim, klecam i zamirem od strasti.' ('Earlier it made me go numb, pale and my knees weak with fear. Today I turn pale, my knees go weak and I grow numb with passion.' p.431); 'Moja je ćud - opozicija; logika - nedisciplina; filozofija - prevrat.' ('My nature is - opposition; my logic - indiscipline; my philosophy - revolt.' p.431). Such formulations suggest a highly self-conscious mental processing of experience, an elaborate series of barriers against pain that may be seen in a way as the reverse of the emotional vulnerability of the twelve-year old in 'Žalost'. At the same time, the adolescent in this story too is confronted with a crisis that makes extreme demands on him.

The death around which this story revolves is that of the boy's father. While in 'Žalost' (as is immediately clear from the title), the death itself and the family's grief provide the content, in 'Sloboda', as the title again suggests, the main theme is the adolescent's relationship with his father and his problematic sense of release from the constraint of his father's presence.

The first section of 'Sloboda' gives an account of the narrator's inner life, in which his father figures centrally as a problem. Where the opening words of 'Žalost' announce the sister's death, the intellectual control of the subject matter of 'Sloboda' is suggested immediately by the first sentence, which states the leitmotiv. This is a formula repeated at intervals in the piece, but deliberately never fully articulated: 'Osamnaest se je godina šuljala jedna

strašna misao kroz moju narav, zamisli i čuvstva.' ('For eighteen years a terrible thought has slunk through my personality, plans and feelings.' p.431) Another illustration of the contrast between the two stories is the child's straightforward statement in 'Žalost': 'Meni je dvanaest godina.' ('I am twelve years old.'), compared to the oblique reference to the narrator's age in the opening sentence of 'Sloboda'.

This first section suggests the nature of the boy's inner world: abundant, complex thoughts, rapidly changing direction, giving an impression of energy and vigour, summed up in the sentence: 'Sve je brzina, momenat i nagon.' ('Everything is speed, immediacy and instinct.' p.431). This impression is achieved through an abundance of triple structures: there are 32 in this three-page section.

Altogether in this story, the triple structures are used to foreground aspects of the narrator's thought processes. Most frequently, they suggest intensity. For example, the second section describes the final crisis in the boy's relationship with his father, as he must come to terms with the fact of his father's horrifying illness and death. The mention of his father's illness is followed by six lines containing eight triple statements:

I danas, kad otac već od nekoliko meseci boluje na raku koji se liječi smrću, osjećam takvu navalu krvi, suza i žuči, te ljubim, pijem i pjevam bjesomučno. U mene je mržnja, bol i užitak jedno: rane na očevu grlu, koje propuštaju juhu, kužni dah katara, gnoja, i iskvarene krvi, očeva srditost, zlovolja i jecanje, majčina briga, suze i prigovori, moja ljubovca, orgije i misli - drže me u vječnoj ekstazi, afektu i vrijetanju.

And today, when father has been ill for some months with cancer for which the cure is death, I feel such an onrush of blood, tears and bile, that I kiss, drink and sing like a maniac. My hatred, pain and pleasure are all the same thing: the wounds on my father's throat, which let out soup, the infectious stench of catarrh, pus and bad blood, my father's virulence, ill-temper and moaning, my mother's anxiety, tears

and reproaches, my girlfriend, orgies and thoughts - keep me in a state of constant paroxysm, emotion and fervour. (p.434)

The adolescent's curiosity about death, his youthful sexuality, his resentment of his father and as yet unspoken anger at the pain his illness causes him, his intense frustration with his whole situation - all these conflicting emotions become entangled in an insoluble knot.

With the fluctuations of the boy's moods, the triple structures vary in frequency: they alternate with passages conveying temporary emotional calm or weariness. In addition to suggesting intensity, they are used also to convey a methodical processing of complex and unassimilable ideas. In the following passage describing the boy's new clear perception of his situation, they are used to weave a constricting web:

Kroz tu tišinu moje duševnosti i okoline i prejasno razabiram u čemu su bili okovi, što ih je kovao moj otac i sloboda koju je iziskivao moj organizam. U očevom sam prisuću mogao osjetiti sve prije od nagona; pred ocem bi klonule nemoćno moje misli, osjećaji i - uda... Dobrota, ljubeznost i finoća bili su nespojivi sa bitnošću mog momaštva.

Through this silence of my mind and surroundings, I discern all too clearly the nature of the fetters that my father forged and the freedom my organism sought. In my father's presence I could feel anything rather than instinct; before my father my ideas, feelings - and my limbs - drooped impotently... His goodness, kindness and refinement were incompatible with the essence of my youth. (p.441)

Later in the story, as the young man achieves a new, purposeful maturity, the change is highlighted by the use of several strings of triple abstract nouns contrasting strikingly with the earlier ones expressing 'revolt', 'indiscipline', 'instinct', etc. Now words such as

'duty', 'will', 'strength', 'decisiveness' dominate the boy's thinking. This insistent triple rhythm then offers Kamov a masterly means of driving home the harsh reality of the young man's experience: as he reflects on the superiority over his elder brothers his presence at his father's death has given him, his thoughts become a wail - 'O čemu će pričati oni meni? O pijankama, ženama, bacanju... Ali o raku, o raku, o raku!!! O raspadanju, gnjiljenju, rupama!' ('What will they talk to me about? About drinking bouts, women, throwing up... But about cancer, about cancer, about cancer!!! About disintegration, putrefaction, gaping holes!' p.445). Towards the end of the story, the narrator is able to confront the reality of the 'terrible thought' of the opening lines and to come to terms with it. The mental effort involved is conveyed in the complexity of the passage: 'Osamnaest sam godina posipavao čar na svoju tajnu koju bih samo u pijanstvu izjavljivao. Misao toli čudna, strastvena i elementarna, prelazila je od apstrakcije u konkretnost i smrt je očeva tako postajala - sloboda.' ('For eighteen years I sprinkled a spell over my secret which I would only express when I was drunk. This idea, so strange, fervent and elemental, has changed from the abstract to the concrete and so my father's death has become - freedom.' p.448)

Three other factors in this story contribute to the impression of the young man's essentially intellectual processing of his experience: the whole piece is organised in eight carefully balanced sections, each dealing with a new phase in the boy's reactions to the crisis; there is a real progression in his thinking, suggesting the positive result of mental effort; and his response to the outside world is expressed in either abstract or figurative terms. To take the last of these first: the few references to the boy's surroundings tend to involve metaphors transposed from his emotional life - 'Noć se ruši niz strminu. Naša je zemlja abis. Cijeli osvijetljeni grad priliči zjalu u kojem leprše mušice i milje crvi.' ('The night is crumbling down the slope. Our earth is an abyss. The whole illuminated town looks like a gaping hole in which flies dart about and worms creep.' p.439). On the other hand, an impression of frustrated intellectual effort to express an inarticulate emotion is conveyed by such formulations as: 'Užareni komadi nečega nevidnoga ruše se na

moju glavu.' ('Blazing pieces of something invisible fall on my head.' p.435); 'Nešto se strašno skuplja u meni.' ('Something terrible is piling up in me.' p.437); 'Nešto je ogromno bilo u meni...' ('There was something vast in me...' p.439).

Apart from these instances of unassimilable emotion, the young man's inner progress is expressed in his increasing ability to perceive clearly the naiveté of his initial rebellious stance. The first hint follows his escape from the sight of his father's open, decaying wounds into the violent physical release of a visit to a brothel. As he leaves, he realizes the intellectual absurdity of such relief: 'Moja se sloboda kupuje. Pošao sam je tražiti u javnoj kući, među robove...' ('I'm buying my freedom. I went to look for it in a brothel, among slaves...' p.439). And again, the funeral obliges the young man to consider his attitude to such conventional trappings as formal black clothes. Where his position before his father's death would have been unquestioning rejection, he now argues with himself, confronting the real issues in increasingly elaborate sentences, which gradually expose the core question: 'Čega se oslobađam?' ('What am I freeing myself from?' p.448)

This story may thus be seen as tracing the effort of a young mind towards maturity. It bears witness to the growing maturity of Kamov himself: from his sense of overwhelming constraints compelling expression as *Psovka* to the objectivity and control of 'Sloboda'. While his achievements are remarkable, Kamov's works remain those of a very young man. The early death of a writer of such sharp perceptions and with so rare a talent for conveying the immediacy of emotional experience represents a sad loss to Croatian literature.

THE SUICIDE OF PRINCE RJEPNIN IN MILOŠ CRNJANSKI'S *ROMAN O LONDONU*

David A. Norris, Nottingham

The main characters of Crnjanski's novels are presented to the reader when facing a crisis in their lives. The crisis arises from their conflict with the world, but crystallizes into an inner struggle with their very being. In *Dnevnik o Čarnojeviću*¹, the narrator and main character Petar Rajić has returned home from the First World War bitter and disillusioned. The Čarnojević of the novel's title appears as an *alter ego* in a dream and is invested with all the positive characteristics which the character himself lacks. He represents the *other* towards which Rajić aspires but can never be. In his next novel, *Seobe*,² Vuk Isaković echoes Rajić's fragmented identity in his struggle to realize a sense of purpose in his existence. His Serbian identity, with its traditions of Orthodoxy, the spirit of Kosovo and aspirations for national freedom conflicts with his service in the Habsburg army, where he is under pressure to convert to Catholicism. Vuk questions his treatment by forces over which he has no control and regards his lack of will as an emptiness which pervades all areas of his life. He sees emigration to independent and Orthodox Russia as his only escape, although he fails to realize his aim. The main

¹ Miloš Crnjanski, *Dnevnik o Čarnojeviću*, (1st pub.), Slovenska knjižarnica M. J. Stefanovića, Biblioteka Albatros I, Belgrade, 1921.

² Miloš Crnjanski, *Seobe*, (1st pub.) Knjižara Gece Kona, Belgrade, 1929.

character of Crnjanski's last novel, *Roman o Londonu*¹, is a Russian emigré in London, Prince Nikolaj Rodionovič Rjepnin². He too feels a profound emptiness in his life, deepened by the historical events which robbed him of his native country and forced upon him life as an emigré. On the last page of the novel he takes his own life. In this essay I intend to explore his suicide as the result of a crisis which prompts the Prince to question the value of his own being.

The novel is related through the eyes of Rjepnin³ who, as a Russian aristocrat, was forced to leave his native land just after the October Revolution. He first saw his wife, Nadja, on the quay at Kerch while they were waiting to be evacuated from Russia to escape the Bolsheviki. They lived in various European cities before arriving in London in 1940, where the novel takes up their story from early 1947 to October 1948. They lived at first in the Park Lane Hotel, but have fallen on hard times, and at the beginning of the novel they are living in a small flat in Mill Hill. They have exhausted their savings, Rjepnin cannot find work, and Nadja keeps them both by making and selling dolls. Information about the past is scanty but it is clear that the Prince comes from a wealthy family. Rjepnin's father had been a member of the Duma, and Rjepnin himself an officer in the Russian army. Now, he and Nadja suffer the ignominy of living as emigrés in a huge, impersonal city, ignored by the indigenous population and deprived of their former social status and wealth.

The intolerable burden of this way of life tells on Rjepnin from the beginning of the novel when he suggests to his wife that they

¹ Miloš Crnjanski, *Roman o Londonu*, (1st pub.) Nolit, Belgrade, 1971, 2 vols. These three novels were republished in Miloš Crnjanski, *Izabrana dela*, Nolit, Belgrade, 1983.

² The Russian names Rjepnin and Nadja, which appear in this paper are written as found in the 1983 edition of the collected works, and not as they might appear if they had been transliterated from Russian.

³ Point of view changes as the novel develops. The first chapters are dominated by an observer-narrator who introduces the characters and outlines the immediate background to their lives. As the novel progresses the point of view of Rjepnin entirely dominates the text.

commit suicide. At this stage the Prince does no more than mention the idea. Towards the end of the novel, in an effort to solve their material crisis, they decide that Nadja should go to her aunt in the United States and prepare the way for Rjepnin to join her later. After her departure, the Prince sinks further into depression and at this point comes to the conclusion that there is no future for him at all and suicide is the only escape:

A few days later, at the end of September, there is only one logical conclusion left open for him, to put an end to both himself and everything, if he doesn't want to finish up destitute and disgraced, and the only possibility is: death. Smert.¹

Rjepnin's suggestion that there is no alternative to death to save himself takes no account of Nadja's attempts to pave the way for both of them to make a fresh start in life. The humiliation of poverty is not the real crisis which the Prince is facing. The novel traces a change in him which makes suicide what he terms a 'logical' final step. By the manner in which he kills himself he suggests a deeper motive behind his action.

The Prince lays his plans for his suicide very carefully, covering his tracks as thoroughly as possible so that no one should know he has taken his own life. He tells everyone that he is going to Paris, and then to Algeria, confiding to one of his friends that the purpose for his trip is to join the French Foreign Legion. Secretly taking a train to the coast he waits until nightfall when he sets out alone in a boat. Once he has moved some distance from the shore, the Prince shoots himself while standing at the helm of the boat in such a way that his body falls into the sea. Aware that the discovery of his body would prompt questions into the manner of his death, he carries a

¹ 'Kroz koji dan, krajem septembra, njemu, logično, ostaje da završi samo jedno, da učini kraj, i sebi, i svemu, ako neće da završi, bedno, sramno, a ta mogućnost je samo: smrt. Smert.' *Roman o Londonu*, 1983, vol.2, p. 322. This edition is used throughout this paper. The final word 'smert' in this passage is given in Russian in the novel to indicate the presence of Rjepnin's voice in the text.

rucksack wieghted with stones to prevent his body being washed ashore. His attempt to hide his action so thoroughly reflects his desire to leave no trace of himself. He is trying to eradicate all trace of his action after his death. The Prince is resisting the persistence of the consequences of action into the future since he feels that time holds no future for him, which is why he cannot conceive of fresh opportunities in the United States. The gesture in his plan reflects a desire to take himself out of time as though he had never existed. One aspect of Rjepnin's suicide and the reasons behind it, then, concerns his thinking about and living in time.

From the beginning of the novel there are many references to the past:

Then, before drifting into sleep, in silence, they both live in the past. She can recall the first years of their marriage, and he Russia. They both exist only in the past.¹

In this quotation it is stressed that both Rjepnin and Nadja 'exist only in the past'. Their memories are selective and nostalgic, offering brief escape from the ugliness of their present reality. All Rjepnin's thoughts and actions ultimately remind him of his childhood and youth in Russia before the revolution. In the following passage he sees a restaurant where he and Nadja used to go when they first arrived in London:

Their Russian friends of that time would come here to dance to the thundering cannon fire, when they would dance in the cellar. They went down a ladder, so the dresses of the ladies - as had been foressen - ballooned on descent like black, silk tulips. It caused much laughter, as in Saint Petersburg.²

¹ 'Tada, pre nego što zaspe, u ćutanju, oboje žive u prošlosti. Ona se seća prvih godina njihovog braka, a on Rusije. Postoje, oboje, samo u toj svojoj prošlosti.' *ibid* vol. 1, p.37.

² 'Njihovo, rusko, tadašnje, društvo, dolazilo je, tu, i da se igra, uz topovsku grmljavinu, a igralo se u podrumu. Silazilo se niz lestve, pa su se suknje žena, - kao

When he sees the restaurant he is reminded of events during the Second World War, when they had money and friends, but this only acts as a catalyst to take him further back in time to St Petersburg, to the laughter and happiness he experienced there.

In one of his introspective moments, the Prince ponders on the connection between the past, present and future while looking at an advertisement for a job as a chimney-sweep in Reading. He remembers a poem about Reading gaol which his teacher required him to learn, and another poem about an Irish Guardsman who killed his mistress. The same teacher had shown a picture of the Irish Guards to him and his classmates:

Where are his school friends, the junkers, now, and their schoolmistress who showed them the red uniform of the Irish guard on the picture? That scarlet uniform and the name of that town, Reading, remained in his mind forever. So they had got to him, to his childhood all those years ago - only he did not know it? That which once was, and that which is happening now, in the present, are in some uncanny connection? And here he is, he would want to be a chimney-sweep in that town. How strange the proximity of what happened long ago and is past, with what is happening to him now. Perhaps even with what will happen in the future? How terrifying are the sudden changes in people's lives. It's impossible to tell their approach - or to circumvent them by a change of occupation?¹

što se, uostalom, predviđalo, - širile, pri silasku, kao crne, svilene, lale. Oko toga bilo je mnogo smeha, kao u Sankt Petersburgu.' *ibid*, p.137.

¹ 'Gde su sad njegovi školski drugovi, junkeri, i ta učiteljica, koja pokazuje crvenu uniformu irske garde, na slici? Ta skerletna uniforma i ime te varoši, Reding, ostali su mu, za uvek, u pameti. Bili su, dakle, došli do njega, u njegovo detinjstvo, već pre toliko godina, - samo on to nije znao? Ono što je nekad bilo, i ono što se događa sa njim, sad, u sadašnjosti, u nekakvoj su, dakle, čudnovatoj vezi? A on sad, eto, želeo bi da bude odžaćar u toj varoši. Kako je čudna ta bliskost, onoga što se davno dešavalo, i što je prošlo, i onog, što se sad sa njim događa. Možda i sa onim, što će se dogoditi, u budućnosti? Kako su strašne te nagle promene u životu ljudi. Njih, dakle, nije moguće predosetiti, niti, - promenom zanimanja, sustići?' *ibid*, p.83.

Rjepnin muses on the two phases of his life, on what he was once in the days before the Revolution, and what he is now. They are separated by many years, yet the images of his childhood are as real to him as the advertisement he is looking at. He feels there is a connection between his aristocratic past in Russia and his contemplating a job as a chimney-sweep in the present, but the connection escapes him. The Prince is alienated from the pattern and shape of his own life. The result is a reinforcement of his emotional empathy with the past and with the figure who appears to him out of the past as the man he once was.

One of the features of Rjepnin's memory which binds him closely to those years before the revolution is his oblivion to the thirty years between his leaving Russia and the present. The absence of these years from his memory is a sign of his alienation from his life's pattern, and at the same time it serves to reinforce how close he feels to his identity as a Russian. By rejecting the events which would chronicle the changes in his life, he denies change, and perhaps even believes that he can outwit those changes and realise an identity based on what he once was, as he remarks to Nadja in the following passage:

I'm a Russian, Nadja. This life which I live and which others here live, for money, for a savings account, for security, holds no attraction or meaning for me. I'll be thinking to the end of my days about the soldiers we were, and about Russia - to the end.¹

Not only does Rjepnin say that he will think about Russia, he identifies himself as Russian, and as a soldier. In this the Prince is appealing to a notion of being Russian which disappeared with the Revolution and has as much to do with the values of a particular way

¹ 'Ja sam Rus, Nadja. Za mene ovakav život, kao što ga živim i kao što ga žive ovi ovde, za novac, za uštede, za osiguranja, nema, ni privlačnosti, ni smisla. Ja ću, do kraja, misliti o našim bivšim vojnicima, i o Rusiji, - do kraja.' *ibid*, p.118.

of life as with the outward signs of national identity. He ignores the effects of the Revolution which destroyed the nobility, embodied for him in his military career. One result of his refusal to recognise historical change is his estrangement from emigré circles in London. Polish and Russian emigrés publicly condemn Stalin and the Soviet régime, and invite the Prince to join them in their declaration. Rjepnin refuses to follow their lead on the grounds that such an unreserved condemnation would be tantamount to rejecting Russia too. He has no particular regard for the Soviet leader who is not even Russian, but his emotional empathy for his homeland is such that he does not recognise the changes which have taken place. The Soviet Union is about to blockade Berlin, and Stalin is the man who had done more than anyone else to change the face of the Russia Rjepnin remembers, but the historical background against which the novel is written hardly surfaces. The passing of time and the changes it brings are distanced from Rjepnin, as he focuses more and more intensely on years gone by.

With Nadja's departure to the United States the Prince thinks of the disruption which this development brings to the pattern of his daily life:

Now he will sleep in her bed, and she will not be in it ever again. And his bed will not convert into an armchair each morning. Her sewing machine will no longer be heard here. And he unwittingly smiled, and thought that without the noise of the machine he would not be able to sleep. Its rhythmic noise will no longer echo here.¹

The routine of his life is associated with Nadja, and the measure of his days slipping by is symbolically represented by the rhythmic noise of her sewing machine. Each morning would see his bed become

¹ 'Sad će spavati u njenoj postelji, a nje u njoj više nikad neće biti. A njegova postelja neće se više pretvarati u fotelju, svako jutro. Šivačica se tu više neće čuti. A nehotice se osmehnu, i pomisli, da, bez tog zvuk šivačice, više ne može zaspati. Taj ritmički zvuk se, tu, više neće ponoviti.' *ibid*, vol.2, p.190.

an armchair, the change marking the end of sleep and night, and the beginning of a new day. The Prince acknowledges a bare temporality in his living from one day to the next, and thus also the persistence of his own being into some immediate future. However, Nadja's departure threatens to disrupt this simple rhythm of life which has maintained in him a sense of time passing.

The threat to the temporal dimension of Rjepnin's being is accompanied after Nadja's departure by a greater intensity in his recollection of the past, his memories forming a parallel time-scale alongside the events of 1948. When Nadja leaves for the United States Rjepnin goes with her to the boat, and returns to London by train. He is reluctant to go home immediately to the now empty flat, and notices a cinema billboard near the station. The cinema is one which shows short films and newsreels, and it is advertising the film of a parade in Moscow's Red Square. As he watches the film, Rjepnin is carried away by the sight and sound of the Soviet soldiers marching, using exactly the same step as he used thirty years before. The whole form of the parade is the same as he remembered from his days before the Revolution when, as a soldier, he too marched in Red Square:

The sabre flashed just as in the time when he too rode out in Brusilov's train, in the fifth or sixth row, in attendance, grinning and happy.¹

By stressing in this episode that the form of the parade is the same as in the past, that the step of the soldiers marching is the same, Rjepnin signals his bridging of the time gap between 1948 and the years before the Revolution. The soldiers gradually evoke in him an image of the old Russia:

It was now the same army - as if the old, Russian

¹ 'Sablja je sevnula, isto onako, kao u doba kad je i on jahao, u pratnji Brusilova, u petom, ili šestom redu, ali prisutan, nasmešen i veseo.' *ibid*, p.188.

army was resurrected, at least so it seemed to him.¹

There is a religious intensity in the image of a resurrected Russia which is a gauge of the depth of Rjepnin's feeling as he watches the film. Rjepnin is recreating his experience of the time when he recognised an aim in his life, and is turning his back on the present because of its emptiness and lack of purpose.

Again, the prince's real focus is not on the outward trappings of national identity but the inner feeling of deriving from a source of identity which represents a scale of values. Those values arose from his class, his family, his whole background and were authentically his own, but they have no place in his life as an emigré. The historical background is overshadowed for much of the novel by Rjepnin's psychological and emotional state. After Nadja's departure Rjepnin's inner struggle is placed on a universal existential plane which highlights the relationship between being and time as a realm in which values arising from the broadest level of cultural identity may be acquired and lost. Their complete disappearance results in a struggle for purpose in life and for life itself. Watching the film in the year 1948, the prince is actually thinking of events from thirty years before. Just as he feels that, with Nadja's departure, he has lost a sense of the rhythm of time passing, so in the cinema the regular beat of the military march as he hears and sees it on the screen coincides with sights and sounds from thirty years before. The rhythm of life as he lived it all those years before begins to replace the rhythm of life which is slipping out of his grasp in the present.

The confusion felt by Rjepnin at what he once was and what he is now, is underlined in the text by the title of the chapter which begins after the episode in the cinema, 'Posle parade na Crvenom trgu'. After Nadja's departure there are still some 150 pages of text remaining. The novel continues to follow problems and issues faced by Rjepnin

¹ 'Bila je to, sad, ista vojska - kao da je vaskrsla stara, ruska, bar se njemu činilo.' *ibid*, p.189.

from May until his suicide in October. He quarrels with other Russian emigrés, he has a brief love affair, and he loses his job and his home. An old friend, Ordinski, gives him the use of his flat while he is out of town for a while. In his flat Rjepnin thinks more and more of his youth and Russia. A picture-book of Leningrad shows numerous scenes which he recognises and he thinks again of Petersburg. He ignores the change of name as he does other events in Russia which have changed the face of his country. 'Posle parade na Crvenom trgu' is ambiguous because there are two parades, one from thirty years before in which Rjepnin took part, and the one in the newsreel. Given that Rjepnin is at this stage both re-living the past and living in the present the title is a reference to both the parade in his memory and the one in the newsreel. The text continues to describe the life of 1948, but in Rjepnin's mind there is now a parallel time scale of thirty years before superimposed on it.

In this atmosphere, Rjepnin comes to the conclusion that suicide is the only answer. Interestingly, he hardly seems to make a decision to act, since there are no alternatives for him to choose between. His conclusion is presented as the 'logical' step, almost as a *fait accompli*, as if already carried out. He composes a long letter to Ordinski which effectively turns into a re-creation of conversations from long ago. As he writes the prince imagines what his friend would say in reply, building up arguments and counter-arguments from fragments of conversations he recalls from many years before. He creates an *alter ego* in an inner debate, like Rajić in *Dnevnik o Čarnojeviću*. From the very beginning of the novel the prince has created another *alter ego* in the form of his old friend Barlov. Barlov committed suicide some years before, and Rjepnin imagines he hears his voice advising and warning him. The voice appears all the more intensely and frequently towards the end of the novel when Rjepnin has moved into Ordinski's flat. When Rjepnin leaves for the spot where he plans to take his life he hears Barlov once more:

Suddenly, he again heard the quiet laughter and the whispering voice of the last Barlov. Let them leave

without trace, prince, all those in their search for mankind's progress and for a better Russia! We're coming back after death. 'Shagom marsh, knyaz!' So it is, yes, we all return there.¹

It is no coincidence that Rjepnin, through Barlov, gives himself the command to march in military step. The prince is assuming those values which made him what he once was in order to achieve a sense of purpose in his life. The return to those values signals the final rupture of Rjepnin's link with time since they no longer exist but represent what he once was. It is his complete dislocation from time which prompts his plans to die without leaving behind any trace or consequence of his action, as though he had never existed at all.

¹ ' U glavi je, opet, iznenada, čuo, tihi smeh i šapat, pokojnoga Barlova. Neka idu bez traga, knjaz, svi ti, sa njihovim traženjem napretka čovečanstva, i bolje Rusije! Mi se, posle naše smrti, vraćamo. 'Shagom marsh, knyaz!' Tako, tako, svi se, tamo, vraćamo.' *ibid*, p.355. The final words in this quotation are given in Russian in the novel.

ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN'S *AUGUST 1914* AND DOBRICA
ĆOSIĆ'S *THE TIME OF DEATH*: A PRELIMINARY
COMPARISON.

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In the history of world literature there have been cases where two or more works have treated, at different times, the same or similar subject matter. In such instances the question of the possible influence of one work upon the other is a legitimate one, even though it may not always yield conclusive evidence. However, when two works treat a similar topic at the same time, the question of influence is no longer pertinent, while other aspects of the phenomenon become all the more intriguing. Such is the case of the novels *August 1914* (*Avgust chetyrnatsatogo*) by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and the first volume of *The Time of Death* (*Vreme smrti*) by Dobrica Ćosić.

Instead of making a complete comparison of these two novels - a task requiring much more space - I intend to concentrate on some of their thematic features, since both authors are primarily interested in expounding in artistic form their views on the factual events and characters.

Before a comparison of these features is attempted, some common components should be mentioned. Both novels deal with a decisive period in the history of the two nations concerned - the beginning of the First World War or, more specifically, the summer and fall of 1914. Both authors use the historical material as a backdrop for the development of their characters and for the events in which they participate. At the same time, both authors are also

interested in musing over the extremely difficult dilemmas confronting the two nations, indeed the entire world, at that time. Ćosić employs a straightforward third person narrative, while Solzhenitsyn uses a fictitious character, Colonel Vorotyntsev, as his alter-ego. Although Vorotyntsev does not have all the answers, he is always in the right place at the right time, somewhat incongruously at times - to observe and help, or simply to witness the tragedy of the Russian army. This is very much in keeping with Solzhenitsyn's desire to understand the events of August 1914 (and, later of October 1917) and to discover the reasons for defeat - a desire that has accompanied him since his high school days. There is no such figure in *The Time of Death*, probably because Ćosić has taken upon himself much less of the role of judge of history than has Solzhenitsyn. Finally, each novel is only the first volume of a projected series that would encompass the entire First World War, reaching beyond it, both back and forwards in time.

As one may expect from two novels treating a related topic simultaneously, there are many similarities between them. It should be borne in mind, however, that even when some aspects of the novels seem to be similar in approach and treatment, there is enough difference to remind us that we are dealing with two independent works.

Despite their desire to shed full light on the first months of the war, both authors find themselves entangled in a web of historical puzzles that have intrigued historians and others ever since that time. The characters are continually tormented by various questions: was the war necessary for Russia and Serbia? What were the real causes of it and who were the main actors on the stage and behind the scenes? Why did the leaders behave as they did? Most importantly, what did the war reveal about the national character of both peoples? Although the ultimate answers are not supplied by either author, the partial answers they offer provide us with an insight into the motivation which compelled each of them to write these novels.

One of the basic differences in the general attitude of the characters stems from the simple fact that in the war Russia was an aggressor and Serbia a nation under attack. No matter how well-intentioned the Russian government was in its desire to help a smaller and weaker Slavic nation, this intention did not penetrate beyond government circles. Time and again the lower-ranking officers, and especially the broad masses of the soldiers, question the involvement of Russia in the war, at least at that time. A widespread dissatisfaction with the existing social conditions and with the obvious incapacity of the leadership to lead, best manifested in the nation's appalling unpreparedness for war, adds to the general inability of the Russian army to gain a victory, despite initial successes. Also, the fact that Russia chose to attack first gave rise to doubts and the suspicion of ulterior motives.

It was different with Serbia. Although not a totally innocent bystander and although not much better prepared for war, Serbia had the psychological edge in that its people realised that they had been attacked and that they had to defend not so much their government and the upper crust of the society but the very lives of their families and themselves. Time and again Ćosić makes clear that his characters are fully aware what is at stake. Therefore, even when their efforts seem to drain their strength and when suffering goes beyond the normal threshold of endurance, both the leaders and the common soldiers reach back and find another ounce of strength and the will to fight on.

The course of the war and its ultimate outcome play an important part in shaping and presenting the characters. Russia's defeat and Serbia's victory in this first phase of the war will have a greater bearing in the volumes to come. In the first instalments, the attitude of the leaders of the two nations is dictated not so much by the real happenings as by their inability to control them. At first, as Russia seems to be winning the war, the Supreme Command is unrealistically over-confident; in fact, it never ceases to believe in victory even in the midst of defeat. By contrast, the Serbian leaders are engulfed in despair and defeatism, while clinging to an irrational

hope that the worst may yet be avoided. The common soldiers fight stoically in both armies. But when the outcome of the first phase becomes clear, the Russian soldier takes the defeat almost indifferently, while the Serbian soldier is no less subdued yet filled with the deep sense of satisfaction that the enemy has been routed and the country defended, at least for the time being.

The suffering of the people is vividly presented by both authors. In fact, this seems to be the strongest bond linking the two novels. The people of both countries show an enormous capacity for suffering that is sometimes beyond belief. Since in the period depicted in *August 1914* the Russian army fought exclusively on foreign soil, the suffering shown by Solzhenitsyn is only that of soldiers under adverse circumstances: incessant and aimless marching, lack of equipment as well as of food, troops being left behind, fired on by their own side, and dying by the thousands as a result of incompetent leadership. In *The Time of Death*, in addition to the suffering on the front, Ćosić also shows the suffering of the civilian population. For both of these peoples one can apply Solzhenitsyn's words: 'Ingrained in them was the lesson inherited from their forefathers, the inexorable lesson of centuries: suffering must be borne; there is no way out.' Or the words of one of Ćosić's characters: 'War is the only time when we live for history, when we get some respect through our suffering and dying.' This fatalistic attitude seems to enable both the Russians and the Serbs to carry on when everything seems to be lost, and to endure the impossible.

Both Solzhenitsyn and Ćosić place their greatest faith not in the leaders but in the peasant masses, which after all carry the burden of the war. In this, the two authors seem to have been influenced by Tolstoy's view of history and war, best personified in Platon Karataev and his stoic endurance. There are several minor characters who resemble him. The best examples are Arsenii Blagodaryov, Vorotyntsev's orderly in *August 1914*, and a humble soldier, Sava Marić, in *The Time of Death*. Like Karataev, they do their duty without asking for any explanation, knowing somehow intuitively that this is the purpose of their lives.

Another resemblance to Tolstoy's view of history, as manifested in his portrayal of Kutuzov, can be seen in both novels in the persons of the two army commanders most responsible for the course of events described. Interestingly, both authors mention Kutuzov in the novels. Although Kutuzov was the supreme commander, and both General Samsonov in *August 1914* and Vojvoda Mišić in *The Time of Death* are responsible only for their sector of the front, they both display characteristics that bring Kutuzov to mind. (At the same time, it must be emphasized that neither Solzhenitsyn nor Ćosić strove for an exact replica of the legendary Russian general). Like Kutuzov, Samsonov seems to let events guide his decisions and actions. A religious mystic, he often vacillates when he should be firm. Although in the historical sense he was not responsible for the Russian defeat – at least not he alone – Solzhenitsyn uses him as a sacrificial lamb, as the epitome of the tragedy that befell the Russian people at the outset of the First World War and later led to an even greater calamity in the Revolution. Unlike Kutuzov, Samsonov is riven with guilt, as though Solzhenitsyn wanted him to pay, on behalf of all decent, educated people, for not preventing the incompetent and irresponsible leaders from bringing calamity upon the people. Vojvoda Mišić, on the other hand, is a decisive war leader, even though he too is shown waiting for a propitious moment to strike a definitive blow. Patient, quiet, understanding, persistent, even stubborn, he seems to draw his strength from his peasant origin. After all, the stage of his greatest military triumph is the place he spent his childhood as a peasant boy and where he knew literally every tree. It is their humble origin, modesty, natural intelligence, and their willingness to serve and sacrifice themselves that make the two generals similar, despite many differences. Most importantly, however, they are used by the authors as vehicles for their main themes. Samsonov's death in the shadow of an inglorious defeat and Mišić's triumph in a brilliant victory symbolically parallel the destinies of the two armies and peoples.

The attitudes of the two authors toward the enemy bear a closer look. In both novels the enemy is shown as a relentless adversary,

aware of his strength, convinced of the justice of his cause, and ruthless in the execution of orders. In this respect the enemy in *The Time of Death* is shown as much more ruthless, at times almost bestial, in his resolve to punish and annihilate not only the soldiers but the civilian population as well. This can be explained by the fact that the Russians faced the Germans, admittedly a more civilized adversary (in the First World War), without a need for revenge. The Germans respected the Russians and expected a much tougher fight of them. They also had few aspirations toward Russian territory. On the other hand, the Serbs were confronted with the Austro-Hungarian army with its motley assortment of several nationalities. The Austrians were bent upon punishing the Serbs for the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand in Sarajevo, and their early military successes led them to believe that the annihilation of Serbia would preclude retribution. They also had territorial aspirations in the Balkans, whose fulfillment was thwarted by Serbia. Finally, there were in the Austro-Hungarian army elements of other Slavic nations who were conscripted into the army and who, unfortunately, tried at times to outdo their masters in inhuman behaviour. All these factors contributed to the marked increase in atrocities committed against the Serbs.

The most striking difference in the two authors' attitude toward the enemy lies in a very important distinction in the two situations. Solzhenitsyn shows that for the Russians the Germans were an enemy simply to be fought and defeated, an almost impersonal enemy, lacking the violent emotional motivation present in the Serbian arena. Moreover, for the Russians the enemy was more within than without - in the ranks of incompetent leaders, among the young intellectuals calling for revolution, and among the predominantly indifferent urban population that saw no real reason for involvement in the war. On the other hand, Ćosić shows that the Serbian leaders, although by no means infallible and at times dangerously indecisive and lacking in readiness for total sacrifice, did at least persevere and fight the battle (and later the war) to a successful conclusion. And even though there is serious opposition

to both the war and the existing social conditions in the persons of the politician Vukašin Katić and the student Bogdan Dragović, both men are capable of rising above their disapproval: Katić sends his only son to fight in the most crucial battle, while Bogdan almost makes the ultimate sacrifice. Thus the Serbs are fortunate in neutralizing the deadliest of all enemies – the enemy within.

Because *August 1914* and *The Time of Death* deal with matters that to a large extent concern factual events and demand a historical perspective, understandably neither Solzhenitzyn nor Ćosić can avoid concentrating on these matters. However, the purely literary aspects are not neglected. On the contrary, both authors strove to create literary masterpieces.

Solzhenitsyn has been perhaps less successful in so far as *August 1914* is generally considered not to be his best work, while with Ćosić's novel that is, so far, unquestionably the case. But since both novels are parts of a whole yet to be completed, it would be unfair to judge them on their own. There are other literary aspects, however, that can already be assessed. *August 1914* has more of a documentary nature than *The Time of Death*. For example, Solzhenitsyn uses pages of excerpts from newspapers, conjuring up the atmosphere of the period and shedding some light on the reasons for the characters' behavior. Documentary material in *The Time of Death* is presented mainly through the use of historical personalities, geographical names, and telegrams sent back and forth by government officials. Ćosić has made a strenuous effort to recreate the historical events by researching documents, but in the last analysis his novel, like *August 1914*, is an attempt to depict history in artistic form.

Further comparison of literary aspects yields interesting similarities and differences. *August 1914* is more experimental – a pleasant surprise, for Solzhenitsyn is often branded as being little more than a nineteenth century realist. Ćosić has moved in the opposite direction in that he has abandoned the experimentation of his earlier novels, such as *Roots (Koreni)*. The characterization is much stronger in *The Time of Death*. Solzhenitsyn seems to be

interested in his characters primarily as conveyors of ideas and attitudes, whereas Ćosić's characters are full-blooded individuals who frequently act in ways contrary to what is expected of them. Finally, *August 1914* is more noticeably a part of a larger whole, while *The Time of Death* is a better-rounded unit that can stand on its own. Some characters and scenes were created by Solzhenitsyn with an eye to the subsequent volumes; often dangling in limbo, they are only tenuously connected with the main body of the novel. In Ćosić's novel, although some characters from his earlier novels reappear and will appear in the future volumes, they can be viewed as independent individuals. Evidently Solzhenitsyn is primarily interested in creating an epic about the First World War (and, eventually, the Revolution). Ćosić, on the other hand, is bent upon creating a series of novels that are bound together by the analysis of men at war, to which he has devoted his entire writing career.

Both writers include battle scenes, yet they seem to be interested less in the sheer description of them than they are in the effect of war on their characters. In this connection, the attitudes of both writers toward war show subtle similarities. Unquestionably, both abhor war, without being pacifists at all costs, especially in the light of the unspeakable atrocities committed in the name of high-sounding principles. Both write as though convinced of the justification for this war, especially Ćosić. In view of the fact that he later blamed this war for the Revolution, one would expect Solzhenitsyn to be more negative toward the Russian involvement but that is not the case. Although he is somewhat non-committal, the actions of his alter-ego, Vorotyntsev, indicate that he would like to have seen Russia victorious. Ćosić is totally committed to the cause of his nation.

In the last analysis, what remains foremost in the reader's mind, along with the literary excellence of both novels, is the depiction of a fateful period in history, the characters who have acted out those fateful events, and a fervour in the authors' writing. That they have shown differences, along with similarities, is natural, for the authors belong to two distinct literatures, are of varying

backgrounds, and have of necessity dealt with similar subject matter in a different manner. What brings them together more than anything else is the desire to examine the past of their respective nations in order to understand the present better. This, along with the similarity of their subject matter, has led to the spontaneous creation of works of a related nature without mutual influence - a phenomenon that is rare, if not unique, in Russian and Serbian literatures.

IVO ANDRIĆ AND NOVA EVROPA

Zelimir B. Juričić, Victoria, British Columbia

The year 1920 has a three-fold significance in both Andrić's civil and professional careers. Less than a year after joining his country's diplomatic service - in September 1919 - he was transferred to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and, after a brief training period in Belgrade, he was appointed vice-consul in the Royal Yugoslav Consulate in the Vatican. In the next twenty-one years of service in the diplomatic corps of his country (Bucharest, Madrid, Geneva, Brussels, Rome, Trieste, Graz), he rose from the rank of clerk to that of Ambassador. Andrić's diplomatic career ended in November 1941, when, during the Nazi occupation of Yugoslavia, the forty-nine year-old diplomat tendered his resignation and was given permission to leave the service and retire. He never re-entered diplomacy. He devoted the rest of his life to his other career -- writing.

In his literary career, too, the year 1920 is important. It was then that he published 'The Journey of Alija Đerzelez' ('Put Alije Đerzeleza' - henceforth 'The Journey'), his first short story and his first work to be set in Bosnia, where the author was born and attended school, and which he subsequently used as a setting for many of his short stories and novels. More importantly, 'The Journey' characterized Andrić's definite shift away from the highly subjective and lyrical tone of his early writings - i.e. the two volumes of lyrical prose (*Ex Ponto*, 1918, and *Nemiri* [*Disquiet*], 1920), and a number of poetic pieces - to harsh, realistic expression through the medium of his characters. 'The Journey' is thus an important 'literary border marker' in Andrić's total creative output: in the period before it one may speak of Andrić the poet, and after it, of Andrić the short-story writer and novelist. And it was in these two

¹ Poštovani gospodine, Hitam da Vam potvrdim da sam primio Vas poziv na suradnju. Vaše ime, kao i imena ostale gospode, od kojih mnoge i lično poznajem, svedoče mi da će list koji pokrećete biti i vredan i solidan. Sa moje strane ću

genres that he subsequently established himself as a major Yugoslav writer and attained international importance.

The year 1920 is also important in Andrić's journalistic career: it marks the beginning of his five year association with the literary-political journal *Nova Evropa*. Based on his hitherto unpublished correspondence with Milan Ćurčin, the editor of this Croatian magazine, it is the intention here to bring to light one of Andrić's lesser known activities, which he quite actively pursued in the early part of his diplomatic and literary career - that of a journalist.

Nova Evropa began publication in September 1920 in Zagreb, under the editorship of its owner Milan Ćurčin, quasi-politician and writer, an old acquaintance of Andrić's. Patterned on the English historian R.W. Seton-Watson's magazine *The New Europe*, the Zagreb quarterly propagated unity, tolerance, and mutual respect towards all Yugoslav peoples, and peaceful solutions to the internal strife which the young nation faced after the proclamation of the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes in December 1918. (Ćurčin and Seton-Watson corresponded for over fifteen years, from 1921, concerning questions pertaining to the dissolution of the Dual Monarchy and the emergence of a new order in Central and South-Eastern Europe, and on internal questions facing the newly created union of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes¹.) Reflecting the national political reality and the mood of socio-political sensitivity, *Nova Evropa* published in both the Cyrillic and Latin scripts and, unlike any other national periodical, managed to attract, particularly in the early years of its existence, a great many contributors, from both home and abroad: politicians - progressive and conservative - literary critics, philosophers, writers - young and old - of different political persuasions, ethnic backgrounds, religious affiliations and beliefs (M. Pijade, M. Krleža, M. Begović, M. Crnjanski, J. Kosor, A.

Unless otherwise indicated all translations are mine. Ž.B.J. indicates documents in the possession of the author.

¹R.W. Seton-Watson and the Yugoslavs. *Correspondence 1906-1941*, London-Zagreb, British Academy-University of Zagreb, 1976, II, *passim*.

Šantić, I Vojnović, A. Dobronić, A. Trumbić, R.W. Seton-Watson, E. Collings, F. Jones, J. Nagi, J. Lavery). The journal ran regular features on new developments in European literature as well as on politics, economics and the arts. It was predominantly through *Nova Evropa* that the Croats became acquainted with such prominent foreign writers as Sainte-Beuve, D'Annunzio, Gorky, Nietzsche, Pascoli, Marinetti, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy.

In contact with trends prevalent in European literatures at the time: Decadence, Individualism, Impressionism, Futurism, Symbolism, Croatian literature too became richer both in content and in form. As they acquainted themselves with the works of European writers either in the original, or in translation, and with reports from foreign correspondents of such journals as *Nova Evropa*, the Croatian modernists strove to assimilate in their works the features of form and subject-matter prevalent in European literatures of the time. In the early twenties, in a small way, Andrić too contributed to the literary fermentation in Croatia with his reports from Italy, where he was serving as a diplomat and, briefly, as a literary reporter for *Nova Evropa*. His association with the journal began with a letter from Ćurčin who, in his search for qualified reporters for his proposed journal, turned to Andrić, then stationed in Rome, with a job offer. Andrić responded:

Dear Sir, I hasten to acknowledge that I have received your invitation to work with you. Your name, like the names of the other gentlemen [*Co-editors Laza Popović and Marko Kostrenčić, among others, Ž.B.J.*] of whom I know many personally, indicates that the publication you are starting will be valuable and reliable. For my part, I will try to send you a literary piece as soon as I can. I will be grateful for the issues you promised me. With best wishes,

Yours sincerely, Ivo Andrić.

Rome, 5.ix.1920. ¹ [Ž.B.J.]

In the event, Andrić's poor health, aggravated by the unfavourable climate of his new surroundings, his diplomatic obligations and, above all, his preoccupation with the proofs and eventual publication of *Nemiri* and 'The Journey', which the publishers (Cvijanović in Belgrade and S. Kugli in Zagreb) kept delaying, put him in no mood to initiate any new work, however undemanding¹. Despite his good intentions, he could not find time to contribute anything to *Nova Evropa* in 1920. He was pleased, however, when, in the following year, favourable reviews of his three books appeared in it. Branimir Livadić, in his two-page review, referred to Andrić as an 'outstanding literary figure, a cultural phenomenon, whose works are permeated with deep human observations and sensibility.'² Pleased with the way his works had been treated by some of the most respected Croatian and Serbian literary critics, Andrić requested Zdenka Marković, his Zagreb friend and literary collaborator, to send him these reviews, for they were a long time in coming by diplomatic bag: 'Is it true that someone in *Nova Evropa* is writing about me? If it is interesting and of any value, could you send me that issue? But don't take too much trouble because you know that I do not take such writings too much to heart.'³ A prominent Serbian critic, Milan Bogdanović, evaluated Andrić's *Nemiri*, in *Svetski pregled*, as a 'masterpiece of contemporary literature', and predicted a great future for the young writer in other genres too.⁴

gledati da Vam, što god mi pre moguće bude, pošaljem književni prilog. Biću blagodaran za obećane brojeve. Pozdravlja Vas i poštuje Ivo Andrić.

¹ See Ž.B. Juričić, ed. and tr., *Ivo Andrić, Letters*, Serbian Heritage Academy, Toronto, 1984, *passim*.

² Branimir Livadić, 'Knjige Ive Andrića', *Nova Evropa*, Zagreb, 1921, II, 3, pp.115-116.

³ *Letters*, p. 73.

⁴ Milan Bogdanović, 'Ivo Andrić, *Nemiri*', *Svetski Pregled*, Beograd, 1921, I, 2, p.11.

By late 1921, Andrić's health had improved considerably and he was in good spirits and frame of mind. Crnjanski paid him a visit in Italy in June. In August he spent a restful month in Bosnia, which had the effect of an elixir on his health. In September he initiated negotiations with his Belgrade publisher for the second edition of 'The Journey' and, most importantly, submitted for publication 'Ćorkan and the German Girl' ('Ćorkan i Švabica'), another story with a Bosnian theme 'which has been bothering me for a long time.'¹ Physically refreshed, he abandoned his sheltered life in the consulate and began to nourish himself culturally as well: 'I spent three good days in the wild and precipitous mountains of the Abruzzi. I visited all the hermits' caves and all the monasteries. I saw many things - beautiful, wonderful and funny. After that I went to Ostia by the sea. I saw ruins of Roman houses, temples and theatres, and having seen all that, went swimming and then fled for fear of malaria. Now I am back here.'² Upon his return to Rome, he felt obliged to fulfill the promise he had made to *Nova Evropa*, and to contribute something to the journal's next issue. With nothing of substance at hand, he contacted Zdenka Marković again: 'I have a request: I sent an open letter to *Njiva* [Andrić's review article 'Pismo iz Rima' on Dragutin Prohaska's book *Pregled hrvatskosrpske književnosti* (Survey of Serbo-Croatian Literature) appeared in the October issue of *Jugoslavenska Njiva*, the Zagreb journal, Ž.B.J.]. Please let me know whether it was published. If it wasn't, please go and get it from *Njiva* and take it to *Nova Evropa* because I want it to be printed and I don't care where.'³ His article had been accepted by *Njiva*, however, so he was obliged to write a new piece for *Nova Evropa*. Entitled 'Theatre of Surprise' ('Pozorište iznenađenja'), it arrived in the journal's Zagreb office in October 1921.

¹ *Letters*, p. 73.

² *ibid*, p. 85.

³ *ibid*, p. 79.

'Theatre of Surprise' is a beautifully written account of F. Marinetti's theatrical performance of the same title, which Andrić attended in the Salone Margherita, a variety theatre of questionable reputation, in a shady part of Rome. According to Andrić, the performance was true to Marinetti's principle of *teatro sintetico*, the new, futuristic variety theatre which denounced all contemporary dramatic forms, from farce to tragedy. Performances were short, lasting from a few seconds to several minutes. Throughout, there were few or no actors on a stage which was crowded with objects. There was little or no text. The public was invited to, and did, actively participate in the action by either singing with the orchestra - musicians sat with the spectators in boxes or galleries - and/or by 'showering' the actors with unexpected quips, offensive dialogue and, frequently, rotten potatoes, tomatoes, carrots and other such projectiles. 'Marinetti himself arranged the sale of rotten vegetables, in front of the theatre, before the performance.'¹ Shouting 'Monkeys! Swindlers! Pick-pockets! Junkies! Scoundrels!'², the audience expressed their pleasure by bombarding with empty paper cups, paper plates and garden produce the five futurist painters who came on to the stage, accompanied by Marinetti. Overwhelmed by the 'rotten' reception, the brave futurist quintet retreated in a cowardly manner behind the scenery, shielding themselves with their paintings. The crowd enjoyed it immensely: some were dancing in the aisles, or on their seats, others were lying on the floor, rolling with laughter. The osmosis of art and life was complete: 'Futurism was at its peak.'³ Then the police were called in, for the spectacle was beginning to get out of control. Some spectators were arrested. Others, including Marinetti and Andrić, managed to leave the theatre

¹ Ivo Andrić, 'Pozorište iznenađenja', *Nova Evropa*, Zagreb, 1921, vol. 3, no. 10, p. 319.

² *ibid.*

³ *ibid.*

unimpeded. 'E rompere - botoni a quel' pover' uomo!'¹ were the last words echoing in Andrić's ears as he quietly made his way home through the dimly-lit and empty side-streets of Rome. His first direct encounter with *teatro sintetico*, Marinetti's prostitution of classical art upon the stage, had come to an abrupt end. So, too, did his active collaboration with *Nova Evropa*: at the end of October he was transferred from Rome to the Royal Yugoslav Consulate in Bucharest. Despite his good intentions, he never again published in this popular Croatian magazine.

Andrić spent a very productive year in the Romanian capital: he wrote poetry, prepared the second edition of 'The Journey' for publication and described his personal life as 'living in a hotel, eating in the restaurant, writing stories, "getting upset" in the consulate, reading newspapers and books a lot and being interested in everything. Add to this personal troubles and affairs and you have a picture of my condition.'² Publishing sporadically during this time in such varied journals as *Njiva*, *Misao*, and *Sprski književni glasnik*, Andrić did not revive his ties with *Nova Evropa* until May, 1923, when he received a letter from the editor-in-chief, asking him to participate in the special June edition of the journal commemorating the seventieth year since the death of the Serbian poet Branko Radičević. Such notables, wrote Ćurčin, as J. Jeremić, B. Lazarević, B. Livadić, V. Nazor, T. Ostojić, L. Popović and A. Šantić among others, had already promised to contribute to the special issue. Andrić expressed interest:

Dear Sir, Thank you for remembering me and for the greetings. I have not notified the editorial office of *N.E.* about my change of address because they stopped sending me their publication four to five months before [*emphasis Andrić's, Ž.B.J.*] I left Bucharest. I would be very willing to write for this number of *N.E.* Also, I would like to know if the article has to be about Radičević, or could it be an original poem or prose piece? This was not clear from your

¹ *ibid.*

² *Letters*, p.87.

letter. Please let me know as soon as possible about this. The first would be more difficult for me, in the second instance I could possibly find something. In any case I shall see that I send you something. Did *N.E.* publish something lately about our national political crisis? I would be very interested in this. Looking forward to hearing from you,

Yours sincerely, Ivo Andrić.

Please extend my greetings to Mr. L. Popović.

Graz, 9.v.1923, Schubertstrasse, 16.¹ [Ž.B.J.]

It soon became obvious that, however sincere, Andrić could not fulfill his promise to Ćurčin. Increased work in the consulate began to affect his health again: 'I've been working a good deal of late. I was feeling quite poorly for a while, and had to spend a few days in bed.'² In addition, he wrote that his Belgrade publisher, Cvijanović, 'is pushing me to publish stories. I'll try to finish that collection in the summer.'³ There were also other commitments, many of long standing, which needed to be honoured: to *Jugoslavenska Njiva* he sent a short travelogue, 'Through Austria' ('Kroz Austriju'), and the short story 'Love in a country town' ('Ljubav u kasabi'), and to *Srpski Književni Glasnik*, his two other stories on Bosnian themes, 'Mustafa the Magyar' ('Mustafa Madžar') and 'At the Monastery Inn' ('U Musafirhani'). He had no readily available material to send to *Nova Evropa*, nor the time to write something new. He so informed Ćurčin at the end of May, 1923:

¹ Dragi gospodine, hvala Vam na sećanju i pozdravima. Promenu adrese nisam upravi N.E. javio s prostog razloga što mi je najmanje 4-5 meseci pre mog odlaska iz Bukurešta prestala slati list. Vrlo bih rado surađivao baš u tom broju N.E., samo bih hteo da znam mora li prilog biti o Radičeviću ili može biti originalna pesma ili proza. To ne razabirem iz Vašeg pisma, pa Vas molim da me o tome hitno, kartom izvestite. U prvom slučaju, naime, bilo bi mi malo poteže, dok bi u drugom već našao nešto. U svakom slučaju gledaću da Vam štogod pošaljem. Da li je N.E. u poslednje vreme donela štogod o našoj nacionalnoj političkoj krizi? To bi me mnogo interesovalo. Očekujući Vaše vesti pozdravlja Vas srdačno,

Ivo Andrić

Molim da pozdravite g. L. Popovića.

² *Letters*, pp. 93-94.

³ *ibid.*

Dear Sir, I regret to inform you that it is impossible for me to send you an article for the B. Radičević number. Warmest greetings to you and Dr. Popović,

Sincerely, Ivo Andrić.

31.v. 23¹ [Ž.B.J.]

Then, at the end of the year, just as he was beginning to settle into his diplomatic post in Graz, and his writing was gaining recognition, a new Yugoslav government regulation interrupted his life and career: he suddenly found himself unemployed. Still an 'ungraduated student of Slavic Studies'², Andrić became directly affected by the regulation concerning the qualifications of civil service personnel which stated, in part, that only persons with recognized university degrees would be permitted to continue to occupy important positions in the Kingdom's civil service, particularly in the diplomatic service abroad. Insufficiently qualified for the post of vice-consul he was then occupying in the consulate in Graz, Andrić was asked to leave the service. 'Thus I left the service for a time. The law had to be obeyed.'³ In the winter of 1923 he enrolled at the University of Graz in order to complete his doctoral studies. While studying, he was permitted to stay on as a temporary worker in the consulate. Having thus settled his working status and, with it, his financial situation, he then turned his full attention to the completion of his studies, which included writing a doctoral dissertation, passing two very rigorous examinations, and finishing the required course work.⁴ Andrić had little time for

¹ Dragi gospodine, Žalim što Vam moram javiti da mi je nemoguće poslati Vam nameravani prilog za broj B. Radičevića. Najsrdačnije Vas pozdravlja zajedno sa gospodinom doktorom Popovićem. Iskreno Ivo Andrić.

² Miroslav Karaulac, *Rani Andrić*, Beograd, Prosveta, 1980, p.170.

³ Kosta Dimitrijević, *Razgovori i čutanja Ive Andrića*, Beograd, Kultura, 1976, p. 92.

⁴ For details, see Želimir B. Juričić, *The Man and the Artist: Essays on Ivo Andrić*, Lanham-New York, University Press of America, 1985, pp. 17-37.

other work apart from his studies, which he completed in less than a year. He curtailed his writing and journalistic activities completely. At the beginning of the winter semester 1923 he informed Ćurčin of his intention of temporarily severing his association with *Nova Evropa*:

Dear Sir, First of all, please forgive me for not answering your first card right away. I am truly sorry that I am not able to contribute to Branko's issue of *N.E.* I do not have any finished works; the ones I finished last summer I had to give to *Njiva* or to *Glasnik* to fulfill obligations made long ago. I have some verses; I have examined them and found them unsuitable for the proposed issue. To contribute just anything, would benefit neither you nor me. I beg you again to forgive me for not replying sooner. At the first opportunity I shall certainly send you a bit of prose for some other issue of *N.E.*

Sincerest regards, Ivo Andrić.

Graz, 14. x. 1923 ¹ [Ž.B.J.]

Andrić never kept his promise made to Ćurčin to endeavour to contribute to his journal in the future. He never again published in *Nova Evropa*. It is not known whether the four letters cited here comprise the entire Andrić-Ćurčin correspondence and, why, whilst continuing to publish in such varied Serbian, Croatian and Bosnian journals as *Njiva*, *Srpski Književni Glasnik*, *Misao*, *Vardar*, *Putevi*, *Narod*, *Kritika*, he found it unimportant to continue cooperating with *Nova Evropa*. This popular Croatian journal folded in 1941, the same year Andrić resigned from the civil service and devoted himself full time to his writing.

¹ Dragi gospodine, Pre svega Vas molim da mi oprosite da nisam odmah odgovorio na Vašu prvu kartu. Meni je uistinu žao da u Brankovu broju *N.E.* neću moći učestvovati. Nemam gotovih radova: one koje sam letos svršio morao sam ustupiti *Njivi* i *Glasniku* da ispunim davno preuzete, a neispunjene obaveze. Imam nešto stihova: pregledao sam ih sve i našao da ne bi nikako mogli poslužiti za taj broj; a da se rdavo prikažem ne bi koristilo ni Vama ni meni. Molim Vas i opet da me izvinite što Vam nisam pre odgovorio i verujte da ću Vam prvom prilikom poslati nešto proze za koji drugi broj *N.E.* Pozdravlja Vas i poštuje Ivo Andrić.

OLD LUMBER, NEW HOUSE: ANDRIĆ AS COLLECTOR

John Loud, Texas Christian University

Andrić's last stories were published posthumously as a collection entitled *Kuća na osami* (*The House On Its Own*, 1976). The two-storied edifice in question, said to have been built in 1887 on Alifakovac Street in Sarajevo, is eclectic in both structure and décor, planned to be Austrian yet wanting still to be Ottoman, as its temporary occupant puts it. It is comfortable withal and at ease with itself, modest and unobtrusive - a "house apart" - tranquil and conducive to work. The possibility of some lexical if not topographic equation, like man like house, readily suggests itself to readers of Andrić in view of his lifelong concern for Bosnia and her cumulative past, certain traits of personality and preferred habits¹. House and occupant together are the primary axis of integration for the collection. (Its eleven stories are also mortised and tenoned in more concealed ways which will concern us.) When it is mentioned in the introduction that the house looks out from the top of its steep street across the Sarajevo valley, the reader is being furnished with a standard marker: just as any Andrić character is prone to self-loss, vista is the invariable

¹ The distinction between lexical and topographical follows the terminology of Mary Ann Frese Witt in her recent book *Existential Prisons* (Duke UP, 1985), pp. 13-14. An example of the former applicable to Andrić would be, for example, 'Austria - prison of peoples'. By 'topographical' Witt means a concretely represented decor which matches the action, mental or physical. Again - to take an example peculiarly appropriate to a 'house apart' - Poe's house of Usher matches its chief inhabitant and his problems. Roderick, that is, looks like his enclosure: eyes are to face as windows are to house. Andrić's house, as we attempt to show, is similarly a prison enclosure but 'topographically' falls short of Poe's.

concomitant to that state of altered consciousness, usually called 'zanos' ('ecstasy') but actually part of a spectrum of loss implying more than the English term. Vista is always in the picture somewhere. For its sake, Bosnia is the setting of choice. The 'fact' that a number of the stories originate above street level in the first floor parlour, with its Austrian balcony (or would-be Bosnian 'divanhana' - it comes to the same, we are told) and its sense of essentially endless free space beyond, bears witness to the unity of Andrić's vision. It is equally significant from the standpoint of his work as a whole that the stories begin as memories in the mind of the unnamed occupant. To be transported in memory is common for an Andrić character, and this last one proves to be no exception. Since the actors whom he encounters are themselves carried away in one form or another, the 'house apart' is also a frame story on another level than merely that of the reappearing narrator. In any case, his people purport to be 'remembered'¹.

This may happen in two ways. In an oblique search for the thread of his tale which recalls the procedure in 'Jelena, Nonexistent Woman' (1934, 1955 and 1961), at the start of each day the Narrator creates a vacuum of his mind and lies in ambush for a scene or a character

¹ There would seem little to be gained by strictly maintaining the distinction between the author himself and his narrator-writer, as simply another created character prone to transport. Why not call him 'Andrić'? For the reason that he feels he is a separate person, not Andrić, a plea argued more than once in this collection. In deference to his evident wish, and sensing that more than literary convention is involved, we generally speak of 'the Narrator' in this short essay. Furthermore the figure of the collector in 'Životi', who bears comparison to his creator, is a separate persona in a story of his own, sketched whimsy.

Narrative strategy and persona have been analyzed in the article by Vidosava Taranovski Johnson, 'Od pripovetke do ciklusa' (*Savremenik*, XXVI, knj. LI, sv. 6, 1980), where she compares the present collection to the looser cycle *Lica* of 1960. See also her discussion of the structural relationships between individual stories in 'Ivo Andrić's *Kuća na osami*: Memories and Ghosts of the writer's past' (*Fiction and Drama in Eastern Europe*, Slavica, Columbus, Ohio 1980, pp. 239-50). Celia Hawkesworth situates the stories of *Kuća na osami* thematically in Andrić's writing as a whole, including his concern for the mythologizing function of tales: *Ivo Andrić: Bridge between East and West* (The Athlone Press, 1984), p. 115. There is general agreement that whatever else it may be the collection is a summary statement.

'beneath the cupola of the morning as at the bottom of some light-breathing ocean.'¹ Nature abhors a vacuum - in rushes the crowd, into his house as into his mind. Alternatively, characters do not wait to be thus stalked. One may barge into the parlor, another knock politely, still others simply materialize on the sofa. Each, though, enters unbidden the house, the room, the mind. Each insists on having his 'true' story told, his inner history, that which in life had been closed to view, locked away. 'For everything in life demands to be illuminated from all sides.'² And each memory assumes independent existence - the familiar theme of 'san i java', the struggle of inner dream to displace outer reality. But characters are not all that swim into view demanding reconsideration. What seems basically at issue are inchoate memory fragments arising as from an unplumbed well of experience, including not simply things seen but things heard, smelled, even dreamed; whatever has once registered on the senses. This idea, barely touched upon in the introduction, is extensively developed in the next to last story, 'Ljubavi' ('Loves'):

¹ Ivo Andrić, *Sabrana dela*, vol. XV (Beograd, 1976), p. 11. The image recalls its subjective, melancholy antithesis in his first published work, the prose poem 'U sumrak': 'Ali srce je moje tamno jezero, koga ništa ne diže i u kom se niko ne ogleda.' Water imagery was a constant, but how different the uses to which it could be turned! The twin postures of passively waiting or actively stalking had become focused into a context of narrative strategy earlier, as Johnson points out, in the introduction to *Lica*. (Op. cit., p.) These vacuum tactics require the unnamed stalker not to acknowledge his intentions, even to himself, nor to give the object of his search a name. 'I know what will happen. Thinner than the thinnest mist, all this atmosphere of nameless dream will disperse and scatter and I shall find myself back in a known room, the very same person I am on my "identification card" or on the list of house residents, a man with his own "vital statistics" but without any connection to the persons or scenes of the story I was just thinking about...' And the dawning new day will suddenly grow overcast, we are told, and before the story-stalker will yawn 'the intolerable triviality of some existence which bears my name but is not mine and the deadly emptiness of time which suddenly extinguishes all the joy of life and kills us little by little.' The anonymous narrator in Andrić is, then, more than device; we have to do with a taboo. Andrić dare not name himself. And it has to do with 'the joy of life'.

² Ibid., p. 71. 'Jer svaka stvar u životu treba da bude osvetljena sa svih strana'.

It always has been like this, actually, just that on these days, with their summer silence and immense solitude, it happens more often and with more animation. Inside me is going on a continuous settling of accounts - with cities! And not only cities but bare settlements, the very smallest ones. Voices and fragrances around me, signs and appearances in the sky, changes and movements within, patterns of light wrought by my own blood behind closed eyelids, unexpected sensations, even figures and events from dreams - all that ('sve to') can conjure up inside me the images of cities and places where I've stayed, through which I've passed, or which I've seen only from a distance like a sharp silhouette on the far horizon. Not a single city would I dare to say that I have quite managed to forget. They do not appear often, and never many at a time, but I know that within me all are alive and that each, even years afterwards, is capable of endless return to memory, enlarged or diminished, but always transformed like an unexpected, unbelievable apparition. It often tires me out, sometimes torments me too, but I am unable to defend myself and can do nothing in the face of that stubborn game. So it is that cities, streets and houses, or only parts of streets and houses, return to life in my consciousness with new questions or pursuing like some unpaid debt an answer to things I was unable to answer once upon a time. They block my light. All at once I can see nothing of what is here beside me, alive and actual. Only what has arisen from some place or other within me can I see. And they will not get out of my way or budge from my sight. And so, abandoning all my own thoughts and cares, neglecting business, I admit ghosts and conduct discussions with the mist and a fatamorgana of faraway regions and alien destinies.¹

¹ Ibid., pp. 109-110. Summer is the season for apparitions as well in 'Jelena, žena koje nema'. The heightening and prolongation of natural light is often employed metaphorically. In general, light is highly valorized in Andrić. Orientation to the westering sun, for example, is prominent in the early stories and meditative prose-poetry, like *vista* part of the standard topography of *zanos*.

The late Julio Cortazar, writing on *The Short Story and Its Environs*, has described the same phenomenon (under the rubric of a line from Pablo Neruda, 'my creatures are born of a long denial') in terms of his own experience as a writer of, especially, fantastic stories. 'Writing is a kind of exorcism, casting off invading creatures by projecting them into universal existence, keeping them on the other side of the bridge ...' Such stories are 'products of neurosis, nightmares or hallucinations neutralised through objectification ... as if the author, wanting to rid himself of his creature as soon and as absolutely as possible, exorcises it the only way he can: by writing it.' Such a story (he cites Poe) 'is the product of a trancelike condition ... what the French call "a second state".' Noting that Poe never did analyse what drove him, the Argentine writer complains of the lack of literary precedent to help him comprehend this process of sudden 'chain-reaction' liberation, as he calls it. He goes on to depict himself, again recalling Andrić, as 'a relatively happy and unremarkable man, caught up in the same trivialities and trips to the dentist as any inhabitant of a large city, who ... stops being him-and-his-circumstances and, for no reason, without warning, without the warning aura of epileptics, ... he is a story ...' ¹

Cortazar's repeated emphasis on 'invading creatures' and 'writing as exorcism' is of interest, for the Narrator presents himself as a man similarly beset. Only by courtesy are his people guests in the mind (the house) of the host; they are ghosts to be beaten off like dream apparitions - exorcised by writing them down. Perhaps the notion of illuminating them from all sides is but to rationalise a primordial act. However that may be, we now change the terms of Andrić's prison settings. Prison enclosure in Andrić is protean in its diversity, and nothing if not ubiquitous. Real prisons are conspicuous (*Devil's Yard*), but in fact any enclosure is a candidate for a prison reading. The prison theme is typically represented 'topographically,' from physical

¹ Julio Cortazar, *Around the Day in Eighty Worlds*, trans. Thomas Christensen (North Point Press, San Francisco, 1986), pp. 158 ff. Italics are original.

exile, the inversion of enclosure, to the constraints that are psychologically perceived; from hotel rooms (*Galus*) to bars or night-clubs (*Kriletić*); from the Bosnian 'kasaba' (*Ćorkan*) to the modern city (*Rajka Radaković*).¹ By signifying the human condition in this way, Andrić shares the existentialist tradition generally. What is peculiarly Andrićevan, apart from the struggle for reality ('san i java') and the theme of two worlds, is the prison dream. For enclosure may be written with a plus sign. Unlike so many of the human protagonists we see in Andrić, he and his temporary, summer abode on steep Alifakovac are secluded but not banished. Like Henry Beston's 'outermost' house on the Nauset dunes overlooking the North Atlantic, the Narrator's 'house apart,' with its own vista, is a privileged space, a space for dreaming.²

Bachelard has taught us the domiciliary value of houses, the phenomenology of the inhabited shell. The house in Sarajevo is of course a house of dream-memory, an oneiric house. Disclosure - the prison dream - is contingent upon enclosure in a structure which the narrator, like the snail happily ensconced in its shell, prefers never to leave. Indeed, to pursue our metaphor in the Bachelardian spirit, the house in question is a home built to conform to Andrić's spiritual contours.³ In 1918 the young Andrić wrote out of a real, not imaginary, prison cell, that:

here behind my eyelids - I have only to close my eyes -
lives all life's greatness, all the world's beauty. All
that ever has so much as touched my eyes, lips and
hands, all is alive and bright in my consciousness

¹ Characters are mentioned as familiar examples.

² Henry Beston, *The Outermost House: A Year of Life on the Great Beach of Cape Cod* (Rinehart, New York, 1928 and subsequent reprintings).

³ Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. by Maria Jolas (Beacon Press ed., Boston, 1969) of *La poétique de l'espace*, 1958. Formulations are drawn from chapters one and five ('The House. From Cellar to Garret'; 'Shells').

against the dark backdrop of this suffering. Life's luxury and beauty live indestructibly within me.¹

It was in terms of this double enclosure of cell and skull that the image of 'life's luxury and beauty' would be repeated throughout Andrić's work; even the phrase itself recurs. Toma Galus, one of Andrić's aliases, in a 1926 story with strong biographic underpinnings, has a zanos vision of "the earth's entire richness and total breadth" while lying with closed eyes in a sealed room.² Although the hero's ecstatic insight is characterised as a convulsive seizure, true to Andrić's method of psychological realism, it is nonetheless conditioned by clausturation in a cellular bonding. Ecstasy does not arise

¹ *Sabrana dela*, vol. XI, pp. 13-14. This seminal passage is from *Ex Ponto* (1918), Andrić's first extensive writing and the original source for his zanos imagery. Here we have an implied vista with totality. Cf. the Romantic (Wordsworthian) image of 'all the world in a flower'. The original reads as follows: 'Ali tu za mojim vjedama - sklopim li samo oči - živi sva veličina života i sva ljepota svijeta. Sve što je ikad samo taklo oči, usne i ruke moje sve je u mojoj svijesti živo i svijetlo na tamnoj pozadini ove patnje. Raskoš i ljepota života žive neuništivo u meni.'

The very terms of the image are reused in 'Ljubavi' more than fifty years later, in the passage quoted previously: patterns on the interior surfaces of closed eyelids. One may note too the relatively high incidence (four times) in the latter of the 'u meni' (in or within me) phrase with which this excerpt concludes, not counting 'oko mene' (twice), 'u mojoj svesti', 'iz mene'. Such phrases are of course to be expected in a writer who focuses on the sensory phenomena of ecstasy. We draw attention to Andrić's poetic orientation to the body as to a rich enclosure. To quote Bachelard once again: 'If we return to the old home as to a nest, it is because memories are dreams, because the old home of other days has become a great image of lost intimacy.' (Bachelard, p. 100.)

² 'Zanos i stradanje Tome Galusa', in Andrić, *Sabrana dela* (Beograd 1963), vol. X, p. 16. First published only in 1931, this work had actually been written in 1926, according to Vera Stojić, secretary of the Andrić Foundation. See the unpublished Harvard dissertation by Vidosava Taranovsky Johnson, for a complete list. The Galus story is a reworking of his autobiographic 'Prvi dan u Splitskoj tamnici' (*Vardar, kalendar za prostu godinu 1925*, pp. 68-70), as comparison of the two pieces will readily show. Andrić retold the harrowing experience of his 1914 arrest, then, as a tenth-year commemorative - indeed, its subtitle reads 'pre deset godina', to be followed within two years by the fictional account.

The original passage reads: 'U tom trenutku oseti bogatstvo i širinu sveta. I to odjednom celo bogatstvo i svu širinu sveta.' Italics original.

despite confinement, rather confinement is its enabling condition. Prison dreams need prisons.

Andrić's last secluded house, like the Maribor of 1914 or the holding pen of Istanbul, is once again a communal prison, only an imaginary one. It swarms with importunate visitors like uninvited cellmates, but paradoxically this prison takes the form of the monastic cell. This prisoner chooses to immure himself for enlightenment's sake. Here the aging Nobel laureate seeks to resurrect (not for the first time) that 'raskoš i širina sveta' ('the world's luxury and breadth') which he was vouchsafed as a young man in Maribor, the same created world inscribed on the eyelids. 'My over-populated memory', as he says of it with humour in his last story, 'Zuja'.¹ 'Ljubavi', the next to last, with its dozen categories of remembered places and events, forms a panoramic vista of 'sve', everything: sve, sve', and again 'sve', in the familiar rhetoric of *zanos*.² Condensed to one word, it is the generalization of the writer's inner, spiritual odyssey, from the 'svetlosne šare moje rođene krvi iza sklopljenih očnih kapaka' onward. The circle is complete. In 1972 he returns to an important theme from his first work, that of escape into the self. *Kuća na osami* is indeed a valedictory, 'ave atque vale', new house - old lumber.

This theme, the house-behind-eyelids, culminates in the third to last story, 'Životi', perhaps the most personal and moving of the eleven.³ Here the house on its own of the general setting in Sarajevo

¹ 'Ova starija žena, koja živi još samo u mom prenaseljenom sećanju...' Andrić, vol. XV (1976 ed.), p 115.

² Ćorkan: 'Svašta ima na svijetu, ni pomisliti se ne može šta sve još može biti. Svašta. Svašta!' 'Ćorkan i Švabica' (1921)

Fra Marko: 'Sve je na toj velikoj božjoj lađi koja putuje... Opet na Tvojoj lađi ima mjesta za sve... Ali vidi: za sve i svakog ima mjesta na ovoj lađi Gospodnjoj... Samo znam da se sve što postoji kreće i putuje, i da sve ide ka spasenju.' 'U musafirhani' (1923).

³ At such moments as the conclusion of 'Životi', when the narrator on the ferry and the Collector on the wharf move apart, at the same time mystically exchanging knowledge and identities, the tone intensifies markedly in these stories. The reader of

is replicated in another house, also stated to be on its own ('na osami'), on the Italian coast near Genoa. True to the Narrator's affliction of total recall, it is a memory fragment that refuses oblivion, a mere speck on the coast, once visited, never forgotten. (Andrić's first diplomatic station was Rome.)

Our new specimen of the species 'house' is inhabited by an aging man in his sixties, locally called professor, who three decades earlier deliberately chose to abandon a promising teaching career because he foresaw (we are told) that it would lead to madness. Instead he chose to follow the path of an eccentric but friendly recluse and collector ('skupljač') of curiosities. 'Životi' alludes in part to the two lives of the Collector, the actual and the potential. More than textual identity is meant by 'replication' of the houses, however. The Genoese house apart is full ('pun') to the point of bursting, stuffed with all manner of objects, a veritable Kunstkammer gathered from a lifetime of travelling and collecting here, there, and everywhere around Europe, Africa and Asia.¹ The collection's random nature is important, analogous both to the mind of the Narrator as presented and to his hybrid house. Like the Narrator, the Collector is beset by intruder guests, tourists to whom he never reveals all that he really thinks but to

Andrić is then carried back to the sustained lyricism and elegaic nostalgia of a 'Jelena, žena koje nema' ('Jelena, Non-existent Woman', 1934, completed 1956) and others in the series of confessional, quasi-poetic pieces which derive from *Ex Ponto* in 1918: 'Prvi dan u radosnom gradu', for example, 'Leteći nad morem', 'Predeli'. Perhaps for this reason more than any other, *Kuća na osami* is the landscape of Andrić's imagination and a valedictory summation both in manner and matter, a moriturus, saluto.

¹ Sabrana dela, vol. XV, p. 102. The catalogue of objects, like the catalogue of persons and types in Andrić's first story ('Derzelez u hanu', 1918) and many similar catalogues in the intervening decades, is Whitmanesque in style and possibly also in intent or function. The adjective 'pun' (and others from the same word nest, e.g. the verb 'ispuniti') is linked to the rising and filling sensations of transport or ecstasy and for that reason is particularly prominent throughout Andrić. These belong to an identifiable cluster of *zanos* terms. For documentation see the present writer's dissertation (Harvard 1971) on *zanos* in early Andrić. Crowding-in-prison seems to be a prison topos in literary representations of claustration. Hugo's 'Le dernier jour d'un condamné' and Dostoevsky's 'Zapiski iz mertvogo doma' may serve as ready examples.

whom he listens and before whom, one and all, he wears a courteous, dare we say, Andrićevan mask. Like Andrić his 'dark beauty' of old Bosnia, the Collector guards, preserves and renews his museum as a kind of sacred legacy, telling to all comers the story behind each object. The Collector is, in short, the Narrator's double. 'Lives' also carries this implication.

That which truly legitimises the comparison, however, is creative story-telling in prison. For the Collector, like the Narrator his alter-ego, lives in that self-chosen confinement which alone enables 'pričanje' and saves his sanity. It is one of the commonplaces of prison literature, and not only belles lettres. To take only the most recent published example, Anatoly Shcharansky kept his sanity in the prison cells of the GULag, he tells us, by engaging 'familiar strangers' in conversation:

And I found out that this new time scale, the silent space, was much better suited for conversations with 'familiar strangers' – Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Virgil, Cervantes, Rabelais and many others... ..

.....

For many months, day after day, I was preoccupied with those dreadful mental gymnastics, all the while faithfully repeating to my inner self hundreds of times that white is white and black is black. And so, gradually my memory proceeded to take me back to my past. I recalled each one of my friends and all of them together, and many other things, all with the purpose of achieving the one goal which remained clearly before my eyes: to keep myself fixed in that same constellation of relationships of which I was part in previous years. I was compelled to summon up everything within me to achieve this objective – all that was stored within my soul and within easy reach: pictures from my past, thoughts concerning history and tradition, the Hebrew language and books that I read, all that remained in my memory from my preoccupation

with mathematics and chess, even visits to the theatre, and, of course, the ability to laugh... ¹

The parallel with Andrić, Narrator and Collector, is striking. Given the prison setting, one expects to find prison topoi; how they are handled makes the difference, and Andrić was a virtuoso in finding different ways of saying the same thing while concealing his tracks. T. S. Eliot once said of literary indebtedness that 'immature poets imitate; mature poets steal; bad poets deface what they take, and good poets make it into something better, or at least something different.'² One concomitant of the prison dream in Andrić, which is that 'something different', is the image of repletion. Psychologised, it is the sensation of rising and filling so characteristic of the onset of *zanos*; topographically, it is the crowded cell. Fra Petar, one of a half-dozen Franciscan monks in Andrić, is a case in point. In addition to his main appearance in *Prokleta avlija* Fra Petar occurs in three stories around the midpoint of Andrić's career where he is perhaps less a character in his own right than a framing device, the teller of tales - like the narrator of *Kuća na osami*, in fact. In 'Čaša' ('The Goblet', 1937), his monkish cell is an extension of its denizen, collector of tools and tales. It is stuffed to overflowing with the collected 'rubbish' of a lifetime, as it is also filled (significantly in Andrić, and he makes a point of it) with the afternoon sunlight. As Fra Petar lies in bed paralysed, he continues to repair all sorts of metal tools, firearms and above all, clocks. Ruddy of complexion, cheerful of face, Fra Petar loves to tell good stories to visitors. Relevant to the argument developed here is that his visitors come to him, to his cell, his 'house apart'. Relevant too is that everything be essentially within reach, as from the hospital bed. Thus the Collector.

¹ Letter fragments quoted from the translation by Martin Gilbert in Shcharansky: *Hero of Our Time* (Viking, 1986), pp. 380, 399-400. Emphasis added.

² In his essay 'Philip Massinger', 1920.

The topos of the 'stuffed room' first arose in the pocket biography Andrić wrote in 1919 for the quarterly *Književni jug* to mark the centenary of Walt Whitman's birth. When he came to our poet's long decline in the 1880s at his little house on Mickle Street in Camden, New Jersey, he wrote that Whitman never again rose from his bed; that he was tied down to a little room 'which he liked to compare to a cabin on a ship', and which was stuffed to overflowing with books, letters and newspapers; that despite all, Whitman was rarely blue ('tužno') "because he found life to be so full of pleasant changes and delights to which there was no end"; and that in his last years he loved champagne and conversations. Here on Mickle Street Whitman corresponded with friends and followers in his own country, Canada and England, and brought to completion *Leaves of Grass* in its last edition during his lifetime, the so-called deathbed edition. Here he received disciples who recorded his anecdotes and thoughts for later publication.¹

For his Whitman essay Andrić had read the early biography by the English biographer Henry Bryan Binns. The one is a close paraphrase of the other, in fact, and thereby hangs a tale. Upon inspection Andrić's paraphrase turns out to be so close that it permits us to see what he left out and what he added to this, apparently his sole source. He was wrong in saying that Whitman never rose again from his bed. He was wrong in saying that Whitman was tied down to a little bedroom ('vezan u sobu') – actually it was a big, three-windowed, upper story room. He was wrong when he wrote that Whitman liked to compare his room to a cabin on a ship, for at this point Binns wrote only that 'he liked to think and speak of the room as his den or cabin.'² But Andrić

¹ *Književni jug*, IV, 2-3 (1 August 1919), pp. 53-54.

² Henry Bryan Binns, *A Life of Walt Whitman* (Haskell House Publ., 1969). Reprint of the 1905 edition. Binns: 'He seems to have enjoyed this native disorder, for in the big, square, three-windowed upper room they occupied not only the shelves and chairs and table but the floor itself. . . the whole room filled with an indescribable confusion of scraps of paper scrawled over with his big writing, with newspapers, letters and books. . . he liked to think and speak of the room as his den or cabin; it was his own place, and bustling with his own affairs.' (P. 318)

was familiar (through Binns) with Whitman's poem 'In Cabin'd Ships at Sea', and the link between the sea, the Adriatic Sea, and all Andrić's work is a vital one. Not for nothing does 'Životi' culminate in a zanos vision on board the boat which, rocking in the water, bears the Narrator away from the Collector, as it turns in the harbor and heads out into the Gulf of Genoa.

These minor discrepancies are indeed telltale. They afford us a glimpse into the very test tube of creation, rare for Andrić. The image of a 'poet' confined to a cramped and crowded 'prison' room while creatively alive is unmistakably an antecedent of the narrator, Fra Petar. The picture Andrić had formed of Walt Whitman, bed-ridden (as he wanted to think of him), paralysed (he was only semi-paralysed until the very end, and Andrić knew that), but cheerfully telling stories, stayed with him.

But while the errors do tell a tale, they tell only half of it; the flower only seems to have unfolded from this seed. It is not a question of borrowing but one of theft, a worthier deed. The mind of a great writer works on its reading materials like a filter or sieve, assimilating only those images which fit its predisposition. That is why, we suggest, Andrić made the mistakes he did. He may have carried across from Binns' biography the idea of cheerful imprisonment, imprisonment which knowingly, wisely, indulges in the illusion of escape by telling stories. But the true inner reason for his

Andrić: 'Prešao sedamdesetu, mučen bolešću i vezan uz svoju malu sobu, koja je naličila na kabinu na brodu i bila pretrpana i puna knjiga, pisama i novina jos uvek je "u ž i v a o" u oštrom mirisu drveća, koje je izgaralo u peći i štamparskog crnila sa vlažnih korektura.' Loc. cit. p. 54.

As a further biographical parallel, Andrić had himself stepped into the Mickle Street picture frame when he wrote the first section of *Ex Ponto* in internment.

Early in his term in a real prison cell (Maribor, October 1914-15), the young Andrić was adequately, if not abundantly, supplied with reminders of the world's 'luxury and beauty'. Here is yet another reason why Binns' description would catch his eye a few years later. It was in his cell that, ever aware of the literary precedent, he translated Oscar Wilde's 'Ballad of Reading Gaol', read Russian underground literature as well as the often-cited Kierkegaard, and studied along with his cellmates Italian and English. See Miroslav Karaulac, *Rani Andrić* (Svjetlost, Sarajevo, 1980), pp. 72-73.

'stealing' this idea was that it tallied with a potent commonplace of prison literature, the 'bird in the cage' topos. As Lear said to Cordelia, 'Come, let's away to prison, / We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage.'¹

There are prisons and again there are prisons. No doubt emblematic in *Kuća na osami* is the cage in which the slave girl captured in Herzegovina, in the story immediately preceding 'Lives', squeezes the life out of her skull by pressing it between the bars. (Surely no more willed self-destruction exists in all of Andrić.) But the strand of creative confinement should not be overshadowed. The Collector had 'happily eluded" ('srećno izbegao') his future by incarcerating himself in that isolated seaside museum ('zabačeni muzej kraj mora').

And he had done so freely, of his own accord. Andrić's last words in this story about a lucky exchange of lives are precisely these: 'srećno izbegao'. In *The Charterhouse of Parma*, also at the very end, it will be remembered that Fabrice effects an exchange of the Farnese Tower for the monastic cell – the 'chartreuse' of the Carthusian Order – and will die happy. In such cells ordinary, engaged life with its trips to the dentist is replaced by an enclosed one. Yet Stendhal concluded his novel with the following words:

TO THE HAPPY FEW

That is to say, only the elect know how to love prison. Andrić portrayed himself among their number.

¹ *King Lear*, V:III:8-9. Whitman's downstairs room, incidentally, contained a canary in a cage. Binns drew the obvious parallel: 'There the canary sang its best, as though to be caged in Whitman's house was not confinement after all.' Binns, p. 319. Thus the Collector.

STYLE IN PARTISAN MEMOIR LITERATURE

Krunoslav Pranjić, Zagreb

Two terms need brief definition: first, the term style is not what might be called a 'fixed term', as are for instance: rhyme, verse, stanza. It is rather an equivocal concept, subject to several definitions and may therefore be called a 'term indicator'. The impossibility of a uniform definition does give rise to legitimate scepticism: what kind of scholarship is this if it is unable to define its object? But we are not dealing with natural or technical sciences; we are, after all, in the 'humanities'.

In the narrow sense of the word, style is the quality which belongs to the language itself. For the purpose of this talk*, I prefer to take it in its broader sense: style is not only the choice, not only the ornamentation, semantic intensification, concrete performance of an abstract competence: style is also contributed by the thematic system of the author, as well as by aspects of his *Weltanschauung*.

The second term is, fortunately, less controversial. *Memoirs* are a traditional, specific literary genre. The term *autobiography* is sometimes used as though interchangeable, but the two terms are properly distinguished by the relative emphasis placed on character (autobiography) and on external events in which the author has participated (memoirs). *Memoiristics* is a scholarly discipline which embraces both memoiristic/ autobiographical texts as well as academic discussion of them.

There is a model-base for open questions about memoirs and their nature: are they personal visions of historical truth? Literature or document? Self-justification or - perhaps -

penitence? The mere narration of historical adventures without subjective interpretation, without individually creative components, cannot at all pretend to have literary value, to witness the workings of the imagination. They remain as a supplement to historiographic documentation, no more.

Memoirs have a long tradition, particularly in Croatia, dating back to the sixteenth century. The first Croatian memoir writers wrote in Latin: e.g., Ludovik Crijević Tuberon - Ludovicus Cerva Tubero: 1459-1527, *Commentariorum de rebus, quae temporibus eius in illa Europae parte, quam Pannonii et Turcae eorumque finitimi incolunt, gestae sunt*, Francofurti, 1603. A more recent curiosity is the fact that in the last decades Yugoslav writing has been characterised by a phenomenon which is interesting from a sociological or psychological viewpoint: a prolific production of Partisan war memoirs. My diagnosis would be: this is a factual, fascinating 'epidemia memoiristica'. Former warriors are tirelessly (perhaps 'firelessly') active with their pens (or tape-recorders). Usually, when speaking about literature, the economic or industrial term *production* may be felt to be indecent, inappropriate, derogatory. But, in view of the fact that memoirs of this kind are numerous indeed - in books, journals, newspapers of Federal, Republican, provincial or even local significance, in all kinds of written, electro-acoustic or electronic mass-media, or in public talks - the notion of mass-production is really appropriate.

Of course, quantity is no guarantee of quality. Sometimes it is on the level of not merely basic literacy, but semi, pseudo-literacy, or even pure, aggressive illiteracy, in both the literary and metaphorical sense! But the peaks are admirable. My examples will focus on one work in Serbo-Croat: Gojko Nikoliš, *Korijen, stablo, pavetina* (*Root, Tree, Ivy*), Zagreb, 1981; and one Slovene work: Edvard Kocbek, *Slovensko poslanstvo* (*Slovene Mission*), Celje, 1964.

The choice of Nikoliš and Kocbek is an arbitrary and personal one. Not to be unjust, I may enumerate some others - all of them revolutionaries and Partisan commanders whose post-war books are

worth mentioning for their historical and, to a lesser degree, literary and stylistic value (within the framework of ideologized discourse): Vladimir Dedijer, *Dnevnik (Diary)* I, II, III, Belgrade, 1945-50; Ivan Šibl, *Ratni dnevnik*, Zagreb, 1960; Rodoljub Čolaković, *Zapisi iz oslobodilačkog rata (Notes from the Liberation War)*, Zagreb, 1961; Svetozar Vukmanović Tempo, *Revolucija koja teče. Memoari (The Revolution that Flows on. Memoirs)*, I-II, Belgrade, 1971.

The titles of the works of my personal preference do have strong stylistic features, broad connotations and symbolic impact. *Korijen, stablo, pavetina* - ivy is an extremely hardy, climbing plant, a parasite able to destroy even a king oak; in other words it is easier to uproot a tree than ivy; ivy may then be seen to represent life, biological as well as social.

In the case of Kocbek's title, we may use a characteristic stylistic method: that of transforming a text, i.e. using alternative linguistic forms without altering its denotive value, which means maintaining the informative level but reducing its expressiveness to zero. Instead of the Slovene *poslanstvo* ('mission'), a stylistically neutral choice such as *deputacija, delegacija* could have been used, which would have deprived the original title of the range of connotations of the term *poslanstvo*. The word denotes not only an ordinary deputation, delegation, but a special duty or function on which someone is sent as a messenger or representative. Furthermore, a mission involves a specific task or purpose. Kocbek (1904-1982), by vocation poet, by conviction Catholic and socialist, joined the Partisans at the very beginning of 1941; in 1943 he was nominated Slovene deputy to the Partisan War Parliament which drew up the constitution of the new Yugoslavia in the little Bosnian town of Jajce; later he served as Yugoslav Minister of Education. As a Christian, he is inclined to meditation in his diary/memoir masterpiece:

...there is no other salvation for a man than to realise himself as victor over bodily fear, and over the

darkness of the spirit... the profundity of heroism and holiness... bigotry is monstrous. For, there is no holiness without the terrestrial... Only now is a new Yugoslavdom being created, that is a harmony of diversities... (pp. 51-2; 231).

In his phrasing of diversities of historical experience, of nationalities, languages, faiths, sensibilities, cultural identities, Kocbek has expressed the essence of Yugoslavism as its optimal projection - 'a harmony of diversities, pluralism of values'.

Nikoliš (born 1911 in Croatia into the family of an Orthodox priest) is a Serb by nationality, educated in the classics, a brilliant student of medicine; as a young doctor and Communist idealist he volunteered in the Spanish Civil War; fought with the Partisans from 1941; founded and led the Partisan Medical Corps; headed the same Corps in the postwar army; is an Academician of the Department of Medical Sciences of the Serbian Academy and a recently retired general.

What might be expected of the author of memoirs with such a biography? Possibly an apology of the Liberation War and the *status quo*, a eulogy to various warrior institutions or deeds ... But *Korijen, stablo, pavetina* is not this: it is an exciting document about human existence in conditions of war. The struggles are not depicted as heroic exploits or sacrifices 'springing from ideological orthodoxy or inner conviction - but simply as battles for bare existence and survival... One line of the book follows the genesis and growth of the medical corps, its experience in the treatment of the wounded. Another line follows the external events of the Partisan/ Liberation War in Yugoslavia from a purely strategic and historical point of view, including descriptions of the seven German-Italian and quisling offensives mentioned in all official documents. This is the non-fictional part of Nikoliš's memoirs.

What then constitutes our literary and stylistic interest? The fictional and essayistic part of the book is also polythematic: there is the theme of the homeland, which is of special importance owing

to the fact that we may change convictions, ideology, political party, club, religion, wife (or wives)/husband(s) - but not the country of our birth. Other themes are: peace and war; individuality versus the collective; allegiance or solipsistic secession; hierarchy; obedience or rebellion; utopia/reality; revolution as an eminently or immanently ethical problem; means and ends; alienation/ dis-alienation - this famous terminological pair, unjustifiably attributed to Marx, which nevertheless implies a theological and teleological hypothesis about the pre-existence of a crystallographically pure human state. In addition, and in particular, there are details, nuances, so-called trifles, ordinary people, small things. It is an open, unfinished book, containing shocking effects through the author's honesty, beyond the horizon of the reader's expectations. For instance, as a volunteer in Spain in 1937, Nikoliš describes his first Spanish revolutionary adventure: he has imagined his work as a front-line surgeon, in the revolutionary idealism of the possibility of making a new man as well as a new society. But revolutionary necessity placed him in a hospital far from the front - a hospital for venereal diseases! The juxtaposition of the sublime (revolutionary enthusiasm) and the trivial (syphilis) makes this theme literary. And the whole is coloured by a profound and unusual realization: only reality is capable of exceeding the imagination. Official and academic historiography, of course, does not concern itself with such indiscretions, but true literature does. And the historical consciousness which emerges from Nikoliš's memoirs is neither monumentalistic nor mythological, but respectably intellectual, i.e. critical.

At this point, a brief digression in order to depict something of Nikoliš's personality. Some three years ago he accepted an invitation to come from Belgrade to Zagreb to visit my Stylistics seminar and discuss his book with some students and colleagues. A young colleague took the opportunity of praising the human and humane institution of the medical corps, whose head General Nikoliš was. I intervened in the discussion by remarking that I could imagine a step higher in the humanisation of that corps: if it were to abolish itself

as a need and as an institution. Nikoliš's book had encouraged me to draw such a conclusion. I took the General's lack of comment as his tacit approval.

Nikoliš is well-acquainted with a refined technique of writing: the stylistic device of putting texts in context, or the technique of inter-textuality, making a collage of screaming newspaper headlines. He has succeeded in suggesting in literary terms the infernalisation and internationalisation of the stupidity of the reality of 1936: 'Daily news: Germany fortifies the islands of Helegoland and Borkum. German attack on the free city of Danzig expected. Anxiety in Poland. Junkers aircraft factory increases stocks. King's Guard brass band gives concert. For obesity - use *Slatina* pills. *Krka* from Šibenik beats *Gusar* from Split. All well-intentioned men and women, searching for the truth, will find it naked, unembellished and unveiled in Doctor Jacobus' book: *Sexual Intercourse among Human Beings*. Reconciliation between Stalin and Trotsky ...' (p.133).

A further illustration of Nikoliš's refined sense of detail: the theme of the genesis of a charismatic elite and charismatic mental behaviour. An anxious and dedicated organiser, Dr. Nikoliš ordered an official stamp to give greater external authority to his letters and medical orders. One of his soldiers manufactured such a thing in a rather witty way, with the inscription: *Sanitet vrhovnog štaba* (i.e.: Medical Corps of the Supreme Command). One of the highest commanders shouted at our doctor: "What arrogance! How dare you! To put in an ordinary medical service stamp the solemn suggestion that it is part of the Supreme Staff, instead of '*pri*' *vrhovnom štabu*: '(appointed) to' it"! This offers a splendid opportunity for a model stylistic-grammatical analysis: the trivial fact of the use of the genitive versus the locative case; wartime etiology of the post-war mentality of charisma. Once again, historiography does not concern itself with such, let's say, trifles. An open-minded writer of memoirs, such as Nikoliš, does.

Jože Javoršek, the Slovene author of a diary in epistolary form, in a book entitled *Opasne veze* (Dangerous Relations), published in

Croatian in Zagreb, 1980, has stated: 'As for the intellectual dimension, we are as weak as we were before. Inner emptiness. At least in me... For instance, Emanuel Mounier asked me to write for *Esprit* an article about the moral and cognitive experience of the National Liberation War, and I was not able to put down five sentences which could have been at all important... Only clichés... The spirit appears in new forms long, long after a new society becomes stabilised and the revolution is established.' (pp. 109-10).

Gojko Nikoliš's book is a nice answer to these exigencies: according to his vivid recorded experience, the highest ethical attainments during the war were qualities of fellowship, solidarity, self-abnegation... but these qualities - since the war - have degenerated into officialdom; the temptations of power; corruption.

Time in Nikoliš's memoirs is not chronological. Thus, while depicting battles for wounded fellow-combatants, he starts to meditate about the misfortune of a landscape ecologically threatened by modern Afro-Euro-Asiatico-Balkan tourist-barbarians who have invaded the former sacred places of Partisan martyrdom. I give the illustration in the Serbo-Croat version. After an idyllic introduction, there comes the shock of a device known as 'chaotic enumeration':

... racke whisky... ketchup, bidex... motorno ulje
Shell... original maraschino... istra bitter... fructal...
antiled spray... marmelada miješana grocka, džem od
jagoda... pepsikola... worcestershire sauce... carnex
čajna pašteta ... vikend šunka gavril, frankfurter
sausages... tomy majoneza, medex... belinda hair
spray, carlsberg beer... Shell motor oil, blendax
fresh ... er und sie najlonske čarape... (p.109).

This is an apt caricature of what we call 'EPP' style, that is the style of psychologically aggressive advertising, mostly on TV, clothed in the vehicle of Eric Blair's, i.e. Orwellian, 'new speak'.

Finally, my firm conviction about *Korijen, stablo, pavetina* is that it rewards the reader with valuable insights into some

Yugoslav, or even universal actualities, as well as the literary pleasure afforded by a sophisticated analytical author. The supreme quality I have found in this book is this: Nikoliš's text avoids what I might call 'memeising'. I apologise for this little play on words: in contemporary usage in colloquial Serbo-Croat discourse, it is very common to utilise a non-standardised but stylistically highly appropriate expression to designate a boastful writer, speaker or rhetorician who keeps repeating: 'me and me, me, myself: me and history! me and the centuries! me and eternity! me and wisdom....' : 'ja, pa ja, pa ja....' We call it: *japajakanje* - hence my all but blasphemous linguistic experimental calque in English: *to memeise*!

Gojko Nikoliš's *Korijen, stablo, pavetina* is not that kind of vegetable at all - I hope that my illustrations and my interpretation have been able to convince you of this.

*This is the text of a talk given to students and colleagues at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, March 1987.

TWO SERBIAN SATIRISTS: VLADA BULATOVIĆ-VIB AND BRANA CRNČEVIĆ

Dušan Puvačić, London

The American professor of literature Philip Pinkas has tried to define the nature of satire in a provocative and original way: by a reverse interpretation of the Christian myth of St. George and the dragon. It is only in satire, he suggests, that the eternal struggle between the dragon and the Christian saint ends in the triumph of the many-headed monster. Having killed its opponent, the dragon runs off with the beautiful princess to live with her unhappily ever after.

Behind this parable lies the belief that satire does not uplift the human spirit despite the evil of life, as tragedy does, but affirms it precisely because of the existence of evil. Surrounded by evil, man has to struggle. But he will never win because the dragon is immortal. Nevertheless, he does not abandon the struggle, for in every act of refusal to be reconciled, of dissatisfaction or protest lies the defiant cry of life. The uninterrupted revolt against eternal evil symbolises the struggle which life makes possible.

Although he has no illusion that he will be able to bring moral balance or spiritual maturity into a world of moral and spiritual emptiness, brutality and hypocrisy, the satirist does not give up his ambition of depicting human character, describing life and human errors and shortcomings. Even the greatest satirists have refused the role of moral reformer generously offered them, because they did not believe that their pen would be able to bring about any kind of change in human nature. However, in relation to other literary genres, satire has always had one dangerous virtue: it is only

satire, as Pinkas says, that has confronted the consequences of evil in this world without the usual anaesthetics.

The degree to which it is deprived of anaesthetic is the main determinant of the literary fate of the individual satire and the human fate of the satirist. The best satire has often been written by people who have not had things particularly easy, and their deadly pen was the reason for their glory and - their tribulations. Satirists have always felt on their own skin that in their line of business there is a more serious and complex problem than the freedom of creativity: i.e. the problem of the consequences of that freedom. These fragmentary and disconnected reflections on satire are occasioned by an attempt at a comparative analysis of two Serbian satirists, Vlada Bulatović Vib and Brana Crnčević.

Even when Bulatović's texts do not resemble classical fables in their outward form, they are close to this literary genre in their intention. In Aesop's fables the predominant traits of animal character were symbols of virtues or failings in human behaviour. It is perhaps easier than ever before for the contemporary satirical fable to abandon the services offered the classical fable by representatives of the animal kingdom. The satirical fables of Vlada Bulatović Vib sometimes end with an aphoristic point. Instead of remaining unexpressed or hidden, the message takes the form of a direct statement. In Vib's book *The Great Preparation*, which consists of an introductory poem and some forty satirical or humorous pieces, one of the aphorisms carrying a satirical moral, goes: 'Some revolutions devour their children but some children devour their revolution.' Vib has dedicated his satirical pen to exposing these modern illusionists, devourers of the revolution who enter the socialist bestarium, completing and enriching it directly, through their 'daily practice.'

In this way, in Vib's work the bearers of symbolic values are the authentic historical exponents of particular forms of behaviour: directors, delegates, bureaucrats, political leaders, 'old boys', etc. Vib's very choice of figures suggests that his satire usually has a political pretext. However, while the classical fable was some-

times used for political ends, Vib, whose starting point is political, has a moral aim in mind. His intention is political in so far as political man is always the centre of his attention: man who participates in politics, who thinks politically, who plays with politics or with whom politics play. Vib is concerned with the moral distortion of such a man: his stupidity, malleability, spinelessness, self-interest, hypocrisy, the discrepancy between his words and deeds. These represent the usual targets of our contemporary satirists and their concentrated fire.

Vib has created his own symbols based sometimes on the animal and sometimes on the human world. His favourite symbol, standing for the worst evils of the contemporary world is the bureaucrat. In the parable *'The Shark and the Bureaucrat'* (*'Ajkula i Birokrat'*) after a lengthy discussion of the ways in which the shark runs its life and organizes its world, the bureaucrat, an unsavoury individual, falls into the sea only to emerge with the shark between his teeth. *'Ox, the Cabbage-Protector'* (*'Čuvar kupusa vo'*) makes the point that people are better off without foolish, bullying guardians who are deaf to sensible criticism and whose misguided protection will not only kill the freedom so essential for a healthy society, but will also stifle and damage people themselves. This moral is conveyed by a simple story about a red cabbage that flourished while it was left alone. True, the cabbage attracted enemies, hares, who came to nibble at its leaves, but they never did much damage because they were driven away by the owl's hooting or the raven's cawing. Then one day the ox intervenes and takes it upon himself to be the cabbage's protector. He goes about his job in a clumsy and foolish way, and does not listen to the wise advice of the raven and the owl. Finally, in his search for potential enemies, the ox tramples on the cabbage itself, stamping all over the ground and rendering it impossible for any plant to grow there again.

In *'The Mountaineers'* (*'Planinari'*), Vib exposes the phenomenon of social climbing and careerism. On his way down the mountain a climber observes that there are hoardes of people in clumsy climbing boots, all trying to get up the mountain. They are

particularly numerous as he passes government offices and institutions. He ends by voicing his fear of such mountaineers, for he will probably be used as a rock on which they will stand in order to climb higher. In *'Faulty Telephone'* (*'Pokvareni telefon'*), Vib makes a similar point about the dangerous consequences of publicly expressing critical opinions. He tells of a new variant of the old children's game in which you tell your boss that some wrong is being done to you, but he will not hear you because his telephone is faulty. Now, you telephone your boss to tell him he is doing something wrong, and after that nothing more is heard of you.

As a satirist deeply rooted in the Domanović tradition, Vib is preoccupied with the blatant disparity between ideals and the ways they are abandoned. In his *'Exchange Bureau of Ideals'* (*'Menjačnica ideala'*), large ideals are exchanged for several smaller ones. For a 'hot' ideal one receives a fridge; for a 'bright' one - dark furniture; for a 'firm' one - a soft mattress; and for an ideal with a vision of the future - a villa with a sea view. The narrator, however, cannot exchange his ideals for anything, because he has left them at home. On arriving home he takes his ideals off the shelf and wraps them in a cloth. It is best, he suggests, to keep them locked away in a safe place. You will need to wipe them occasionally because dust will settle on them: they will never be realised.

Vib is a master not only of the parable, but also of the aphorism, which has become an extremely popular genre since the late 1960s. The satirical aphorism in Yugoslav literature was inspired mainly by the work of the Polish satirist Stanisław Jerzy Lec, after his aphorisms were widely circulated in the press and later published in a book entitled *Unkempt Thoughts* (*Neočesljane misli*). In Vib's definition, an aphorism is 'a tiny novel of two or three sentences.' In one of the most poignant ones, he says 'Freedom dies when satire flies at half mast.'

Almost everything that has been said about Vib is also true of Crnčević. Both Vib's and Crnčević's satire is an expression of the common experience of our time of accumulated dissatisfaction with the chronic misunderstanding between the possible and the realised.

The situations, characters and phenomena the reader meets in their texts are so recognisable as a part of our daily reality that Vib and Crnčević's writings could be labelled 'satirical verism'. The moral message of their writings - whether they take the form of lapidary humorous sketches, poems, moralistic essays, stories or pamphlets - is clear both because they are simply and pithily written and because they are based on careful observation of contemporary behaviour.

Vib's satire is ironical, Crnčević's cynical; the first confronts more directly, the second generalises; Vib tends to apply mildly irritating balm, Crnčević deep satirical radiation which destroys the diseased matter. In his collection of poems *Danube* and his volume of prose texts *The Diary of a ...*, Crnčević has presented himself not only as a satirist, but as a writer of wider range as well. As a satirist, Vib is more rigorous and rational, Crnčević is subtler and more emotive. The hero of one of Crnčević's stories unwittingly directs the reader to the painful source of the satirist's lucid sarcasm in the following words: 'I'm sorry for everyone, it seems that everyone, the entire world, has been done an injustice, that everyone in the world was born for something greater and finer.'

This mood is particularly evident in Crnčević's poems, which are imbued with a sense of clear-sighted bleakness and the pain of refined dissatisfaction. A master of word play and subtle double entendre, Crnčević reaches the targets of his satirical laments now with fine allusions, now with annihilating directness. His need to express himself as openly and directly as possible sometimes becomes so great that, instead of writing satire, he engages in polemic. In that polemic, however, there is a unique satirical eloquence which compensates for the lost or neglected narrative measure which is always welcome in satire.

In Crnčević, as in Vib, verbal humour has an important place. This is most effective when words from political slang, with which our daily speech is already very largely contaminated, are brought into

a new, satirical or humorous context to achieve a satirical point through carefully balanced double meanings.

In Crnčević's aphorisms, those published in his book *Write As You Keep Silent* (*Piši kao što ćutiš*) [a pun on the famous phonetic principle on which Serbo-Croat orthography is based: 'Write as you speak' ('Piši kao što govoriš')], political slogans or inflated rhetoric are given a tiny twist of phrase with splendidly satirical results:

'The Middle Ages were dark and gloomy. Today man is illuminated from all sides.'

'Our forefathers lived miserably, and according to the latest data they did not live at all.'

'Before the war clever people were stupider than today.'

'The revolution does not eat its children, but the grown-ups had better be careful.'

'Men are equal - but wages are different.'

'I know people who were immortal until yesterday.'

'I have noticed that those who know the truth best are best at telling lies.'

As is often the case, all colours of the satirical spectrum are not equally constant in these two writers. Starting from a direct confrontation of specific political events and phenomena, many of their texts have already lost a considerable degree of the edge and bite they had when they were first published. But the sparks of pure humour can transcend time and space even when the immediate cause of the satirical reactions are forgotten. In Crnčević more frequently than in Bulatović one comes across general satirical commentaries which could be relevant for a world of different

social, moral and political experience from that of Yugoslavia. Soaring beyond their limited framework, Crnčević's satirical words have succeeded in attaining those universal meanings which are more accessible to writers who reflect on life than to those who simply observe it.

MAN AND THE STARS: A PHONOLOGICAL ANALYSIS OF VASKO POPA'S *ZEK NAD ZEKOVIMA*

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The poem in question occurs at the end of the first of seven cycles in the collection *Sporedno nebo* (*Secondary heaven*). When Popa published this collection in 1968¹, it was his first poetic statement, other than the compilation of poetic anthologies, in 12 years². It was also the first of his books in which poems were ordered non-randomly into cycles, themselves strictly ordered with respect to one another. The result was a unified poetic statement which contained at least two levels of hierarchically embedded poetic forms. Popa's intention that the cycle be viewed as a separate, superordinate level (i.e. that it should not be equivalent to a *poema* or long poem) was clear both from the physical layout and naming of the individual poems and cycles, and from parallelisms in

¹ *Sporedno nebo* first appeared in Belgrade (Prosveta, 1968), and was subsequently reprinted as part of a seven volume set, *Dela* (Vuk Karadžić, 1980). It has been translated into English in its entirety by Anne Pennington, in *Collected Poems of Vasko Popa, 1943-1976* (Manchester, Carcanet, 1978; the identical translation appeared in New York (Persea) in 1979. The first cycle of this book has also been translated into English by Charles Simic ('The Yawn of Yawns', in *Homage to the Lame Wolf* (Field translation series no. 2 [Oberlin, Ohio], 1979). All quotes in the present article are from the Pennington translation.

² These are *Od zlata jabuka* 'The Golden Apple' (Prosveta, 1958), *Urnebes* 'Uproar' (Prosveta, 1960), and *Ponoćno sunce* 'Midnight Sun' (Prosveta, 1962), organised around the general idea of folklore, humor, and dreams, respectively.

the internal structure of various cycles¹. His two earlier books, *Kora (Bark)* (1953) and *Nepočin polje (Unrest Field)* (1956), had presented poems ordered into cycles, but the connection between the several cycles of each book could only be described in terms of 'poetic diction', 'broad thematic correspondences', and other such non-rigorous conceptualisations. In *Sporedno nebo*, by contrast, the cycles were closely tied to one another; and it has been clear to all readers and critics that the seven cycles of the book are meant to form a single, tightly constructed poetic statement².

In terms of content, *Sporedno nebo* is a cosmological statement about the structure of a universe³. It is composed of seven cycles, each of which contains seven poems. The numerical symbolism here is clearly not accidental: by it Popa alludes to the conscious creative act, and the desired perfection of this act by his doubling of the 'perfect' numeral, seven. The first two cycles describe the creation of this universe (or at least portions of it), and the intrusion into it of suspicious elements. Subsequent cycles describe the disillusionment of the inhabitants of the universe with their creator and overlord, and their search for a replacement. The final

¹ The poetic practice of hierarchical embedding in Popa's poetry, where each unit functions simultaneously on its own and in relation to at least two other units, is discussed in my monograph *The Structure of Vasko Popa's Poetry* (UCLA Slavic Studies 14 [Columbus, Ohio], 1985), in which a detailed analysis is given of Popa's 'Vučja so' ('Wolf Salt') (the third of Popa's hierarchically ordered books, first published in 1975). A more compact structural analysis of Popa's *Uspravna zemlja* 'Earth Erect' (first published in 1972) appears in my article 'Timebound and Timeless in Serbian History, Vasko Popa's *Uspravna zemlja*' (*International Journal of Slavic Linguistics and Poetics* 31-32 [1985], 41-58). The present contribution is taken from sketches for a similar analysis of *Sporedno nebo*. Popović's term 'zatvoreni krugovi' ('closed circles'), used in reference to this and succeeding books of Popa's poetry (in contrast to 'otvoreni krugovi' ['open circles'], in which the link between cycles is loose (cf. *Književne novine* 32/616 [25 December, 1980], p.8) clearly refers to this structural trait.

² For criticism, see Aleksandar Petrov, 'Sporedno nebo Vaska Pope', *Književna istorija* 2, 4 (1969), 887-924; and my own 'Structure and Tradition in the Poetry of Vasko Popa', *International Journal of Slavic Linguistics and Poetics*, 25-26 (1982), 41-50.

³ One possible English reading of the title is 'alternate universe'.

cycle depicts what is left after the cessation of this activity, but at a higher level. The unity of the book derives from the recurrence of certain key images and characters, and the subtle repetition and interweaving of various structural devices.

One of the clearest indices of the books's thematic unity is the figure of the Starmaster ('zvezdoznanac'), who is the explicit subject of two entire poems, and is implicit in a number of others. The two 'Starmaster' poems are placed at the beginning of the initial and final cycles, respectively. The first of these is titled 'The Starmaster's Legacy' ('Zvezdoznančeva ostavština'), in which we learn that the Starmaster's legacy is his words: 'His words remained after him/ Fairer than the world... The falling stars hide their heads/ In the shadow of his words'¹. The forty-two poems which follow (cycles 1 through 6) apparently refer to his words, although this is not made explicit. The second of the two poems is entitled 'The Starmaster's Death' ('Zvezdoznančeva smrt'), and in the six poems which follow it (the remainder of cycle 7), the narrative voice appears clearly to be that of the Starmaster. The implication is thus that the Starmaster's legacy, that which lives after him, is more important than the fact of his death.

These two poems, the only ones to make explicit reference to the Starmaster, are printed entirely in italics. Italics here perform both the traditional function of apostrophe (pointing to a particular individual) and the more general function of underscoring the significance of these two poems in the book's overall structure. The subsequent poems in each of these two cycles are closely linked thematically and structurally to each other, and, albeit less closely, with each cycle's initial poem. These links exemplify yet another of the several ways in which the book's unity is forged.

In this contribution, I will focus on the initial cycle of *Sporedno nebo* and specifically on this cycle's concluding poem. My intention

¹ 'Ostale su za njim njegove reči / Lepše nego svet... Zvezde padalice glave sklanjaju / U senke njegovih reči' - the first and last lines of 'Zvezdoznančeva ostavština' ('The Starmaster's Legacy').

is to examine it both as an individual poetic statement, and in terms of its relationship to that cycle's initial poem (and, consequently, to the book as a whole). Namely, I will show that the poem's internal structure highlights an instance of phonological patterning which holds the key to the meaning not only of this poem but also of the larger two units within which it is embedded, the cycle and the book. The justification of this interpretation is to be found, I believe, in Popa's express mention of the Starmaster's concern not only with words (which, as we have seen, constitute his legacy), but also with their component units, letters. This is seen in the final cycle 'Nebeski prsten' ('Heaven's Ring'), in which the six non-initial poems are presumably narrated by the Starmaster. In each of these poems he addresses an abstract or metaphorical being whose relationship to the 'alternate universe' is not entirely clear, and in the third of these he counsels 'Orphan Absence' as follows: 'Stoop naked if you can/ To my last letter/ And follow its track// I have an idea orphan-child/ That it leads to a sort of presence.'¹ Popa's conscious concern with words and letters as the means by which the meaning of his (or the Starmaster's) message is to be determined suggests, therefore, that the striking co-occurrences of phonological and semantic patterning are not accidental.

The first of *Sporedno nebo*'s seven cycles is entitled 'Yawn of Yawns' ('Zev nad zevovima'). As seen, the initial poem identifies the Starmaster's legacy. Each of the subsequent poems takes the form of a fairy tale and introduces a 'character' which is connected in some way with words, usually in the broad sense of ideation (these are a number, a mistake, a triangle, echoes, a story, and a yawn). Each poem begins in the same formulaic manner: 'Once upon a time there was a...'. It then continues to depict the activities of each 'character', usually introducing a 'fatal flaw' of some sort and its

¹ 'Sagni se gola ako možeš / Do moga poslednjega slova / I podi njegovim tragom // Sve mi se čini sirotice / Da u neku prisutnost vodi - the last two stanzas of 'Sirota odsutnost' ('Orphan Absence').

consequences. Since the concluding poem of the cycle bears the same title as the cycle itself, it might be expected to explicate the cycle's overall import. Judging by critical studies of the book, such an interpretation is far from obvious. I intend to show, however, through a detailed analysis of this poem, that it not only holds the key to the meaning of the cycle, but also gives an important clue to the correct interpretation of the entire book. The poem reads as follows:

Zev nad zevovima

The Yawn of Yawns

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1 Bio jednom jedan zev | Once upon a time there was a yawn |
| 2 Ni pod nječima ni pod šeširom | Not under the palate not under
the hat |
| 3 Ni u ustima ni u čemu | Not in the mouth not in anything |
| 4 Bio je veći od svega | It was bigger than everything |
| 5 Veći od svoje veličine | Bigger than its own bigness |
| 6 S vremena na vreme | From time to time |
| 7 Tama bi mu tupa tama očajna | Its dull darkness desperate
darkness |
| 8 Od očaja tu i tamo blesnula | In desperation would flash here
and there |
| 9 Mislio bi čovek zvezde | You might think it was stars |
| 10 Bio jednom jedan zev | Once upon a time there was a yawn |
| 11 Dosadan kao svaki zev | Boring like any yawn |
| 12 I još izgleda traje | And still it seems it lasts ¹ |

¹ For comparison, Simic's translation reads as follows:

Once upon a time there was a yawn/ Neither under the palate nor under the hat
Neither in the mouth nor in anything else

It was bigger than all/ Bigger than its own bigness

From time to time/Its dense night its hopeless night
Would glitter hopelessly here and there/ You'd think there were stars

Once upon a time there was a yawn/ Boring as any yawn
And it still seems to go on and on

(From Homage to the Lame Wolf,

By the form of its title, the poem makes ironical reference to the Biblical 'Song of Songs' (in Serbo-Croatian, 'pesma nad pesmama'). It begins by introducing its topic, the yawn, in a formulaic, fairy-tale manner. It then affirms the impossibility of locating the yawn in physical space (2-3), and describes its size, which can only be stated in paradoxical terms (4-5). It goes on to mention both a periodic activity of the yawn as well as a reason for this activity (6-8). Then, in a significant shift of focus - to the point of view of outsiders - there is given a possible interpretation of this activity (9). The final stanza repeats the statement of the yawn's being (10), indicates its resemblance to all other yawns (11), and affirms its apparent continued existence (12).

The poem consists of a ten-line main body, and a two-line conclusion. The main body is bracketed by the formulaic line *Bio jednom jedan zev* ('Once upon a time there was a yawn') marking the formal beginning and end of the descriptive narration about the yawn. The content of this narrative section, therefore, contains eight lines (2-9): the first four are 'nominal' in that they attempt a definition of the yawn by describing its attributes; the second four are 'verbal' in that they describe an activity of the yawn and an interpretation of this activity. Each of these two sections has an internally symmetrical structure, but the two structures are very different from each other. I shall examine each in turn.

The grammatical parallelism of the first couplet (2-3) is fairly obvious. Each of the two lines consists of a unit comprising the negative conjunction 'ni' plus a prepositional phrase, which is then reduplicated. In schematic form, lines 2-3 read 'ni X-1 ni X-2/ ni Y-1 ni Y-2' (where X-1 = 'pod nepcima' ['under the palate'], X-2 = 'pod šeširom' ['under the hat'], Y-1 = 'u ustima' ['in the mouth'], and Y-2 = 'u čemu' ['in {any}thing']. The preposition in the 'X' phrases is 'pod' ['under'], which requires the instrumental case in its noun object; and the preposition in the Y phrases is 'u' ['in'], requiring the locative case.

The phonological and grammatical parallelism resulting from this concatenation is more complex than one would imagine, partly

because of the syncretism of dative, locative and instrumental plural case forms in Serbo-Croatian. Both the 'X-1' and 'Y-1' objects are *pluralia tantum* in Serbo-Croatian: a grammatically plural word whose meaning is singular. The endings are thus exactly parallel ('*pod nepc-ima*' 'under the palate' [instrumental plural] and '*u ust-ima*' 'in the mouth' [locative plural]), and yield an unexpected internal grammatical rhyme. The characteristic consonant of these endings, 'm', is repeated in the 'X-2' and 'Y-2' objects as well, since the instrumental singular ending of nouns is '-om' ('*pod šeširom*' 'under the hat'), and the locative singular ending of demonstrative and interrogative pronouns is 'omu/-emu' ('*u čemu*' 'in {any}thing'). Thus the two lines exhibit both a horizontal parallelism (represented by the 'X's', the repetition of the preposition and its required case form) and a vertical parallelism (represented primarily by the '1's', the *pluralia tantum* in '-ima'). This complex parallelism yields both two different types of grammatical rhyme and considerable alliteration.

Within this symmetrical structure, however, lies a deeper asymmetry, as represented by the '2's'. These two singular objects have quite different endings ('-om' vs '-emu'), which is due not only to the fact that the first, 'X', is in the instrumental and the second, 'Y', in the locative case, but also to the fact that 'X' is a noun and 'Y' a pronoun. Thus the 'Y-2' phrase is set off from the other three prepositional phrases by the fact that its object is a pronoun (rather than a noun). The opposition, however, is much greater. The Serbo-Croatian word for 'nothing' ('*ništa*') is a compound word, comprising the negative particle '*ni*' and the positive interrogative pronoun '*šta*' ('what'), written and pronounced as a single word, cf. the genitive and dative forms '*ničega, ničemu*' ('of nothing', 'to nothing'). In prepositional phrases, however, the two are split, viz. '*ni od čega*' (literally, 'not from anything').

Thus the '*ni u čemu*' of 'Y-2' is much more different from the other three members of this quartet than it seems at first glance: where the '*ni*' in the other three is the simple negative disjunctive particle (equivalent to 'neither/nor' in English), in 'Y-2' it is both this and a pronominal particle; and where the object form in the other

three is a noun, in 'Y-2' it is not just a pronoun but a semantically incomplete pronoun ('u čemu' by itself is an interrogative form, and this form is thus meaningless in its present context without the 'ni'). The apparent grammatical parallelism of the sequence 'ni X-1 ni X-2 /ni Y-1 ni Y-2' thus turns out to be quite false. This imbalance draws our attention sharply to the corresponding semantic asymmetry of these two lines: of the four 'locations' from which the yawn is absent, only the first three represent logical possibilities. It is quite possible for a 'thing' to be absent from a number of discrete locations, but if it in fact exists (as asserted in line 1), it is impossible for it not to be anywhere.

The couplet's phonological structure reinforces the sense of imbalance. Because of the fourfold repetition of the negative conjunction 'ni', with the dental nasal 'n', and the four instrumental and locative desinences, each of which contains the labial nasal 'm' ('-ima, -om, -ima, -emu'), it has a strong nasal 'feel'. The nasal patterning also functions to unify the couplet with the poem's introductory line, which has three nasal consonants in its two central words, '-jednom jedan ...'. The consonantal structure of the stanza is even more striking when viewed in terms of the articulatory features 'dental' and 'labial'; that is, the occurrence of dental (*t, d, c*) and labial (*p, b*) stops as correlated with that of the dental (*n*) and labial (*m*) nasals. If we symbolize dental and labial stops as 'D' and 'L' and dental and labial nasals as 'd' and 'l', the sound patterning of these three lines is as follows: 'L-D-d-l / D-d (1); d-L-D-L-D-l / d-L-D-l (2); d-D-l / d-l (3)'. In other words, there is a fairly regular alternation between stops and nasals everywhere except in the final segment of line 3. This segment is also significantly shorter - it has only four vowels and three consonants. Two are labials, and the third is the only palatal stop to occur in the entire stanza, 'c'. The distribution of dental and nasal consonants is thus supported throughout the stanza by non-nasal consonants of similar articulation, the only exception being in the final segment of line 3. This supports on yet a third plane the markedly 'different' character of the phrase 'ni u čemu' 'not in anything'.

The grammatical, semantic and phonological disruption of the 'negative' couplet (lines 2-3) provides the bridge to the following, 'positive-comparative' couplet (lines 4-5). Grammatically, this couplet is composed of an introductory segment ('*Bio je*' 'It was') and the structure '*veći od*' 'bigger than' plus noun object, repeated twice. Leaving aside the first two words (whose apparent function is to tie the couplet back to the poem's initial formulaic statement of existence, line 1), we can view the grammatical parallelism again schematically as '*veći od* X / *veći od* Y', where X = '*svega*' 'everything' and Y = '*svoje veličine*' 'its own bigness'. Both X and Y are phonologically identical at the outset, beginning with the sequence '*sv-*', which is strongly identified in Serbo-Croatian with the idea of totality, allness. The X phrase indeed means 'all' ('bigger than everything'). But in the Y phrase this phonological similarity is deceptive, for the '*sv-*' here represents the initial sequence of the reflexive possessive pronoun ('one's own'). According to the grammatical rules of Serbo-/Croatian, this pronoun must refer to the subject of the clause in which it appears. The initial verbal phrase '*bio je*' ('it was'), therefore, functions not only to tie the couplet to the poem's initial existential statement, but also to identify the possessor of the bigness - the yawn itself. The size of the yawn is described paradoxically, as exceeding itself.

The word encapsulating this paradox, the possessive pronoun '*svoje*', is also the alliterative centre of the stanza's phonological structure. The characteristic sound sequences of the stanza are '*ve*' (in the twice repeated '*veći*' 'bigger', the semantically related '*veličine*' 'bigness' and '*svega*' 'all') and '*-sv-*' (in '*svega*' 'all' and '*svoje*' 'its own'); note that these are combined ('*-sv-*' '*-ve-*' giving '*sve*') in the word '*svega*'. The word '*svoje*' also contains the sequence '*-sve-*', but discontinuously: the '*sv-*' is separated from the '*-e*' by the intercalated sequence '*-oj-*' ('*sv-oj-e*'). The semantic difference between '*sve*' ('everything', here in the nominative) and '*svoje*' ('one's own', feminine genitive singular), and the semantic difference gives rise to the logical asymmetry of the couplet.

In both couplets (2-3 and 4-5) a seeming grammatical

parallelism masks a deeper asymmetry, which is reinforced by phonological means, and this draws our attention to a corresponding semantic or 'surface logical' asymmetry: just as something cannot both exist and not be anywhere, neither can it be a certain measure and then be remeasured in terms explicitly exceeding its own measure. The deeper poetic truth of these two seemingly illogical assertions is not in question, of course. What is striking is the manner in which the poet uses patterns of simultaneous grammatical symmetry and asymmetry to depict patterns of simultaneous semantic sense and 'non'-sense. Grammatical parallelism on the surface betrays a deeper, subtler asymmetry below the surface. By contrast, surface illogiciencies mask a deeper, truer logic.

A third example of such parallelism between grammar and semantics, reinforced by phonological patterning, occurs in the succeeding stanza. This, the second half of the poem's central narrative section, contains four lines. The first (line 6) is a self-contained temporal adverbial phrase ('*S vremena na vreme*' 'From time to time') and the last (line 9) is a separate sentence representing a narrative shift ('*Mislilo bi čovek zvezde*' 'You might think it was stars'). The central two lines (7-8) form a single sentence, with the bare subject and verb at the beginning and the end: '*Tama bi...*' at the beginning of line 7, and '*...blesnula*' at the end of line 8 ('Darkness would flash'). Rhythmically, the first half of line 7 also includes the possessive enclitic '*mu*' ('its'). The second half of the line repeats the subject noun, which is preceded and followed by attributive adjectives: '*tupa, tama očajna*' (literally, 'dull darkness desperate'). Neither the repetition of the subject, nor the non-neutral placement of one of its attributes is strictly ungrammatical, but both represent highly marked poetic diction. Line 8 includes a prepositional phrase of causation ('*od očaja*' 'from desperation') and a locative adverbial phrase ('*tu i tamo*' 'here and there').

Lines 7 and 8 are interesting partly because of the intricate phonological patterning and partial homonymies and partly because of superimposed grammatical and semantic contradictions. Phonologically, the sequence '*tama bi mu tupa tama*' of line 7 is composed

almost completely of the high and low back vowels 'a' and 'u', the dental consonant 't' and the labial consonants 'm, b, p'; the symmetrically rhythmic distribution of the labial consonants ('m-b-m-p-m') is particularly striking. The repetition of many of the same sounds in the following line, in the phrase 'tu i tamo', underscores the single linking use of the high front vowel 'i' in the two sequences. The homonymy in the roots of the two words 'tam-a' 'darkness' and 'tam-o' 'there' and the partial homonymy in 'tupa' 'dull' and 'tu' 'here' echoes this phonological patterning. The repetition of the root 'očaj-' in 'očajra' 'desperate' at the end of line 7 and 'od očaja' 'from desperation' at the beginning of line 8 adds a further dimension to the pattern of rhythmic repetitions while at the same time introducing the mid vowel 'o' into the sequence of high and low vowels.

Against this patterning, the final word of the couplet, 'blesnula', seems almost out of place. It calls attention to itself both phonologically and morphologically: it is composed of sounds not at all characteristic of the couplet, and it is the first lexical verb form in eight lines of poetry other than the existential 'was' in lines 1 and 4. According to its lexical, derivational and aspectual meanings, it denotes a single, sharp instantaneous act of flashing. Here, however, it is syntactically bound to the conditional particle 'bi', thus indicating repeated iterations of the act of flashing. The semantic idea of repetition is reinforced by the phrases 'tu i tamo' 'here and there' of line 8 and 's vremena na vreme' 'from time to time' of line 6. Indeed, the phonological function of the form 'blesnula' could well be to tie the couplet in which it appears to the stanza's first line by the repetition of the sounds 's', 'e', and 'n'.

The overall effect is one of rhythmic phonological and morphological symmetry on the one hand, and semantic paradox on the other: it is illogical that 'darkness' should be the subject of the verb 'to flash', i.e. that the darkness of the yawn should be able to emit light. In this way, the central couplet of the third stanza repeats the pattern of the previous two stanzas: it states deeper truths by means of surface illogicalities.

In line 9, the narrative focus shifts. The poet is no longer speaking of the yawn and its paradoxical attributes but of the reaction of a man (presumably representing mankind). The word order is inverted (verb-subject instead of the more normal subject-verb) to call attention to this narrative shift. Phonologically and morphologically, this line appears to unite all the significant elements of the poem so far identified. The first half, *'mislio bi'*, recalls the paradox of flashing darkness, both by its grammatical form (conditional compound verb) and its phonological character (it repeats the *'m'* of *'tama'* and the *'s'* and *'l'* of *'blesnula'*). The second half has two parts. The first, the word *'čovjek'*, repeats sounds characteristic of the key words of the two 'nominal' couplets, the *'č'* of *'ni u čemu'* (line 3) and the *'ve'* of *'veći'*, *'veličine'*, and *'svega'* (lines 4-5). The second unites this sequence (*'ve'*) with the sounds characteristic of the poem's first line, the existential statement of the yawn - the word for 'yawn' (*'zev'*, here echoed and reversed in the first four letters of *'zvezde'*) and the root meaning 'one' (*'jed-n'*, cf. *'jednom'* 'once' and *'jedan'* 'a', with its central two sounds reversed at the end of *'zvezde'*). This transmutation of the sounds of *'jedan zev'* into those of *'zvezde'* is the crux of the poem, the point at which phonology and semantics interact to provide the poem's central message. The word *'zvezde'* comes at the focal end point of the significant narrative shift of line 9, which itself follows directly the third in a series of semantic paradoxes, the statement of which was mirrored phonologically and morphologically.

Thus, if we are to assume that phonological patterning carries any weight at all in poetic interpretation, we can only accept line 9 as a resolution of the illogical contradictions given thus far in the description of the yawn. That is, it may appear paradoxical that a yawn exists but is nowhere, that it is of a certain size but exceeds that size, and that it is made of darkness which nevertheless emits light. But man can think and is capable of interpretation - and to him the flashes of light connote stars. That is, they are not meaningless random flashes, but rather steady sources of light-which can be ordered into meaningful groups and which, when properly

interpreted can guide him on his way. For man, then, 'a yawn' ('*jedan zev*') is transmuted through his powers of interpretation into 'stars' ('*zvezde*').

Is this reading of the poem correct? For an answer we must turn to the poem's concluding stanza. The first line (10) repeats the initial existential statement, as if the narrator feels he must remind man once again that it indeed is a yawn and not stars of which he speaks. Furthermore, in the following line (11), the narrator states that the yawn is both boring ('*dosadan*') and like every other one of its class ('*ko svaki zev*'). The tone of ironic bitterness in this line recalls the bitterly ironic reference in the poem's (and the cycle's) title to the Biblical song of praise; it also encapsulates perfectly the blasé 'yawning' tone both of the poem and the entire cycle.

But the tone of the final line (12) is not so much bored as bemused. After all the paradoxes and contradictions and impossibilities, the yawn nevertheless continues to exist – or at least, so it seems. This line is different from anything that has gone before in the poem, not just because it contains entirely new phonological sequences (final 's', the sound 'g' and the sequences 'gl' and 'tr'), but also because it contains two indicative present tense verbs. Until now, the poem has been strikingly devoid of real verbal action: it has consisted entirely of three instances of the past tense existential ('was', predicated of the yawn), and two conditionals ('would flash' and 'might think'). Now, however, we have an actual statement – it appears ('*izgleda*') that despite all the yawn endures ('*traje*'). The narrator's grudging admission of this fact returns our attention to the poem's key line (9), to man's interpretation of the yawn's flashes as stars. If the yawn, which according to the poem's narrator has no logical right to endure, nevertheless continues to do so, then ought one not to be wary and sceptical of further statements by this narrator?

Both the poem's title (the same as that of the cycle which it concludes) and its reference to the stars which are central to the Starmaster's legacy (it is the only other poem in the cycle to mention them) indicate that it holds the key to the fate of the Starmaster's

legacy (which, after all, is what the book is about). This legacy, we remember, is his words, and is so powerful that even 'The falling stars hide their heads/ In the shadows of his words'. But words are of no use if they are not properly interpreted, and it is man who must perform this crucial function. The final poem in the cycle 'Zev nad zevovima' is an important reminder that since things are not always as they seem, man must continue to search beyond apparent paradoxes and contradictions to find the deeper meanings of existence. The narrative which occupies the remainder of *Sporedno nebo*, the search by the 'alternate universe's' inhabitants for their creator and the meaning of his creation, must be read in the light of this admonition. The Starmaster and his words are presented clearly only in a very few places in *Sporedno nebo*; nevertheless, the book cannot be properly interpreted without constant reference to them. This poem represents a clear reminder of the Starmaster's role both in the cycle which first presents him, and in the book which cannot exist without him.

THE POETRY OF SLAVKO MIHALIĆ

Bernard Johnson, London

Slavko Mihalić was born in 1928 in Karlovac where he spent his early years and received his first education. Since 1947 he has lived in Zagreb, working first as a journalist and subsequently as an editor and writer. From the early 'fifties he has been one of the most important and influential literary figures in Croatia. He was founder and editor of two significant Zagreb literary journals, *Tribina* and *Književna tribina*, an editor of *Telegram* and a member of the group of poets centred around the highly influential *Krugovi*. He was the initiator and organiser of the first Yugoslav Poetry Festivals and later served at various times both as Secretary of the Association of Croatian Writers and General Secretary of the Union of Writers of Yugoslavia. He is a member of the Yugoslav Academy.

Mihalić's poetic output during the last thirty and more years has been prodigious. His first volume, *Komorna muzika*, appeared in 1954 and was followed by over a dozen books of verse spanning the period 1984-87. These have included: *Put u nepostojanje*, 1956; *Početak zaborava*, 1957; *Darežljivo progonstvo*, 1959; *Godišnja doba*, 1959; *Ljubav za stvarnu zemlju*, 1964; *Jezero*, 1964; *Posljednja večera*, 1969; *Vrt crnih jabuka*, 1972; *Klopka za uspomene*, 1977; *Tihe lomače*, 1985; and *Iskorak*, 1987. In addition, there have been two editions of selected verse published by Matica hrvatska; *Izabrane pjesme*, 1961 and 1980, and a recent selected volume published in Belgrade by Prosveta, *Atlantida*, 1982.

Since Mihalić is arguably the most significant Croatian poet of the post-war period, an enormous amount of criticism and commentary has been devoted to his work, as is evident from the extensive bibliography included in the 1981 *Selected Verses* edition. The list reads like a roll-call of the most famous of Yugoslavia's poets and critics since 1945. To these must now be added Vuk Krnjević's perceptive introduction to the Belgrade edition of

Atlantida, and a more recent attempt by Slavko Gordić to present an overall and cohesive picture of Mihalić's poetry.¹ Yet despite his reputation in his own country, Mihalić is little known outside Yugoslavia and Eastern Europe. Bearing in mind always the problems of translation, which are often a crucial barrier for Slav poets, does Mihalić deserve the attention and interest of a wider audience outside his homeland? In summarising Mihalić's work, it is hoped to offer some kind of answer to this question.

The first and most striking impression from a systematic reading of Mihalić's poetry is of its very wide diversity, characterised by a new direction of scope and themes with each new volume. In this respect, statements by Krnjević and Bošnjak that Mihalić: 'peva uvek istu pesmu' and 'u sve knjige utiskuje pečat jednog teksta'² seem exceptionally difficult to justify. Rather it is the range of Mihalić's themes, form and poetic style which are indicative of his continuing development as a poet over a lengthy period. Secondly, even from his very earliest books, Mihalić appears on the literary scene as an already fully-fledged poet, a mature and subtly skilled artist. There is little disagreement amongst commentators that this newly arrived poetic talent was one of great originality, emerging suddenly, spontaneously and to a large extent independently, and owing little to his Croatian contemporaries or even to the wider stream of modern European poetry. This is perhaps the most surprising feature of Mihalić's verse, for without necessarily being imitative, most contemporary Yugoslav poets show elements of continuity within their own literary heritage and readily definable influences from major European literatures.

Mihalić, therefore, is not part of the predominant lyric current of modern Croatian verse which links Matoš to Tin Ujević and the post-war poets Jure Kaštelan and Vesna Parun and which takes its source partly from folk-poetry but more directly from the French Parnassians. This is not to deny that Mihalić is capable of producing poems of strong lyric intensity, but however powerful such

¹ Slavko Gordić, 'Mihalićev pesnički arhipelag', *Književnost*, Belgrade, Jan. 1984.

² 'always sings the same song.' 'stamps all his books with the imprint of the same text.' Quoted from Gordić, op.cit., p.98.

individual poems, they do not represent the most original aspect of his work. Nor does his poetry owe a great deal to the two main poetic movements of the first part of this century, Symbolism and Surrealism, even though their legacy has been too strong for any modern European poet to escape entirely.¹ If anything, like those other two fine contemporary Croatian poets, Ivan Slamnig and Antun Šoljan, Mihalić's affinities go back to the interwar poet, Antun Branko Šimić, who was responsible for the introduction of a strong existentialist current into Croatian poetry. Indeed, 'existentialist' is the label most often attached to Mihalić by critics attempting a general categorisation, and as far as it goes it is probably accurate.² Thirdly, despite what has been said above, there is something in Mihalić's work which makes it specifically Croatian, even though this may not be immediately apparent to the outsider. For Mihalić's commitment to his own country is subtle, far from uncritical, and as is often the case with poets who make use of satire, much of his poetry functions on several levels of understanding at one and the same time and requires considerable cross-referencing.

In Mihalić's case, it is the 'poet's own reality' which is the constant thread, linking the diversity of his themes and his very wide range of subject matter. In essence, it is a technique, particularly evident in the early books, such as *Komorna muzika*, and *Put u nepostojanje*, where the poet illuminates an ordinary, often trivial moment or event of everyday life with the light of his

¹ 'Mihalić je od nadrealista naučio sve što mi je bilo potrebno da bi izražajne izricaje utemeljene u *logosu* a ne u mitosu učinio pjesnički djelotvornim...' ['Mihalić learned from the surrealists everything that he needed to express the fundamenal in the *logos*, but not in the *mitos* in order to make his poetry effective.'] Vlatko Pavletić, Introduction to the selected verse volume, *Izabrane pjesme*, Matica hrvatska, Zagreb, 1980, p.24.

² It is tempting to draw other parallels between Mihalić and Šimić: both passed through the hard school of journalism before emerging as poets, poetry perhaps gave them an escape from generalities and realism into a more immediate world of their own construction (both, of course, remained prominent as editors of literary magazines). Both appeared rather suddenly on the literary scene as highly original talents of distinctly gloomy orientation in the aftermath of the cataclysmic events of the two world wars which marked each of them deeply. Yet such comparison must not be taken too far since Mihalić's poetic opus takes in much more and his imagination is far more fruitful than his predecessor. It might well be suggested that Mihalić picks up largely where Šimić leaves off.

own perception, his imagination changes and develops it into an episode of intense poetic importance to the poet's inner experience. The reality that the poem develops derives from the poet's inward contemplation and it is often a means of arriving at a moment of insight into the universal human experience. (For English readers there is a longstanding similar current in English tradition, culminating in recent times with Auden and the modern generation of Hughes and Larkin). The original event may not even have happened, what is important is its projection in the poet's own perception:

Kušam zaustaviti vrijeme
Nestrpljivog vozača i prestrašenog jelena

Dati oblik izvanrednom događaju na ulici
Koji se samo polovično dogodio.¹

And as with this particular poem, the vision Mihalić creates for himself is often one of impending menace. Again in the well-known and frequently anthologised poem '*Metamorfoza*', the poet feels himself transformed by an ordinary moment in the street into a highly receptive state for which the image is a glassy lake. Yet if this is a metaphor for the poet's moment of inspiration, there is also an awareness of the presence of another facet of his intensified reality:

Idem ulicu spuštene glave poput
nekog drugog jezera, tamnog prije svega, zatim
i otrovnog, i ne govorimo o tim
ogavnim bićima koja pužu po dnu.²

In poems which make use of this kind of imaginative philosophical development of an initial situation or idea, Mihalić is very much aware of this contrast between the two sides of the

¹ 'I'm trying to stop time,/For a reckless driver and a frightened deer/
To give form to an exceptional event in the street/Which only half happened.'

² 'I pass along the street, head bent, as if/some other lake, but mainly
sombre/and poisonous; we do not speak of those/vile creatures crawling in its
depths...

poet-magician's psyche, the base and the inspired opposites of his reality, like Ariel and Caliban, which go to make up his power. And it is usually Caliban who has the last word:

...ogavnim bićima koja pužu po dnu, tako
da sada sam sebi zaudaram¹

There are many other examples of this kind of resolution of the poet's task in poems of very different conception, but significant in all of them is the heightened intensity of perception which the initial stimulus has triggered off. '*Prognana balada*' represents an all too fleeting moment of well-being inspired by a trivial event and a certain set of conditions. '*Morao sam se vratiti*' shows a state of extreme inner tension deriving from an outwardly barely significant action. The process is inverted in '*Strijeljanje u zoru*' where the enormity of a ritualised, inhuman act is made still more horrific through objectivised trivialisation as compared with the timeless but uncomprehending beauty of the nightingale's song. This ability to arrive at an important poetic statement by way of the heightened awareness of a familiar object or a banal event is a feature present throughout Mihalić's verse which can be seen in poems as chronologically as far apart as '*Smrt lišća*', which begins in a light-hearted, personal vein but ends with a parallel from nature, evoking man's sudden realisation of his own mortality, and the recent '*U tramvaju*', with its goldfish bowl setting of detached objectivisation for an unexpected scene which breaks in on everyday normality.

Such progress from the trivial to the ontological is a familiar enough device in modern reflective poetry; but Mihalić's originality lies in the rich and unusual quality of his poetic imagination which allows him to arrive at the logical end by such unpredictable routes. He is undoubtedly a 'poet of ideas' but this may not be immediately apparent because of the strikingly unusual and imaginative approach to them.

Much has been said about the fundamentally sombre nature of Mihalić's poetic inspiration, and there can be no denial that the

¹ ... vile creatures crawling in its depths, so now/my own foul smell swells in me.'

reader is left with the overall impression that Mihalić's philosophical outlook is basically pessimistic. But it is not the mannered despair of romanticism – Emery George's categorisation of Mihalić as a 'neo-romantic' seems particularly wide of the mark¹ – or still less the intensely self-destructive and morbid fascination with despair, decline and death which was the hallmark of the turn-of-the-century symbolism, aptly termed 'decadent' by the Russians. For Mihalić's generation the violence and atrocities of war and revolution were very much part of the material reality of their youth and few Yugoslavs who survived the 'forties and their aftermath have failed to be deeply marked by what they saw and suffered. Ted Hughes to a large extent summed up the ever-present accompaniment to this generation of Eastern European poets: 'The attempt these poets have made to record man's awareness of what is being done to him, by his own institutions and by history, and to record along with their suffering their inner creative transcendence of it, has brought their poetry down to such precisions, discriminations and humilities that it is a new thing. It seems closer to those other realities in which we can holiday, or into which we decay when our bodily survival is comfortably taken care of, and which art, particularly contemporary art, is forever trying to impose on us as some sort of superior dimension. I think it was Milosz, the Polish poet, who when he lay in a doorway and watched the bullets lifting the cobbles out of the street beside him, realised that poetry is not equipped for life in a world where people actually die.'² And though Mihalić's poetic universe, unlike Herbert, Holub and Milosz to whom Hughes is referring here, has less of stark horror and violence in its makeup, one does not have to dig very deep beneath the surface to find the effects of events and experiences of the poet's adolescence which have left their indelible trace on his sensibility. Poems like: '*Ne nadaj se*', '*Vrijeme je jedno opasno odricanje*', '*Strijeljanje u zoru*', '*Ratne operacije*', '*Rat*' – to mention only a few, all show the imprint of the events of the poet's formative years, his own and his country's suffering, best typified, perhaps in '*Silazak*'.

¹ Emery George, *Contemporary East European Poetry*, Ardis, 1983, p.350.

² Vasko Popa, *Collected Poems 1943-76*, Carcanet, 1977, p.2.

Čitav jedan narod
S postrijeljanim uspomenama
u torbacima ¹

Mihalić often varies the tone of this current of despondence in his verse, from the personal fear of betraying of '*Ne mogu izgovoriti ime grada*', the sadness at the poet's thankless destiny of '*Sudbina pjesnika čudotvorca*', the elegiac mood of '*Jesen*', as far as the sardonically allegorical resignation of '*Opakosti starosti*'.

It seems that very much of Mihalić's poetry is concerned with the tragic nature of man's condition; his awareness of the fragility of life and man's inevitable mortality is never far away. Yet there are also signs, particularly in his latest books, that although he cannot escape from this basic ethos which provides the source of so much of his poetic inspiration, he can nevertheless progress through and beyond it. As Vuk Krnjević says:

Nije li nas Sartr upozorio na jednu kapitalnu činjenicu: da tek sa očajanjem počinje pravi optimizam. Kod Mihalića se taj proces odvijao u raznovrsnosti pokušaja, ali je, čini mi se, doveo do sličnog rezultata. Mihalić je postigao svoje pravo suočavanje sa svijetom u onim trenucima kada je iscrpio mogućnosti koje su mu stajale na raspolaganju da pokušava da radikalno riješi svoju poziciju unutar svijeta u kome traje i egzistira. Nakon 'iskustva' o nemoći on je došao do mirnog, umornog, osamljenog odnosa prema tome istome svijetu... Optimizam očajnika mudrost je koju posjeduju pobijeđeni.²

¹ 'A whole people/with bullet-torn memories in their pouches.'

² 'Was it not Sartre who drew our attention to a capital fact: only with despair does true optimism begin. With Mihalić this process has worked itself out in a variety of diversified attempts, but, it seems to me, has led to the same result. Mihalić has arrived at his true confrontation with the world at those moments when he has exhausted the possibilities at his disposal to attempt to resolve radically his position within the world in which he lives and exists. Through the experience of helplessness he has come to a peaceful, weary, individualist attitude towards that same world. The optimism of a despairing man is a wisdom possessed by the defeated...' Vuk Krnjević, *Atlantida*, Prosveta, Belgrade, 1982, p.13.

One of the other effects of Mihalić's early background and his consequent poetic attitude is an underlying fear of what the future may bring, together with the closeness, inevitability and finality of death which makes a mockery of life, its brevity and futile human endeavours. This is a recurring theme in Mihalić's poetry – in '*Još malo neka smo*':

Strah nas, ne više drugih, nego sebe
Osjećamo kako u nama ustaje netko veći
Nemoguće je podnijeti pogled njegovih očiju
Koje ne priznaju zapreke ¹

such inner fear is independent of man's will and uncontrollable:²
Nekoliko nas –

Uz nas struji oštra brzica mrtvaca
A netko glavni sve to mirno promatra
Nas nekoliko od zlata s osmijehom pred puškama...

Ništa ne razumijemo i sve krivo činimo
Što ćete vi tad-kad blagoslivljati...

Onaj koji znade – šuti, kao da još razmišlja
Premda je odluka po svoj prilici donijeta ³

sounds almost like an epitaph for his own generation; and the capricious nature of the relation of life to death in '*Smrt nema točno određene granice*' calls to mind the stark life and death motifs of medieval *danse macabre* frescoes:

¹ 'Fear, no more of others than ourselves/We feel there's someone larger welling up inside us/Impossible to look him in the eyes/Which recognise no obstacles.'

² cf. a similar treatment by the Serbian poet, Miodrag Pavlović:
'Strah je čovečuljak/koji čuči pritisnut lobanjom/neki put viri kroz naše uši...'
'Fear is a dwarf/crouching, pressed to our skull/sometimes he peers out through our ears...'

³ 'Around us flows a sharp stream of the dead/And someone there in charge watches unmoved/We golden few facing the rifle barrels with a smile.../We fathom nothing, get wrong everything/That you some day will bless.../The one who knows keeps silent, as if still reflecting/Though more than likely the decision's already been made.'

Sve će te tjerati, a ti ćeš za njima puzat kao pas
 Ne svojom voljom! – već zbog čudne zaboravljivosti smrti
 Oh, zalud tajno obilaziš grobljem, tražiš sebi raku
 – Smrt će te zateći nepripremljena, kada na tren
 zaboraviš
 U nekom tuđem gradu, zanijet malo vinom, kakvom
 nedostojnom ljubavlju.¹

But perhaps Mihalić's best poem on man's mortality is the many layered '*Opakosti starosti*' which seems to point to an almost elegiac feeling of resignation with even a hint of ironic lyricism.

The obverse side of Mihalić's apprehension of the future and awareness of the ever-menacing presence of death is his heightened sensibility towards the past, a nostalgia for remembered personal moments and events which take on an aura of wishful tranquility, almost blissfulness, when viewed through the magnifying glass of the poet's memory. In this vein, Mihalić's verse contains a lyrical element which has even led some critics, notably A. Šoljan, to suggest that Mihalić is to some extent heir to the last great lyric poet in Croatian poetry, Tin Ujević.² Amongst the most powerful of such nostalgic vistas is the eponymous poem of the collection *Klopka za uspomene*, with its gently sensual evocation of adolescence, and the complementary '*Zimski krajobraz*':

U stvari ti ljubiš prošlost svojeg djetinjstva
 u mokrim cipelama,
 čudesno šarenilo boja oko Božića i Nove Godine.

Bezumno čežneš za nečim što se moglo dogoditi.
 bilo je tako blizu...

¹ 'Everyone hounds you, you'll crawl in their wake like a dog/Thy will be done! – but from some strange forgetfulness of death/Oh, it's pointless to walk round the tombstones seeking your grave/Death will catch you unready, when you forget for a moment/In some other town, in your cups or with an unworthy love.'

² A. Šoljan, 'Ikar blatnih krila', *Antologija hrvatske poezije dvadesetog stoljeća*, p.13: 'možemo reći ... Mihalić nastavljač Ujevića...'

Tvoj san lebdi
tamo gdje si ga napustio
i sve je još jednom prekrasno.¹

Mihalić's rarer, but no less evocative, more intimate, poems of love also show something of this twofold attitude which motivates his creative inspiration: anxiety, as for example, in *'Približavanje oluje'*, and the focusing of the poetic lens on an intensely remembered past experience, tinged with the sadness of nostalgia, as in *'Prva ljubav'*, *'Svjetlucaње valova'*, and, less directly, *'Popodnevni čaj'*. The two poems *'Bijeg ljubavnika'* and *'Mala fuga'* deserve special mention since here the poet projects his own sensitive emotion onto the plight of the 'ill-starred lovers', Romeo and Juliet, so that the poems become a movingly personal and original fantasy on the timeless theme.

In *'Bijeg ljubavnika'* Mihalić's preoccupation with human mortality and his poetic treatment, verging on the mystical, of love's triumph over death has moved a long way down the road towards the apocalyptic second sight of the prophet. It is perhaps paradoxical that a poet of so strongly existentialist a mould should have arrived quite independently at a vision which has sustained and motivated many poets of a more metaphysical cast. Some, like Blake, have been religiously inspired, others, like Yeats and Blok, have been moved by their own individual sources for their terrible premonitions of doomsday. But it is rare for a poet, and especially a Slav poet, not to feel at some time the mantle of the ancient priest-seer upon him, the terrible gift which no poem gives better evidence of than Pushkin's *'Prorok'*. Mihalić is no exception. A small number of his poems show the results of this prophetic gift. *'Sudbina pjesnika, čudotvorca'*, and *'Sam, jer takva je pobjeda'*, the former developed ironically, the latter with a whiff of the brimstone of retribution, show something of the poet's canalisation of this double-edged heritage. *'Na proklesnoj obali'*, *'Posljednji grad'*

¹ 'In fact you love your long-past childhood/in wet shoes/the fabulous parade of colours at New Year and Christmas.

You long madly for something that might have happened./It was so close.

Your dream floats/In the place you left it/And everything's once more resplendent.'

and '*Vrt crnih jabuka*', each in a different way, illustrate the power of Mihalić's visionary imagination, and '*Dies irae*', with the neo-surrealist horror of its final image is another powerful example, bringing together several of the background strands already discussed:

Nad gradom je
krvavi oblak
vukao kola
puna modrih lešina.¹

Yet it says much for Mihalić's versatility that he is able to bring his own vision of the apocalypse back down to earth in the fine poem '*Opakosti starosti*', tempering symbolism with a sardonic touch of black humour which only adds to the poem's striking and unusual imagery.

Mihalić is not a political poet in any direct sense. But the times and place where he has lived his life have made it impossible for him in his writing to remain unaware of, and uninvolved in, the main political events going on around him and their consequences for the problems and tragedies of Eastern Europe, Yugoslavia, and in particular, for his own Croatia. Poems like '*Ne nadaj se*', '*Još malo neka smo*', '*Prognan se vratio*', '*Majstore, ugasi svijeću*', amongst many others, contain their own comments on specific post-war situations and events. Mihalić feels very strongly his attachment to his own homeland, but rarely does he concern himself openly or directly in his poetry with what he and his fellow-Croatians see as their country's deep-rooted problems. But there are two finely written and carefully targetted poems in which by means of allegory and analogy he makes important and sensitive statements that reveal his deep concern and even anguish for the nation and people to which he belongs. These are '*Atlantida*' and '*S Guliverovih putovanja*'. The latter is an eloquent, yet satirical appeal from the heart which echoes the confusion of the time and the contradictory values of his, or any other, contemporary society:

Domoroci uvijek zbore o nečemu drugome,

¹ 'Over the town/a bloodsoaked cloud/was dragging a cart/full of corpses.'

nikad o onome o čemu se radi. Idu
natraške i sretni su ako zatiljkom
udare o nešto tvrdo...

...Inače, noću, kriomice
raskopavaju svoje domove. Isprva sam
mislio: traže zlato. Jest, da ne bi! To im je
posao! Valja da svaki samog sebe
izigra. Što bolje udesi. Upropasti...

...Ne znam
gdje su im hramovi. Tko tu kome
služi, zapovijeda. Jasno mi je jedino
da je ovdje razum na štetu...

Svatko zdušno radi na svojoj propasti,
no i jedan drugome pomaže... ¹

But all this topsy-turvy, ambiguous world seems so real that Gulliver himself is taken in and feels part of it. It is no accident that Mihalić here chooses Swift as his point of reference: his dry humour, his gift for the grotesque and unexpected, for parody and satire find real affinities in the company of Gulliver's creator. Mihalić too is often the observer on the sidelines to whom the activities of his fellow-men seem little short of lunacy. In a similar way to an earlier poem by the Serbian poet, Jovan Hristić, 'Fedru':

...Živeli smo
U vremenima sasvim očajnim. Od tragedije
Pravili smo komediju, od komedije tragediju

A ono pravo: ozbiljnost, mera, mudra uzvišenost,
uzvišena mudrost, uvek nam je izmicalo. Bili smo
negde na ničijoj zemlji, ni mi sami

¹ 'The natives always talk of something else,/never of what they really have in mind. They walk/backwards, rejoicing when they run into/some hard thing with their-head...

...And then, secretly, by night/they excavate their houses. At first I thought/they must be seeking gold. But that's not it. It seems to be/their work. It looks as though each one/has to outsmart himself. The best he can. For his own ruination...

...And I've no idea/where are their temples? Who serves whom?/Who gives the orders? One thing's certain:/here reason is a disadvantage./Each one works hard for his own downfall,/and more besides. They help each other.

Ni neki drugi... ¹

Mihalić sums up his own artistic position in *'Majstore, ugasi svijetu:*

Ozbiljna su vremena, nikome se ništa ne oprašta.
Samo klauni znadu kako se možeš izvući:
plaču kad im se smije i smiju se kad im plač razara lice. ²

In the other poem, by making use of the parallel of the mythical fate of Atlantis, the poet gives a powerful insight into the historical and psychological paradox facing his contemporaries: the problem of a people of potential genius and great cultural achievement, eager to play an important role on the wider historical stage, but doomed always to suffer their own frustrations and the world's ignorant indifference:

Nikada, nikada nećemo biti otkriveni,
nikada, nikada nećemo početi postojati,
ali ni Kolumbo, nijedan Kolumbo neće izbjeći prokletstvo;
svijet će umrijeti od nemoći pred Atlantidom. ³

It is a poem of great intensity with a strong philosophical and political message in the fashion of Blok's *'Skify'* or Yeats's *'Riding to Byzantium'*.

Finally, with all the other facets of Mihalić's poetry, mention should be made of his ability on occasions to produce a cameo-poem of extreme clarity and simplicity. Three such poems which in their different ways illustrate this sharpness of definition are: *'Crtež'*,

¹ '...We have lived/Amongst quite desperate times. Of tragedy/We have made comedy, of comedy - tragedy./But that reality: seriousness, measure, wise exaltation,/Uplifting wisdom, eludes us always. We have been/In some uncertain land, neither ourselves/Nor someone else...'

² 'For times are grave; no one, nothing's forgiven./Only the clowns can keep out of harm's way:/they cry instead of laughing, laugh when tears distort their faces.'

³ 'Never, never shall we be discovered,/never, never shall our existence begin,/nor even Columbus, a single Columbus escape from the curse;/the world will die quite helpless in sight of Atlantis.'

which acknowledges with a twinkle in the poet's eye that his muse is sometimes more like a mischievous schoolgirl than a goddess; '*Konjanik*', which has something of the mystic quality of a medieval fresco; and '*Jesen*', which in fine elegiac tone captures the poet's reflection of the season's mood.

In a summary of this nature it has been possible only to suggest some of the more evident and recurring currents to be found in Mihalić's poetry, but this is enough to show his wide range of subjects and the richness of his poetic imagination. At a time when content has become dominant over form and the distinction between poetry and prose has become somewhat blurred, Mihalić is not a 'musical' poet, but he makes up for this in the crispness of his language and the precision with which he develops an idea through to its conclusion. This makes him a poet appreciated by the intellect rather than by instinct, but this is also a reason why his poetry breaks through language and national barriers with little difficulty. If, as it would seem, the main stream of poetry in Europe since the 'fifties has moved into an area once occupied by philosophy, then Mihalić is a worthy representative of this mainstream and as such merits wider recognition outside his country's frontiers.

THE CROATIAN AND SERBIAN TRANSLATIONS OF PUSHKIN'S *EUGENE ONEGIN*

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Although the Croats and Serbs have a common language, literature and translating must be considered separately. The situation may be compared with Anglo/American or Dutch/Flemish. Consequently the same foreign works exist in both Serbian and Croatian translation.

The first Croatian translation of *Evgeniy Onegin* was published in 1860 in Zagreb as *Eugenio Onjegin*: the translator was Spiro Dimitrović Kotaranin, 'translator of Russian and Lyudmila, Poltava and William Tell', as it says on the title page. We see that Dimitrović sees himself as a translator 'by profession, and not a translator just from Russian. We find both Serbs and Croats working as translators, without specialising in a particular language; the majority of our translators are not bilingual, which must be particularly stressed. Spiro Dimitrović [1813-1868] was a skilled translator, mostly of plays. He is also renowned for the fact that Petar Preradović dedicated his first Croatian poem to him. They met as Austrian officers in Italy. Dimitrović was born into a Serbian family in the neighbourhood of Zadar (hence the 'Kotaranin' - the region is called Kotari).

He lived largely in Zagreb, where he died; he held Pan-Slav political views. He mentions the fact that he translated *Onegin* from the Russian, which may be seen by the Russianisms in the text. The translation is in unrhymed decasyllables, which corresponds to the European trochaic pentameter. Today this line carries irresistible associations with traditional, rustic epic song. In the nineteenth century, when Vuk Karadžić's popular language was taken as

the basis for the literary language, there was an attempt to establish the epic decasyllable as a metametric line which would be the equivalent of English blank verse, the French alexandrine or the Italian endecasyllable. The attempt did not succeed, so that nowadays *Onegin* in decasyllables sounds odd to us at first, but when we get used to the verse, we see that this first translation of Pushkin's masterpiece into our language is not so bad. The line length is close to Pushkin's tetrameter, Dimitrović tries to remove the rustic quality from the traditional decasyllable, to link it by its diction to early Croatian poetry and by not using rhyme he seems to anticipate Nabokov's ideas.

The second Croatian translation - only of the first Canto, in fact - appeared two years later, in *Glasonoša*, II, 25-27, 29-30, 32-35, Karlovac, 1862. The translator was Ivan Trnski [1819-1910]. The whole of *Evgenij Onjegin* in Trnski's translation appeared in 1881 in Zagreb, published by Matica hrvatska. Trnski uses octosyllables which is the equivalent of the trochaic tetrameter of European versification, a line which is popular in both traditional and early written poetry, but which does not have such a strong rustic flavour as the decasyllable. The translation is rhymed like the original, but without the alternation of masculine and feminine rhymes - the lines always have exactly eight syllables. In Pushkin the number of syllables in a line is nine or eight, depending on whether the rhyme is feminine or masculine. The verses are modelled on the Elizabethan sonnet, with the following rhyme pattern: AbAbCCddEffEgg [the capitals signify feminine rhymes, the lower case masculine ones]. The model for the whole work is Byron's *Don Juan*, a fact which Pushkin does not hide.

Trnski favoured the introduction of accentual versification, on the German model, and adapted his translation accordingly, although he apologised for the fact that he did not altogether succeed: he found it difficult to establish exactly where the new-štokavian, standard stress lay in certain words. This note tells us much about the problems a Croatian or Serbian versifier comes up against.

A Serbian translation of *Onegin* appeared somewhat later. The first chapter came out in *Javor* in 1885, and the second in *Stražilovo*, in 1886; the translator was Jovan Simeonović-Čokić. The line was, like Trnski's, octosyllabic, but the rhyme scheme was simplified. Then the whole work was translated by Rista Odavić [1870-1932]. It was published first in the journal *Otadžbina*, 1892, and then in book form: *Jevdjenije Onjegin*, Belgrade 1893. This translation is also in octosyllables; the rhyme order does not always correspond to the original. Odavić translated from German as well [*Faustus*, 1931], he was connected with the theatre, and in addition he wrote essays. He translated the work again and published it as *Evgenije Onjegin*, Belgrade 1924. Here he retained the octosyllabic line, but the rhyme order follows the original, he endeavoured to remove the folkloric overtones, and the translation is quite faithful. This is the best translation before the Second World War.

All these translations came into being in the spirit of the nineteenth century, when their authors based both line and diction on the traditional poetry. But Pushkin himself demonstrated in one small illustration the way the line of his novel differs from the Russian traditional line: only once do there occur lines of the traditional type, in the form of a quotation – the song of the berry pickers in the third chapter. Around 1900 among both Croats and Serbs the principle of translation in 'the measure of the original' gained precedence. The Russian iambic tetrameter would be the phonometric equivalent of the nine-syllable line, a line which is not in the repertoire of traditional metrics, but its 'masculine' form links it to the so-called asymmetrical octosyllable. The nine-syllable line was, apart from that, quite a popular line in the 'Modern' period (verse forms in both Croatian and Serbian artistic versification are generally referred to by the number of syllables in a feminine form, as in Italian).

After the Second World War two translations of Pushkin's novel appeared, in 'jekavian' [= Croatian] by Tomislav Prpić, *Evgenij*

Onegin, Zagreb 1955 (in the 1980 edition: *Jevgenij Onjegin*), and in 'ekavian' [=Serbian] by Milorad Pavić, *Evgenije Onjegin*, Sarajevo, 1982. Prpić consistently follows the principle of the measure of the original, and the Russian rule that in an iambic line the first syllable must not be stressed (which is permissible in English and German). Prpić also follows Pushkin's disposition of masculine and feminine rhymes, and since 'new-štokavian' accentuation does not permit stress on the last syllable of a polysyllabic word, in order to achieve a masculine rhyme he has to have monosyllables at the end, as in both Polish and Czech. Alternatively, he can use 'light' rhymes such as 'on - napokon'; which is the custom in our language. The search for monosyllables obliges him to place at the end of the line words devoid of meaning such as 'baš, još, joj, ih, uh'; in the description of the ballerina he has the rhymes 'hop-klop'. In order to save the form, he often omits or adds words, which reduces the value of the translation, although his endeavour to follow the verse form and rhyme faithfully is impressive. Pavić's translation is far more readable. His line regularly has nine syllables in fact, the order of stress is fairly free. The rhymes are regularly feminine; sometimes a masculine rhyme will appear (then the line, of course, has eight syllables), and sometimes there is an impure rhyme. Pavić is far more reliable than other translators in his faithful reading of the content, nevertheless misunderstandings can occasionally be found.

A Slav translating from a Slavonic language is frequently in danger of not even checking those words which seem to him identical or similar to words in his own language (in English/French linguistic relations this is the 'timbre-poste': 'timber post' syndrome). Thus Dimitrović and Trnski take 'gosudarstvo' (= state) to mean 'gospodarstvo'. There is a special problem with the verb *prisest'* 'to curtsy', in the line 'Pevcu prisest', prinuzhdena', which Pavić renders best as 'Pred njim mora da se klanja', while for example Trnski has 'Sjede do njeg Tanja dika', and others also make the mistake. Sometimes the translator is misled by the context,

and as we connect rain with the autumn, *vesenniy* 'spring', becomes 'jesenji' in both the more recent translators (Prpić: 'dažd jesenji', Pavić: 'jesenja kiša'); perhaps the Slovene 'v jeseni' for 'u jesen' has played a part here. Another confusing word is *prinoshen'ye* in the line 'Stakan, sosedke prinoshen'ye'; it is Pavić who is mistaken here, with his 'Susetkin poklon, čašu novu', when it is a question of a toast. Dimitrović has rendered this successfully: 'A za zdravlje susjedice mlade' and Prpić: 'Za susjede i njine draži' (except that it is not clear why he has made it plural). Some expressions cannot be understood without comment, for example: 'Vina komety bryznul tok' refers to the champagne of the vintage when a comet occurs, and does not describe the way the wine gushes; this can easily mislead the translator.

I too have taken on the translation of *Evgeniy Onegin*, in the local tradition that translating exists as a profession, and not of a person specializing in translation from one language. In order to avoid the problems encountered by a Slav translating from a Slavonic language, I consistently followed Nabokov's English translation. Pushkin's language has a great range of stylistic levels, in lexis, and in grammar, from Church-Slavonic to common usage, and is also full of allusions to the time it was written. It is consequently not possible to translate it without commentary, which almost every edition has, but they are not sufficient for the translator. Luckily, there are two new, comprehensive and invaluable commentaries: Nabokov's (1964) and Lottmann's (1980). Nabokov completely rejects, even mocks verse translations. It is true that English feminine rhymes do have a little of the flavour of popular poems, but as a rule the grammatical or formative endings are the same. Nabokov finds particularly comical the rhyme 'pleasure-measure' which Charles Johnston nevertheless used in his post-Nabokov translation.

As so many various methods of translation have already been tried, I decided on something new, as far as meter and particularly rhyme are concerned. My intention was to achieve maximum

opportunity for as faithful as possible a rendering of the sense values, but at the same time to make the euphonic ones more up-to-date, since *Onegin* in the original sounds markedly more modern than its translations.

The line I have used remains basically a nine-syllable line, but I sometimes shorten it by a syllable, not only at the end (masculine ending), but also at the beginning. In short, the number of syllables in the line varies, but the meter remains two-time (binary), with four ictuses.

There is more of an innovation in the use of rhyme: the rhymes are accentually equivalent, but often they are not true (pure) in the sense that the sounds do not completely agree, but are often only similar. The justification for this lies in the fact that the scope of Croatian rhyme needs to be extended, since the possibilities for rhyme in Russian are far greater. Pushkin is able without force to rhyme grammatical endings as well. The rhyme scheme in each verse follows Pushkin's model [ABACCDD, etc.], but not the disposition of feminine and masculine rhymes, which is not regular in my version. For the sake of appearances, I have nevertheless translated some stanzas in the measure and rhyme of the original, just to show that I could do it.

A SCREW LOOSE OR A PLANK MISSING? ANECDOTES ON TRANSLATING SERBO-CROAT POETRY

Francis R. Jones (University of Exeter)

Poetry in translation is a contradiction in terms - or so the truism has it. The task of perfectly reproducing the total semantic web of a poem within the bounds of a corresponding sound-pattern is all but impossible. But most of us leave such linguistic solipsism to the philosophers; we know a good translation when we see it: it is credible as a poem in its own right, reproducing as much of the original as possible without losing the thrill of the strange, the new, the foreign.

Poetry differs from the most emotive of prose in at least three fields; in these the translator labours. Poetry uses systems of word-sound to underpin meaning: this is so general that even its rejection is system in itself. Secondly, it is more concise than prose, hence more intense in effect; what is more, it is not bound by the words on the page: the unsaid is perhaps as important as the said. Thirdly, poetry's syntax is freer, the poet being permitted to use the whole range from archaic to iconoclastic; deeper rules may be broken with impunity: neologisms, even new languages may be created from existing or imagined elements.

To examine the last field first, let us look at how the difference in grammatical systems between Serbo-Croat and English affects the translator's task. Serbo-Croat is a synthetic language, expressing concepts such as possession, instrument, person, number and verbal aspect by inflexions on a word-stem. Word order, especially in poetry, is a means of emphasis, whereas in English it is used to express grammatical relations such as subject-verb-object. The inflected nature of Serbo-Croat, however, means that it

looks more concise than English with its chains of prepositions, articles and auxiliary verbs. This has far-reaching consequences for rhythm, especially with poets such as Vasko Popa, whose characteristic is conciseness:

Gledaju se tupo

from his poem 'Two Pebbles' ('Dva belutka') expands, literally, into

They are looking at each other dully

Improvable, of course, though with difficulty. Chains of English possessives - as in this extract from Ivan V. Lalić's *Acqua alta* cycle:

... for love of the love of a poet

are more disturbing than Serbo-Croat genitives:

... za ljubav ljubavi jednog pesnika

This is exacerbated by English's insistence on articles. Yet how much of this seeming conciseness is typographical? A syllable-count gives a different picture: 'of the love' takes no longer to say than 'ljubavi'; I feel that this is the only realistic approach to line-length.

Even so, problems remain, especially with the *embarras de richesse* of the English tense system. In this example from Lalić's *Etida* (*Etude*)

Nada, tvoja sestrice, igrala se sa knjigom.

the precise equivalent of the Serbo-Croat past imperfective is the English present perfect progressive:

... hope, your little
Sister, has been playing with the book.

Here I had a choice of two evils: to keep the English verb form in all its unwieldy subtlety, or to force it onto the Procrustean bed of the pseudo-modernist 3-tense system (she plays, she played, she will play) still, depressingly, favoured by some translators. In the end, by 'finding space' earlier in the verse, I was able to spread the line over a line and a half in English. The alternative is an unnaturalness, a grammatical poverty lacking in the original; if we lose the vital element of style (and grammar is a major part of this), we sink into soulless cribs or ham-fisted 'prepevi'. Luckily, English may sometimes be conciser than Serbo-Croat, for example with relative clauses: Lalić's title '*Mesta koja volimo*' translates easily as '*Places We Love*'.

Sound-structure in all its aspects, rhythmic and phonetic, is what, at first reading, makes or breaks a translation. A translated poem which sounds like an English poem is immediately accessible; it requires more persistence to discern the talent of an acknowledged master through the cracked mirror of a prosaic, stumbling translation. If the poet uses sound effects, we must attempt to produce at least an equivalent. When only such techniques as consonant and vowel harmony are required, the task is rarely insurmountable; look, for instance, at the onomatopoeic opening of Lalić's *Tamni vilajet* (*The Dark Province*):

Žamor je kao šljunak izmrvljen
U dugom tunelu,
topot napuklih kopita...

Murmurs crumble with the crunch of gravel
In the long tunnel,
cracked hooves clatter...

Once rhyme comes into the picture, however, I find the going gets difficult. English, with its multitude of vocabulary roots and

resulting paucity of standard word-endings, is a notoriously difficult language to rhyme in. More than once have I had to admit defeat. I once attempted to translate Karadžić's *Red Knight* (*Crven ban*), producing little more than jottings such as:

ducat - fuck it (?)

Congratulations to Daniel Weissbort!

When phonic constraints are very tight, even a 'successful' translation may alter the character of a poem. Take the poem '*Kolo bola*' from *Stone Sleeper* (*Kameni spavač*), Mak Dizdar's virtuoso work about the Bogomils (I have added a literal interlinear):

Koliko kola od dola do dola
How many dances from dale to dale

Koliko bola od kola do kola
How much pain from dance to dance

Koliko jada od grada do grada
How much sorrow from town to town

Koliko brega od greba do greba
How many hills from grave to grave

Koliko krvi od usudnih rana
How much blood from destiny's wounds

Koliko smrti do suđenog dana
How many deaths till the judgement day

Koliko kola od dola do dola
Koliko bola od kola do kola

Kolo do kola od bola do bola

The purpose of this poem, inspired by a carving of the *kolo* on a Bogomil tombstone, is to convey the terrible relentlessness of this

unending dance of death; it achieves this through strict dactylic rhythm and multiple rhymes.

When translating I was faced with minor problems such as the How much - how many opposition, the etymological pun usudnih - sudenog and the choice of rhythm; the major problem, however, was the binding element of the multiple internal rhymes. With the aid of a rhyming dictionary and Roget's Thesaurus I constructed grids:

kolo	bol	dol	greb	breg
round			grave	wave
trail	wail	vale	tomb	combe
whirl				
on we go	woe	?		
on we tread	dread	ahead		
pavane				
sarabande				
step				

Trail-wail-vale seemed fine at first sight as a candidate for verse one, but trail was rather weak for the keyword kolo. Luckily on we go, however, led to on we tread which led to tread-dread-ahead, though I had lost the literal meaning of dol.

Here I found myself lost in a semantic and phonetic labyrinth. This is perhaps the greatest danger in poetic translation: becoming entangled in conflicting demands of form, trapped by the surface features of the two languages, and losing the underlying poetic intent, which is essentially musical and pictorial.

Poetic translation is an art of compromise, and good poetic translation is the craft of knowing what features of a line can be abandoned first, and what last; I feel that the musical, i.e. the presence of a sound-structure, and the pictorial, i.e. the image, should not be open to compromise. The choice of individual phonic devices and the precise wording of images, however, are matters for negotiation between the two languages. To become obsessed with details of form - what rhyme-scheme, what word? - is a

necessary part of the translator's craft. But there are times in the composition of any translation when we need to go beneath the verbal to recover the visual and the musical, for this is our ground-base.

Humming, singing, declaiming are ways of restoring sound to its rightful place; to recover the images of kolo bola, I closed my eyes to see what the poet wished me to see. I found myself flying, birdlike, over an endless land-scape of hills topped with clusters of white tombstones, in the valleys scattered villages, their houses burning and their heretic inhabitants put to the sword.

Afterwards, my feeling was one of release; the draft seemed to write itself:

How long the tread ahead and ahead
How long the dread we tread we tread

How long the wail from vale to vale
How long these stones on bones and bones...

And so it stayed for six years; the stone sleeper was abandoned for "easier" works of living poets who remember the promises of translators. On returning to the work more recently, I found that, though the image had won through, the music had not: the whirling *kolo* of pain had been dulled and slowed into a trudge of fear. An hour's humming and Thesaurus-searching gave me the following version, with a rhyme-scheme more tongue-in-cheek than purist:

How long the kolo from hollow to hollow
How long the sorrow from kolo to kolo

How long the dread from stead to stead
How many coombs from tomb to tomb

How long the blood we are judged to pay
How many deaths till the judgement day

How long the kolo from hollow to hollow

How long the sorrow from kolo to kolo

Kolo to kolo from sorrow to sorrow

I have mentioned the fact that sometimes in translation we may be unable to see the meaning for the words. Essentially, however, we are concerned with transforming word- or phrase-meanings from one language to another, either directly or via a realm of "pure meaning": we begin and end with words. This means that in translating poetry we must be aware of every level of significance a word may have – literal, idiomatic, associative, even etymological or atavistic... without mentioning the problems caused by polysemy and homonyms. Strictly speaking, when we take all this into consideration, there are few equivalents between languages (a fact often used to "disprove" the possibility of translation!). Even on the uppermost level, that of literal meaning, significant differences may occur:

Tišina means very little or no sound, a concept we would split in English into silence and quietness; a person's active refusal to speak, however, is **ćutanje**: a word grievously lacking in English. Translations of such 'missing words' are either weak equivalents or paraphrases. Here, in this excerpt from Lalić's *'The Potter's Field, or a Wanderer's Song'*, I found it difficult to qualify the verb **ćute** with **mnogo** whilst keeping the succinctness of the original:

A inače su nepoverljivi i mnogo ćute,
Ali ne uvek o istom...

And usually keep
Their silence, if not always about the same...

Conversely, In English we have words non-existent in Serbo-Croat; it is easy to forget these when translating, impoverishing our English thereby. English modal verbs are an example: **možda** can be translated with the English may or might as well as the more obvious maybe or perhaps.

Sometimes, however, we are forced to make distinctions which do not exist in the original. The title and leitmotiv of one of Dizdar's cycles is *Putovi*: the idea is used figuratively and literally, but also with religious overtones. My notes express my indecision here:

only "Paths" is

fig.	lit.!	(Roads)	<u>Paths</u> ??	{ <u>Ways</u> }	cf. 'I am the way'?
=			----->	=====	

Idiom and poetry are the two great areas of non-literal language use. Where they combine, the translator's task is rarely straightforward. Take this poem from Vasko Popa's *Rez* (*The Cut*): 'Ludi izlaz' ('Crazy Way Out'):

Plaše me da mi nedostaje
Jedna daska u glavi

I još me plaše
Da će me sahraniti
U sanduku od tri daske

Plaše me a ne slute
Da ću bez četvrte daske
Ja njih uplašiti

Hvali mi se vesela luda
Iz naše ulice

Here the poet is reverting to the literal meaning of the idioms: fali mu (četvrta) daska u glavi - a/his fourth plank is missing in his head - which means he is mad, and sahranili su ga u sanduku od četiri daske - they buried him in a coffin of four planks - which means that he had the poorest of burials. I suggested to Popa that I use the English idiom:

They scare me by saying
There's a screw loose in my head

They'll scare me more by saying
 They'll bury me
 In a box with the screws loose

He, however, countered that I was losing the literalness of the image, so important in his poetry, and added that Serbo-Croat had a 'screw loose' idiom which he had deliberately not used. Moreover, I realised that there was no barrier to creating a new English idiom here, as part of Popa's art lies in creating new archetypes, new signs to interpret existence. To indicate that the poet was writing idiomatically rather than creating an idiosyncratic image, I used words such as loose and unhinged, both connotative of madness in English idiom:

They scare me by saying
 There's a plank loose in my head

They scare me more by saying
 They'll bury me
 In a box with the planks loose

They scare me but little do they know
 That with my planks unhinged
 I'll scare them

The happy madman from our street
 Boasts to me

As the Croatian poet and translator Lela Zečković writes on the subject of translating Vasko Popa into Dutch:

Literal translations, even though not in the spirit of the language, especially when they concern expressions, sayings, compound metaphors, can often cause an effect of 'wonderment', i.e. that of releasing the hidden powers of language, of enriching it: interference among languages is not always harmful or dangerous. On the contrary.

The master poet examines every word in terms of its total meaning; Popa takes into account literal, idiomatic, cultural, even etymological and atavistic levels of significance. Take, for instance, the last lines of *'Doručak u velegradu'* (*'Breakfast in the Big City'*):

Pretesterisali vas spratovi
 (...)
 Vi ste ovde balvani u vazduhu

These floors have sawn you up
 (...)
 You're just tree trunks in the air here

The narrator is a peasant talking to the city-dweller poet. **Balvani** means logs and hence rafters: the surface image is one of senselessness, of a support serving no purpose. It also means blockheads: the sort of word a peasant might use. Popa explained, however, that **balvani** were also the small wooden deities set up before early Slav houses: urban man is cut off even from his ethnic roots. Here the poet is reaching beyond the consciousness of many a native reader... so what hope for the translator?

Very occasionally, the translator may come across the ideal, multi-level rendering. In even rarer moments, the English may win out over the original, compensating for a loss of richness elsewhere: in Lalić's poem 'Lyric', the poet asks Penelope:

How will you repeat the design of spring, your allotted task,
 Already disturbed by your game of patience?

The Serbo-Croat original *igra strpljenja* does not mean 'a solo card game', yet, as the poet agreed, it is very apt in this context.

Words may have overt cultural associations. In both English and Serbian, poppies signify death in war: in the latter context, they sprang from the blood of the warriors slain at Kosovo. But all too often such symbols are culture-specific. The lime or linden tree

(*lipa*) is the symbol of the Serbian nation; hence Popa's '*Lipe povratnice*' ('*Lime-Tree Revenants*') are not only the vengeful ghosts of dead trees, but also Serbian emigrants returning, or dreaming of return, to the old country. Even if the poet does not make conscious use of such symbolism, such associative meanings still remain, defining a word's emotional charge.

As a coda, a case-study: the opening lines of Ivan V. Lalić's latest book *Strasna mera* (*The Passionate Measure*); the poem's title is '*Poslednja četvrt*' ('*Last Quarter*'):

Mesec je sebe uzeo na zub
 Na nizbrdici juna: poslednja četvrt.
 A stoleće se jede kao mesec, usmereno
 U ušće, i ubrzava pod uglom.

A first draft ran:

The moon has got it in for itself
 (*lit.: taken itself by the tooth*)
 On the downhill slope of June: the last quarter.

And the century is eating its heart out, heading for
 (*lit: eating i/s*
 waning like the moon)
 Its (river) mouth, and accelerates down the angle.

The first problem was the involved idiomatic word-play in lines 1 and 3; translating literally would be puzzling, whereas using the equivalent idioms would lose the common links of devouring (*zub/jede*) and the moon (*mesec*). I finally decided to use eating its heart out with the moon in line 1: a permissible image for waning. Line 3 was more difficult. Stevenson's *Book of Proverbs, Maxims and Familiar Phrases* gave nothing appropriate for 'moon'; I eventually hit on the idiomatic use of waning fast to mean moribundity.

In line 2, nizbrdica has no English equivalent; slope changed to stretch to give a vowel-rhyme with century (the original relies heavily on vowel-rhyme to provide phonic coherence) and to allude to the 'homeward stretch' of line 4. The was dropped from last quarter to give a slightly pithier line. The contrastive a beginning line 3 is always problematic (and? but? whilst? whereas?); I eventually decided to keep and.

I liked heading for to translate usmereno; ušće (literally 'the flowing in') is etymologically less specific than the English rivermouth; I eventually chose delta, which at least continues the stretch/ century/ heading sound-link.

Acceleration is not the prettiest of words; headlong I liked, but this clashed with heading in the previous line; I only solved this problem in the final revision, replacing headlong for with making for, which gives a vowel rhyme with waning. Angle is too technical; two lines previously, however, I had discarded slope awaiting possible recycling.

Here is my final rendering of these lines:

The moon is eating its heart out
On the downhill stretch of June: last quarter.
And the century is waning fast, making for
The delta, headlong down the slope.

As I type these words, I realise to my dismay that I have broken the first rule of English poetry: never rhyme moon and June!

PRETTY AS A PICTURE; KARAMZIN'S LIZA AND TURGENEV'S AKULINA

A. G. Cross, Cambridge

It was during the academic year 1959-60, my last as a Cambridge undergraduate, that I began my eighteenth-century studies under the supervision of the late Malcolm Burgess and my reading for the newly introduced special paper on Turgenev under the guidance of Ned Goy. During the Michaelmas Term I was to read for the first time Karamzin's 'Bednaia Liza' and Turgenev's 'Svidanie' and to make the acquaintance of Liza and Akulina, their peasant heroines. At that period I had neither time nor sufficient cause to ponder any relationship between the stories or their heroines; subsequent years have, however, provided opportunities enough for reflection and the invitation to contribute to a volume to mark the retirement of a respected teacher and a good friend offers, exactly thirty years on, the incentive for writing.

*

Both 'Bednaia Liza' and 'Svidanie' made their first appearance in journals. Karamzin's story in June 1792 issue of his own *Moskovskii zhurnal* and Turgenev's in the November 1850 number of the famous *Sovremennik*. In 1796 'Bednaia Liza' was published in a separate edition, an indication of its great popularity, whereas 'Svidanie' was to take its appointed place in *Zapiski okhotnika*, beginning with the first edition of 1852. The two stories are thus separated by a period of nearly sixty years, which had seen momentous and rapid developments in Russian literature and culture and encompassed the entire artistic output, to say nothing of the lives, of such as Pushkin and Lermontov and Gogol'. Nevertheless, changes

in taste notwithstanding, Karamzin's tale continued to be read and to be reissued at frequent intervals during the first half of the nineteenth century in his collected works, the first edition of which appeared in 1803 and the sixth, the widely accessible Smirdin edition, in 1848. Turgenev, who was just eight years old when Karamzin died in 1826, would soon have read 'Bednaia Liza' and much else by the old master. In one of his earliest extant letters, dating from April 1831, he notes "after dinner I read Karamzin..." and his emotional effusions in subsequent letters to his uncle reveal how easy it was to appropriate the rhythms and inflexions of Karamzin's prose.¹ By 1840 he could afford to be ironical about the infinite varieties of tears (as many before him had been) and to fashion clichés "à la Karamsin" on the balm of friendship.² There is no evidence, however, to suggest that a decade later, when he was writing 'Svidanie', Turgenev had Karamzin or 'Bednaia Liza' consciously in his sights for reasons of polemic or, even less, of imitation. Nevertheless, there are enough points of similarity between the two stories and their heroines, going beyond the commonplace and the coincidental, to make a comparative analysis rewarding and revealing. While the theme of Turgenev and Chekhov and, more specifically and pertinently, the

¹ I. S. Turgenev, *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii i pisem*. Pis'ma I, Moscow and Leningrad, 1961, 157, 159. See R. B. Zaborova, 'Turgenev i ego diadia N. N. Turgenev' in M. P. Alekseev (ed.), *Turgenevskii sbornik*, III, Leningrad, 1967, 221-23.

² Letter to M. A. Bakunin and A. P. Efremov from Marienbad, 15 September 1840, *Pis'ma*, I, 202-23. The name of Karamzin appears thereafter only rarely in Turgenev's letters. It is interesting, however, to note that in 1868 it was Karamzin's prose that he recommended to a young correspondent who wished to master Russian - but, significantly, it was the prose of Karamzin's *Istoriia Gosudarstva Rossiiskogo Pis'ma*, VII (1964), 221.

comparison of 'Svidanie' with 'Eger' (1885) has been frequently replayed in Soviet criticism,¹ that of Karamzin and Turgenev has not.²

Both 'Bednaia Liza' and 'Svidanie' are related by narrators whose own characters and attitudes to protagonists and events are clearly conveyed. Karamzin's narrator is the European Man of Feeling, given a local habitation and name. He is a Muscovite (writing in a journal destined first and foremost for a Moscow audience), who delights in his superior knowledge of the countryside around the city and in his ability to evoke mood and setting. His predilection is for autumnal melancholy and for "those subjects which touch my heart and force me to shed tears of tender grief".³ The story and fate of Liza are custom-made for a man of his proclivities. It is as a reporter of real events that he presents himself - "oh! why am I writing a true story and not a novel?" (I, 619) - but he allows himself complete omniscience as well as the role of moral judge and sentimental commentator which square awkwardly with the information in the coda that he had learnt of the facts from Liza's wayward lover Erast. Nevertheless, the meeting with the by then repentant Erast a year before his death as well as a visit with him to Liza's grave help provide that illusion of authenticity which brought a generation of readers to the pond near the Simonov Monastery.

The creation of imaginary toads in real gardens was even more the province of the Realists or adherents of the Naturalist School in

¹ E.g. A. S. Dolinin, 'Turgenev i Chekhov. Parallel'nyi analiz "Svidaniia" Turgeneva i "Egeria" Chekhova', in N. L. Brodskii (ed.), *Tvorcheskii put' Turgeneva*, Petrograd, 1923, 227-318; M. L. Semanova, 'Turgenev i Chekhov', *Uchenye zapiski Leningradskogo pos. ped. instituta imeni A. I. Gertsena*, CXXXIV, 1957, 177-223; L. N. Nazarova, 'Zapiski okhotnika i rasskazy Chekhova nachala-serediny 80kh godov', in M. P. Alekseev (ed.), *Turgenev i ego sovremenniki*, Leningrad, 1977, pp. 109-28.

² Cf. Zoe Rozov, 'les nouvelles de Karamzine "La pauvre Lize" et "Nathalie, fille du boyard" et leur influence sur la littérature russe du XIX siècle, in *Communications et rapports du III ème Congrès internationale des slavistes*. As far as I am aware, the full text of this paper was never published.

³ N. M. Karamzin, *Izbrannye sochinenii i pisem. Sochineniia*, IV, 1963, 260, 269. Further references to this edition are included in the text.

whose ranks Turgenev was accorded a place of honour on the strength of his *Zapiski okhotnika*. No one story in the collection provides anything approaching a detailed image of the narrator-sportsman, although each contributes or consolidates features in the overall identikit portrait. The narrator's presence in 'Svidanie' is strong; indeed, the first word of the piece is "I" and its last word "me".¹ He combines the keen observation of a countryman with the meticulous skill of a word-artist. At home in the natural world, he animates his descriptions of nature in its various 'moods' and renders people in terms of trees and animals. Karamzin's narrator is a reporter at second hand of a series of meetings which lead from innocence and bliss to tragedy and death, but Turgenev's is an eye-witness and involuntary voyeur, the photographer of a single meeting, the sad finale to an affair between the trusting Akulina and the gentleman's valet Viktor. The camera is loaded, however, with a film which reveals the far from dispassionate attitude of the narrator towards the protagonists: to the same degree that he admires the graceful silver birch and dislikes the shivering aspen he evinces his love for Akulina and his contempt for the misfit Viktor. Ultimately unable to restrict his role to that of sympathetic observer, he breaks cover to console the abandoned Akulina, who immediately takes to flight like the startled doe to which he had also earlier compared her.

Turgenev's sportsman is far more trenchant in his dismissal of Viktor than is the indulgent narrator of 'Bednaia Liza' in his criticism of Erast. Erast is portrayed as a young nobleman "with a fair mind and a good heart, good by nature but weak and frivolous" (I, 610), whose self-deception as to the possibilities of living an idyll was to have tragic consequences for his "shepherdess" Liza. The narrator is near on more than one occasion to condemning Erast's conduct, but invariably contents himself with sentimental

¹ I. S. Turgenev, *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii i pisem. Sochineniia*, IV, 1963, 260, 269. Further references to this edition are in the text.

fudge: "My heart bleeds at this moment. I forget the man is Erast - am prepared to curse him - my tongue does not move - I look at the sky, and a tear rolls down my face" (I, 619). Turgenev's narrator has no such qualms and declares with his first glance at Viktor: "I confess, he didn't create a pleasing impression upon me" (IV, 263). After a damning description of the way he dresses and acts, the narrator betrays the sexual jealousy hiding behind his generalisation that "his face, ruddy, fresh, impudent, belonged to that type of face, which, as far as I've been able to observe, almost always annoys men and, unfortunately, very often pleases women". Unlike Erast, Viktor is not from the gentry; he is in fact "the spoilt valet of some young, rich barin". Viktor's treatment of Akulina is callous and selfish by any standards, but the implication is clear that to a certain extent his standards, like the clothes he wears, are the hand-me-downs of his master (gospodskii primer).

Erast and Viktor differ in many ways, not least in class and character. It would also seem that they differ markedly in their attitude towards nature and the country. Viktor obviously sees the country as a place for summer romance but is as eager as his master to get back to St Petersburg and the delights of the metropolis. "Judge for yourself," he tells Akulina. "The master and I simply can't stay here; it will soon be winter, and the country in winter - you know yourself - is pure horror. Altogether different in Petersburg! There there are simply such wonders, the likes of which a stupid girl like you could never imagine, even in a dream. Such houses, streets, and the society [obchestvo], the culture - simply astonishing!" (IV, 266-67). Viktor flaunts his man-made objects - his monocle, the steel chain of his watch, and his rings with forget-me-nots of stone - and ignores the real flowers which Akulina has brought him. Erast, on the other hand, seems a country-lover - "Nature summons me to her embraces, to her pure delights", but the following remark is by far the more revealing - "he decided to abandon le beau monde - at least for a time" (I, 611). Erast sees the countryside, as he sees Liza, through the literary lens of idylls and novels and his real orbit is the town, to which he returns after

each tryst with Liza and where he will finally settle, when his gambling debts oblige him to contract marriage with a rich widow. Both Erast and Viktor embody the Rousseau threat of the corrupting influences of the town, and, indeed, of 'civilization'.

In contrast, Karamzin and Turgenev through their narrators exult in nature and use it in remarkably similar ways. It is perhaps difficult to appreciate - particularly if one comes to 'Bednaia Liza' after first encountering the colour, detail and movement in the evocation of the birch wood in 'Svidanie' - that Karamzin's nature descriptions made an equally great impact on his contemporaries and even succeeding generations of readers.¹ Nature in both stories mirrors the stages in the human drama. The frequent changes in the appearance of the birch wood in sun, cloud and rain, and the subsequent description of the aspen in various conditions and at different times of day anticipate the hopes and disappointments of Akulina and the posturings of Viktor. Their final meeting takes place in mid-September on a warm early autumn day, but by the time it ends winter already seems imminent. In the overture to 'Bednaia Liza' the narrator explores the attractions of the various seasons and expresses his preference for melancholy autumn. The countryside near Moscow wears a fittingly idyllic garb for the meetings of Liza and Erast by the banks of the river, in a birch grove, or beneath the mighty oaks shading the pond. Their love affair follows the seasons, blossoming in springtime, consummated in high summer, and ending in autumn with Liza's suicide. Nature, constantly beautiful and radiant, is sometimes at odds with the mood of Liza in particular, but it is portrayed as not indifferent at moments of high drama. Thus, although at times when their embraces were "pure and virtuous", "chaste, bashful Cynthia did not hide behind a cloud" (I, 613-14), when the lovers transgressed, the night was moonless. A violent storm raged and "it seemed that

¹ See, for example, the enthusiastic responses of Fedor Glinka and Gogol': K. A. Grot, *N. M. Karamzin i F. N. Glinka: materialy k biografiiam russkikh pisatelei*, St. Petersburg, 1903, p.4; *Russkii arkhiv*, 1866, p.1727.

nature was mourning Liza's lost innocence" (I, 616). Later, at the touching scene of Erast's departure for the army, "all nature remained silent" (I, 618).

The narrators may be seen as filling the middle ground in the town/country, artificial/natural, corrupt/innocent contrast, although their undisguised admiration for their heroines admits of no equal contest. And it is in the depiction of their heroines that the two stories come closest. Liza and Akulina stand near the beginning and near the end, respectively of the Russian tradition of 'the child of nature' (of whom Pushkin's Cherkeshenka and Lermontov's Bela are merely exotic, Byron-influenced variants). But they are also peasants, Akulina, indeed, is a serf, and class demarcations inevitably play their role.¹ 'Bednaia Liza' is not of course an attack on serfdom or on the social order, but on several occasions it sets out clearly the class obstacles to any marriage between Liza and her noble lover. Although 'Svidanie' as part of *Zapiski okhotnika* might be seen as contributing its mite to the fulfillment of Turgenev's 'Hannibal's oath', it is hardly an abolitionist tract and it gains its power of persuasion from techniques akin to those used most effectively in Russian Sentimentalism by Karamzin. Both stories in fact seek to exemplify Karamzin's programmatic declaration that "peasant women also know how to love" (*i krest'ianki liubit' umeiut*, I, 607), which, despite its specific application to Liza's mother's devotion to her dead husband, is embodied with greater poignancy in the younger generation.

Although Liza and her mother were indeed plunged into poverty after her father's death, the epithet 'poor' (*bednaia*), applied to Liza in the story's title and on several occasions in the text, is always to elicit the reader's sympathy for her emotional suffering and ultimate fate. We are told that Liza possessed "a rare beauty" (I, 607), but specific details are limited to her blue eyes and fair hair

¹ Liza's father was a "well-to-do peasant" (*poselianin*), possibly an *odnodvoretz*; Akulina's father was a peasant, but her late mother, according to Viktor, "was not always a peasant", presumably a house serf.

(I, 609, 613); otherwise we are treated to a stream of epithets from the narrator, Liza's mother and Erast which create the psychological portrait of the heroine: e.g. 'kind' (ljubeznaia), 'sweet' (milaia), 'tender' (nezhnaia), 'dutiful' (usluzhlivaia), 'shy' (robkaia). The key-word of Sentimentalism - 'sensitive' (chuvstvitel'naia) is applied to Liza's mother but to Liza herself only in the even more evocative combination of "a sensitive and innocent soul" (chuvstvitel'naia i nevinnaia dusha, I, 615). Verbs, nouns, phrases are all marshalled to show Liza happy, radiant, sad, perplexed, distressed, distraught, while the similes emphasize her oneness with the world of nature: her cheeks burn like the setting sun on a clear summer's evening and when she smiles, it is like a May morning after a night of storms (I, 610, 619). Liza is pure and innocent and she falls in love joyously and totally. For her lover she is prepared to do anything, both before and after that fateful night when platonic love ceded to other pleasures with which Erast was more than familiar. "As regards Liza, then she, utterly devoted to him, lived and breathed only for him, like a lamb was subject to his will in everything and in his pleasure placed her own happiness" (I, 616).

Similar words might be said about Akulina. She, indeed, says about herself: "Don't forget me, Viktor Aleksandrych. Oh, how I've loved you, done everything, it seems, for you ... You tell me to obey my father, Viktor Aleksandrych ... But how can I obey my father? (IV, 264-65). Abandoned and pregnant,¹ she faces the unrelenting greyness of a forced marriage. In contrast, the prospect of marriage to a man she does not love precipitates Liza's physical surrender to Erast rather than her eventual suicide (the Goethe-influenced exit from an unhappy love affair). Akulina's plight inevitably invites the narrator to deploy his full emotional lexicon of sympathy; but, initially, and in order to establish the parallel

¹ The discreet allusions to Akulina's pregnancy, which were more clearly stated in one of Turgenev's draft versions, still proved too much for the *Sovremennik* censor: Turgenev, *Sochineniia*, IV, p.588.

between his heroine and the birch tree, he provides a detailed physical description. Akulina is very pretty, her "somewhat thick and round nose" notwithstanding; ash-coloured hair, combed into two semicircles under a scarlet fillet; forehead, white as ivory; big, clear eyes, timorous as a fawn's; checked skirt; white shirt; yellow beads. The use of adjectives of colour and others such as 'fine' (tonkii), 'clean' (chistyi) and 'soft' (miagkii) all combine to emphasise Akulina's attractiveness. But it is the sadness of Akulina, conveyed by a rich range of emotive nouns, adjectives, verbs and phrases emulating and surpassing Karamzin's which provides the dominant tonality. It comes as no surprise that on three occasions the narrator resorts to variations on the formula 'poor Akulina', most memorably in the sketch's final paragraph, which recalls the end of the introduction to 'Bednaia Liza': "I returned home, but for a long time the image of poor Akulina would not leave my mind." (IV, 269). No less Karamzinian is the narrator's precision in describing tears, even more remarkable since he sits some twenty paces from Akulina: firstly, he notes how "on one of her cheeks there shone in the sunlight the dried trace of a tear which had stopped right by her lips ...";¹ a little later, he watches how "a fresh tear rolled from under her thick eyelashes, stopping on her cheek and sparkling radiantly." (IV, 262).

In a recent analysis of 'Bednaia Liza' it was argued that "many of the methods and devices used to create artistic images in the literature of Sentimentalism were retained in the literature of Realism", although "it is true that much remained characteristic merely of the sentimental tale of the eighteenth century".² This is what might be termed the positive, "forward-looking" view of the

¹ Constance Garnett, it seems, did not have an appreciation of the Sterne-Karamzin legacy of the single tear, translating the phrase as "on one of her cheeks there shone in the sun the traces of quickly drying tears...": Ivan Turgenev, *A Sportsman's Sketches*, II, London, 1895, p.95.

² E. G. Kovalevskaia, 'Analiz teksta povesti N. M. Karamzina "Bednaia Liza"', in Iu. S. Sorokin (ed.), *Iazyk russkikh pisatelei XVIII veka*, Leningrad, 1981, p.179.

achievements of Sentimental prose. 'Svidanie', on the other hand, has been viewed in a negative light precisely because of its residue of sentimental devices and colouring.¹ The tale was one of the four sketches added to *Zapiski okhotnika* in 1850-51 in which, it has been suggested, Turgenev "was wholly committed to the ethical 'rehabilitation' of the peasantry".² However, whereas in 'Bezhin lug' and 'Pevtsy' he manages in the main to achieve his aims without excessive idealization, in 'Svidanie' he cannot avoid the sentimental and the pathetic.³ Although with the publication of *Zapiski okhotnika* the battle for sympathy had been won; Turgenev had established the image of the Russian peasant as a fully human being, spiritually, at least, as much a citizen of his own country as anyone else",⁴ the problems for the writer "from above" in depicting "realistically" if not a peasant then a peasant woman remained. That the problem was not, however, confined either to "above" or to literature might be illustrated by reference to two artists who produced canvases which in part suggested the title of the present essay.

Some twenty years ago the late Kirill Pigarev explored in a richly informed study the links between literature and the decorative arts from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the 1820s. It was only in the last decades of the eighteenth century that genre painting and portraits of peasants and the lower classes made their hesitant appearance in Russia and only at the beginning of the nineteenth that they were developed with any consistency by Aleksei Venetsianov and others. Pigarev's basic thesis is that throughout the period he was studying "portrait painting, drawing

¹ Dolinin (note 3), p.290.

² V. A. Kovalev, "*Zapiski okhotnika*" I. S. Turgeneva, Leningrad, 1980, p.94.

³ This impression is only increased by Turgenev's obvious use of folkloric motifs and speech stylization.

⁴ Donald Fanger, 'The Peasant in Literature', in Wayne S. Vucinich (ed.), *The Peasant in Nineteenth-Century Russia*, Stanford, 1970, p.247.

and sculpture were far ahead of literature from the point of view of the artistic presentation of the image of contemporary man".¹ Nevertheless, the work of individual artists revealed stylistic contradictions and dislocations, not least in the period of transition between Sentimentalism and Romanticism. Pigarev detects what he calls "some aestheticization in the images of peasants, particularly female, in Russian painting of the 1820s-30s" and justifies it on moral and ideological grounds; it is apparent in differing degrees "in the work of several of the leading portraitists of the time and in the forms of its expression it is to some extent connected both with late survivals of Sentimentalism as well as with the intensifying of romantic tendencies in Russian art".² His remarks apply first and foremost to the work produced in the 1820s by Venetsianov (1780-1847), Orest Kiprenskii (1782-1836) and Vasilii Tropinin (1776/ 80?-1836), who were all of humble origins and virtually coevals, growing to manhood at a time when Karamzin was the dominant figure on the literary scene.

In 1827, the year following Karamzin's death, Kiprenskii produced an oil painting entitled 'Bednaia Liza', which Pigarev terms "a kind of anachronism" by comparison with his earlier striking sketches of peasant children.³ In contrast, E. N. Atsarkina, the author of a monograph on Kiprenskii, sees the portrait as allegedly revealing the artist's "attraction to the new movement in art, which became known as Tableau de genre".⁴ Neither critic, however, supplies any details about the painting or the circumstances of its composition. The portrait is half-length and shows a girl with a doll-like, virginal quality and a wistful expression. She

¹ K. Pigarev, *Russkaia literatura i izobrazitel'noe iskusstvo*, Moscow, 1966, p.219.

² Ibid., p.214.

³ Ibid., p.216.

⁴ E. N. Atsarkina, *Orest Kiprenskii*, Moscow, 1948, p.155. A black- and-white reproduction of the painting is on p.157.

is wearing a white smock and has a shawl draped over her right shoulder. Surprisingly, she has long dangling ear-rings. Even more surprisingly, she has black hair, although perhaps Kiprenskii was aware that in the original edition in *Moskovskii zhurnal* Liza was indeed so described.¹ A final detail to note is that the girl is carrying a single flower in her right hand, but it is not the lily of the valley, which is Liza's flower, but what seems to be a marigold.

Flowers are constantly associated with both Liza and Akulina. Akulina has with her wild flowers such as tansy, marigolds and forget-me-nots, but her special gift for Viktor is a bunch of blue cornflowers. These are the flowers which Viktor plays with and then unfeelingly drops, but which the narrator will eventually pick up and sentimentally reserve as a reminder of poor Akulina. Turgenev, who loved to draw, left a number of illustrations to his own works, including three of male characters from *Zapiski okhotnika*, but he did not attempt to portray Akulina.² It is, however, conceivable, if unlikely, that Turgenev was already acquainted with an oil painting entitled *Devushka s vail'kami* by Venetsianov.

Venetsianov, who, incidentally, died in the very year that Turgenev's first sketches appeared in *Sovremennik*, produced numerous canvases which illustrate both the sentimental and realistic treatment of peasants and country scenes. It was paintings of the 1820s such as *Na pashne. Vesna* and *Na zhatve. Leto* which I reproduced in my doctoral thesis as providing parallels to Karamzin's idealized individual portrayals of the peasantry.³ At the same time many of the individual portraits have qualities which

¹ Kovaleskaia (note 11), p.179.

² A. Iu. Veis, 'Risunki Turgeneva k "Zapiskam okhotnika"', M. P. Alekseev (ed.), *"Zapiski okhotnika" I. S. Turgeneva (1852-1952)*, Orel' 1955, pp.235-46.

³ A. G. Cross, 'N. M. Karamzin's Contribution to Russian Letters' (Ph. D. thesis, Cambridge University, 1966), p.171. Cf. A. G. Cross, *N. M. Karamzin: A Study of His Literary Career (1783-1803)*, Carbondale, 1971, p.256.

seem to foreshadow *Zapiski okhotnika*. Pigarev links Venetsianov's *Zakharka* (*Little Zakhar*) with Kiprenskii's pencil drawings as presenting the Russian public with convincing images of peasant children two decades before *Bezhin lug*.¹ He does not mention *Girl with Cornflowers*, although T. A. Alekseeva does, seeing in the painting's lyricism and delicate play of light an anticipation of 'Svidanie' and in the figure of the girl a worthy sister to Akulina.² Venetsianov's painting was completed in the late 1820s and thus at virtually the same time as Kiprenskii's 'Bednaia Liza'. Janus-like, they look back to Karamzin and forward to Turgenev, linking the old and new in art and in literature.³

¹ Pigarev (note 16), p.212.

² T. V. Alekseeva, *Khudozhniki shkoly Venetsianova*, Moscow, 1982, p.65. There is a good colour reproduction of the painting on p.85.

³ Curiously and purely coincidentally, Turgenev's sketch of a possible title page for *Zapiski okhotnika*, dating from 1848, includes a caricatured Janus head: Alekseev (note 21), inset at pp.392-93.

NED GOY AND THE BRITISH/CROATIAN REVIEW

Edo Pivčević, Bristol

I first met Ned Goy in April 1977. I had corresponded with him on a fairly regular basis for nearly two years previously, and had already published some of his work in the *British/Croatian Review*, notably his translation of Gundulić's *Dubravka*, which appeared in October 1976. This pioneering translation has since become something of a landmark in the recent history of South Slav studies. At that time we were discussing the possibility of following this up with a translation of Marulić's *Judita*, and I took advantage of a trip to Cambridge to pay him a visit. The trip which began well ended in near disaster. For not long after I had arrived I was taken violently sick, and it is the infinitely touching concern with which Ned and his wife fussed over me in my embarrassment that stays most vividly in my memory. The cause of the trouble, it seems, was an obnoxious British Rail sandwich which I had eaten coming on the train that morning. 'Always a foolhardy thing to do,' remarked Ned. 'Lethal fare, British Rail food. Never to be indulged in, especially while reading sixteenth century Croatian verse!'

Ned had come to collect me at the station. He looked exactly as I imagined him to be: medium height, wearing a faded brown mac, and enveloped in a cloud of rather peppery tobacco smoke. He puffed at his pipe behind a gingery moustache, and spoke in a clear, occasionally ascending emphatic baritone vaguely reminiscent of an army officer. But there was a warmth in his voice too, and his

pale blue eyes looked at you from time to time with the disconcerting kindness and patience of someone who had seen it all. If he had not told me so himself, I would probably have guessed it already: he was a life-long dedicated angler. He might, I think, have equally made a great detective. As it turned out, he became a translator of literary works from a bygone age; a job for which a detective's insight and nimble mind are no less essential than an angler's perseverance. And Ned was fortunate to be blessed with all these qualities in abundance.

It was, I think, the late Alan Ferguson who first mentioned Ned's name to me. I had launched the *BC Review* in August 1974 and was looking for contributors, particularly among academics, who were familiar with Balkan history and had sufficient command of the language to be able to write with reasonable confidence about cultural issues affecting Croatia in particular and perhaps undertake a translation of one or two shorter works of literature, especially from the period of the Renaissance, and thereby make something of the rich literary tradition of Croatia accessible to English readers. As it happened, the first piece Ned wrote for our journal was a review of Miroslav Beker's book *Moderna kritika u Engleskoj i Americi*, which was published in October 1975. This was followed by the translation of *Dubravka*, which appeared exactly a year later. From then on Ned became a regular contributor. In January 1977 he reviewed a book by Marin Franičević, et al.: *Od Renesanse do Prosvjetiteljstva - Povijest hrvatske književnosti, Vol.IV*. Later that same year he wrote an altogether excellent article on Marulić, entitled 'Marko Marulić, an Early 16th Century View of East-West Conflict', which, to my knowledge, was the first serious attempt to present this important Croatian Humanist writer and a contemporary of Sir Thomas More, to an English audience. At the same time he had translated Pelegrinović's *Jedjupka*, which was published in October 1977, together with his article on Marulić. Then came the translation of Hektorović's *Ribanje i ribarsko prigovaranje* (*Fishing and Fishermen's Conversation*) which occupied the whole of issue No.

15 (January 1979). For this issue of the Review he also wrote an introductory article entitled 'Hektorović and his *Ribanje*', which was a little masterpiece in its own right, skilfully interweaving historical information with literary criticism and providing what must have been the first commentary on Hektorović's great eclogue in English. Finally, at my request he translated Marin Držić's *Novela od Stanca*, which was published in the last issue of the *BC Review* (No. 17, December 1980), under the title *The Dream of Stanac*.

With this, unhappily, our collaboration came to an end. No one was more saddened than Ned himself when, after six years, the Review finally folded through lack of funds. He had stood staunchly by it for most of that period. In November 1980 he wrote to me in a letter: 'I can only say, yet again, that in the six years of *BC* you have published more material of interest in this country than any other single person interested in Croatia. No doubt they will use and abuse what we have done in the future, but it will be there. Before, there was not anything to be abused!'

Ned was a true pioneer, doggedly ploughing a lonely furrow in what was completely virgin land. Until he published his translations in the *BC Review* there were few if any texts available in English from which undergraduates in Slavonic departments in the English-speaking world could gain a first-hand knowledge of the literary history and cultural tradition of this important corner of the Slav world. Now for the first time they had printed translations to guide them. Instead of having to make do with brief passages from original works, which they translated in language classes with great effort and precious little comprehension, struggling with the obscurities of the archaic idiom, now they could tackle the original texts in their entirety, and discuss them in depth with a confidence and pleasure that were denied them hitherto. I was able to witness the liberating effect of these translations for myself when I produced Držić's *Dream of Stanac* with undergraduates in the London School of Slavonic and East European Studies in June 1986. The enthusiasm with which my young 'actors' rehearsed the play, the earnestness and the depth of

understanding they brought to bear in discussing its finer points, the relish and gusto with which they performed it and which more than made up for the inadequacy of the costume and scanty scenery, all this was a moving experience and a tribute to Ned's own splendid work. We staged the play before a packed house, and I was particularly delighted that Ned himself was able to come to the performance and watch it all happen.

His translations, as he himself always emphasised, were not intended to be 'poetic'. 'Chiefly', he wrote to me in June 1978, in connection with his translation of Hektorović's *Ribanje*, 'my aim is to enable the student to read the original more easily than is the case today, as well as, through the introduction, to gain easily a basic knowledge of the work. At the same time, although this leads me to be more literal than pleases you, I still retain the older forms of the language, for the simple reason that I wish to convey at least some flavour of the original in terms of English... All translations are a compromise. I could, of course, translate it into modern prose, but this would obviate my very purpose in undertaking the job in the first place. For this reason I have tried, as far as possible, to keep to the original lines. One of your comments I do accept - the need for a little more rhythm - if only to assist the reader to envisage it as poetry. I have therefore tried in the second version to translate it into the natural rhythm of English, the iambic pentameter - but not strictly. I have merely given it an "iambic flavour". I think this does rather enliven the opening lines!'

Ned always showed readiness, indeed he was very eager, to discuss his translations, which on occasion we did in some considerable detail. This resulted in a fairly frequent correspondence: over the period of five years we exchanged over one hundred letters! And then, sadly, it all came to an end. Problems of various kinds had been accumulating steadily over the years, and finally there came a point when it was no longer possible to continue publication. In September 1977, when we were experiencing yet another of our recurring financial crises, he wrote

to me: '... if the *BC* finishes, it will be a tragedy. There has never been anything like it.' He was kind and supportive throughout, but there was little that any of us could do to ensure the survival of the project.

My only regret is that I was not able to publish his translation of Gundulić's *Osman*. He had spent five years translating the famous epic, and was looking for a publisher. The work was too long for the *BC Review* and we just did not have the resources to bring it out as a separate volume. The Yugoslavs, on the other hand, did not seem to show much interest, which although not unexpected was nevertheless disheartening. 'When you show *Osman* in Croatia', Ned wrote to me in 1977, 'do mention that if they refuse to help they have really no reason to protest at Europe taking no notice of them.' He was right of course. But then, sadly, the kind of work to which Ned devoted the best part of his life rarely finds the support that it deserves. Recognition does come in the end, although it is usually too late to make any difference. One can only hope that this time it will not be too long in coming.

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